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HUMAN RIGHTS ACCORDING TO MODERN PHILOSOPHY.*

What is the State? This is a question which the course of events among us is forcing most rapidly to a decision. Doubtless we are yet a State, although it may be difficult to define it. Without any analysis of its real nature, we have, notwithstanding, certainly enjoyed the benefit of that organization, which is to some so exceedingly plain, while to others it involves ideas and principles, the true understanding of which calls for the exercise of the highest powers of the mind, all the lights of experience, and all the aid that can be derived from Divine revelation.

Some, we say, regard it as a very simple affair. Thomas Paine was one of these, and so was Thomas Dorr, and so is the author of the book which has called forth these remarks. To this school we would take the liberty of presenting a few Socratic queries, more for the purpose of setting forth our own difficulties, than with any expectation of an answer. We ask then—what is the State? Has the State any existence of its own, or is it a new State with every new generation? Has the State any conscience? Has the State any religion? Is it a moral agent? Has the State any sovereignty, and wherein does this sovereignty consist? Does it reside in law, regarded as

the mind of the State, separate from the present volition of its present masses? If in the latter—does it reside in the whole population, or in a part,-and in the whole of that part, or in a majority? Again—can the State bind itself, or in other words, can it bind posterity? Is it free to limit the law of its own changes, or has it, in this respect, less power than the individual man in regulating his own conduct? What is the origin of the State? From what previous condition does it arise? What is the true name of that previous condition? In what manner does the State get vitality, or come into existence? Who has the power of making the State, and where did they get that power? If, after the State is born, the majority have a right to rule, had they, previous to that event, any such power to create or give birth to the State, or to give it any particular form, without the consent of the minority-and if so, whence did they get that right? If a majority—then, we ask,—a majority of what territory, or territories?
What previous power of what previous majority shall determine the portion of space over which a contained majority are to rule, or, in other words, whence does the State get its metes and bounds? What is to prevent a majority of any part

^{*} Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guaranties. By E. P. Hurlbut, Counsellor at Law in the City of New York. New York: Greely & McElrath.

from seceding and forming themselves into a new State, to be again subdivided in the same manner, and on the same principles, by other smaller contained majorities? Can such parts be bound to any whole which they did not personally contribute to constitute, on the ground that they are bound by the acts of their ancestors before they were born? Again—Is there anything Divine about the State, or has it any religious sanctions? Can the State educate? If so, what shall it teach? Has it any code of morals? Has it any science, or philosophy, any more than it has a religion?

Now the school to which we have last referred, would regard all these questions with a very astonished air. Some of them would seem to have no meaning: others would appear too absurd for an answer. Some would be regarded as utterly inconsistent with themselves, or self-contradicting paradoxes, and some they would perhaps esteem of such a nature, that none but a tory, a monarchist, an advocate of the union of Church and State, or, what is worse than all, some British whig, would even think of asking. Do you inquire what is the State? say they. Why, what can be plainer? " The State is a collection of people associated together for the protection of their rights." Very well, gentlemen-We accept your definition for the present, but as we before had but one word on which to range our queries, you have now presented us with several more, equally suggestive and prolific in pertinent interrogatories.

The State you say, is a collection, &c. We proceed then to ask. How gathered out of the other masses of mankind, and by whose authority collected? By whose command are others excluded? If you say, the authority of the parts—we inquire again-Parts of what whole? Or how shall they determine the parts, before they have the whole of which they are to be parts; for surely, you will not be so utterly illogical as to make an effectnamely, the whole as the result of the constituting power of a majority of that whole—to be a necessary antecedent of the very power from which it claims its own existence-a proposition so strangely absurd, that language, which is logical by an inherent necessity, almost wholly fails to express it.

Again, suppose the whole to be ascertained. A collection of people, you say. But who are people? Do you mean all the human beings within a certain terri-

tory, as all sharing equally, jointly, and severally, in the sovereignty of the State? Are persons of eighteen years of age people? Are ignorant men people? women people? Are black men people? If some are not, who are to be excluded? If you say, all under a certain age; all who are not possessed of sufficient reason and intelligence; then again-Who is to determine the age of discretion, or the amount of intelligence? A majority of the people? But it is not yet ascertained who are people? Who shall vote in settling this question? If all, then how can we be certain that the very young, and the fools, and the colored men, may not outnumber the aged, and the wise, and the white. If not, what power back of the people shall decide who is to vote, and what power back of these shall give them authority thus to decide, and so on, ad infinitum.

Again,-" A collection of people asso-ciated for the protection, &c." Protection against whom-against what? Against themselves-against the majority who have the sovereignty, or against the minority who have no power at all? Associated for the protection of their rights. What rights? Rights existing before, or rights derived from the association, and only having an existence under it? If the former, do you mean such rights as the sole property in land, be it more or less, with the right to keep every one else from entering upon it, or the right to vote in the election of rulers, or the right to hold office, with other inalienable privileges that we possess in a state of nature; or do you only mean, generally—as a late Teutonic philosopher has said—the right to be a man? But here we must stop. The last word, is so exceedingly prolific of queries; it suggests such a hive of pertinent and impertinent questions, that should we indulge ourselves in asking them, our pages, for some distance to come, would present to the eye a crowded and wearisome series of unsightly marks of interrogation.

Any fool, however, may ask questions. True, but they may be very pertinent for all that, and if so, a wise man should be prepared to answer them, or give a confession of his ignorance. Now we contend, that these queries are not only proper, but such as must suggest themselves to every reflecting mind. They show, too, that in the way of forming a true notion of the real nature, design, origin, rights, and duties of the State, there are intrinsic difficulties, of which, perhaps,

the writers of this school have never dreamed as presenting any impediment to their shallow theories—and not only difficulties intrinsic, but also others, with which the subject has been invested, in consequence of having been for some time viewed in the light of a very doubtful philosophy. Every one of these questions may be fairly asked of the author of this treatise on human rights, and yet we hazard little in saying, that very few of them, indeed, receive anything like a satisfactory answer. He talks of rights, of the State, of the people, of nature, &c., as though he had most accurately defined the terms employed, or there had never been any difference of opinion in respect

to their meaning.

The author adopts that view of the State which regards it as only an aggregation of individuals, having in itself nothing of a permanent or essential nature, and in fact, no existence aside from its present masses. He expressly denies that it is the source of any rights, and asserts with great confidence, that it is only designed for the preservation of those previously existing. It creates no new duties, gives rise to no new obli-gations, and establishes no new relations. It is a combination for self-defence, and differs only in numbers, extent in space, and perhaps duration in time, from a mass meeting. There is about law and government nothing divine; they have no religious sanctions. The State is in all respects a voluntary society, into which men enter when they choose, and, of course, from which they may depart in the same manner, and from the same motive, It receives all its authority from the consent of the governed, not only as being physically in their hands to overturn or not as they please, but also as deriving from the same source all the legitimate sanctions of its power. Men are to obey the laws because they have made them. "Government is submitting to one's self," (page 31.) The magistrate, in no sense, represents the Divine authority, as Paul says, or any Eternal Justice, but only the majority of the people. He imposes restraint, (not punishment,) (page 66) on the criminal, because the criminal has consented that, in certain circumstances, this may be done. As a necessary conclusion, the State cannot bind itself, or make any laws for posterity. Every new generation is held only by virtue of its implied assent, and of course, when it comes of age, (a period which itself alone is to de-

termine,) it may destroy that implication by an express dissent.

We shall not here go into an extended examination of the theory of government, which is in all respects the opposite of this, although we hope to do so in some future number of this Review. We firmly believe, that there is something far higher in the nature of the State, in the law, and in the origin and obligation of both, than anything we have found in this book; but they involve positions at all times difficult to be proved by \hat{a} priori reasoning-although they may be thus proved—and which become far more so when addressed to those, who have an entirely distinct philosophy, with no common fundamental, or first principles with which we might start in the argu-

There is, however, a method of reaching the advocates of this plausible scheme, by presenting the inconsistencies and absurdities which result directly from it. The two doctrines, we say, have nothing in common. The theory of which our author's book is a fair representation, adopts to some extent the old language, but its advocates themselves sometimes betray a secret feeling, that the most important terms thus used by them are misnomers, at variance with the long-established sense in which they have been generally received by mankind. State is not something which stands, but rather that which is ever flowing. Nation is not something which is born, or grows out of the womb of time, with homogeneity and natural unity, but is the creation of a mass meeting, or rather, a large mass meeting itself. Law (lex) is not that which binds, unless the criminal consents to be bound; and government instead of being the director and controller of the popular volition, is controlled by it, or is, in other words, nothing more than its expression.

The writer of this book seems to be aware, that the common sense of mankind, of which language is the truest exponent, is directly against him. On page 66, for example, he says:

"It is unfortunate that our language furnishes no word which expresses the idea of that procedure which the State can rightfully take for the prosecution of crime and reformation of offenders. We call it PUNISHMENT, which to most minds conveys a wrong idea. It imports vengeance, a terror and example to mankind," &c.

" This compound idea of punishment (he

proceeds to say) is entirely wrong." Surely he does not mean to make the assertion philologically. He has rightly defined the term, as far as language is concerned. It does mean all this as used in our own tongue, and the corresponding words, we believe, in every language under heaven, will be found to convey the same idea. Vengeance, which is but another word for retributive justice, or the punishment of crime for its intrinsic demerit, enters into them all, although they do also undoubtedly embrace the subordinate ideas

of defence and prevention. Language, then, is admitted to be against him. If he would present his theory of government in its true light, he would have to invent a new vocabulary This school cannot to suit new ideas. well talk in the ordinary dialects of men. without misleading, or more or less disguising their real meaning. But why is this? It is a bad sign for any hypothesis, when its authors are driven to find fault with language. It shows that the doctrine, although plausible on the surface, is found, when more deeply examined, to be at war with what the highest philosophy regards as the innate ideas of the soul, or, according to another muchabused expression, the common sense of mankind. This definition of punishment, thus incidentally stated, shows that error, as well as truth, has its unity, and that there is some correspondence between all parts of a false system. We might have predicted, à priori, that the writer who took such a view of the State must discard the old ideas of punishment. Whether he could state, or not, in express terms, the logical connection between the two positions, yet he could not help feeling subjectively that they belong to one theory.

In another paragraph (page 9) we may trace a similar, yet perhaps unconscious, association of ideas, in an incidental remark respecting the laws of the married state. It is not in the direct argument, but introduced in the course of some observations on Blackstone's definition of natural rights, That learned judge had declared, that "the husband's right to the property of his wife has no foundation in nature, but is only created by law for the purposes of civil life." Our author, commenting on this, observes:

wife, instantly on marriage, to the husband, is the most apt illustration of this species of injus-tice. Here the law creates a right arbitrarily, and without a shadow of any foundation in nature; but this right conferred on the husband implies a right taken from the wife, and hence an actual wrong to her, which the law ought not to inflict."

Perhaps the writer was not himself fully aware how perfectly the above remarks are in unison with the mourer ψευδος, the great and first falsehood of his system. He may not have thought it had any peculiar connection with his doctrine of government, more than with any other, and yet it might have been known, à priori, that the man who holds his view of the State, would also maintain, if it came in his way, this very doctrine respecting husband and wife. It is only carrying the new philosophy into the family. There is nothing divine in the nature, sanction and obligation of the State; there is also nothing divine in the sanction of marriage, or of the family relation. The State is a herd or aggregation of individuals: the family is nothing more. The State is a mere compact: so is the family. Husband and wife are not one, but two. They are but contracting parties, giving up no previous rights, and creating no new ones. They, of course, retain their separate interests, and when they mutually choose to return to their former state of nature, each party should be left in a condition to take back what they severally brought into the concern. The spirit, however, of the English common law on this subject-which even Blackstone misapprehended-manifests its alliance with a far different hypothesis in respect to government, law, rights, and relations. From whatever ancient associations the idea may have been derived, it regards the family as a miniature representation of the State, and the State as an enlarged picture of the family. There is in both an organic, and not merely numerical or aggregated unity. There is in each a divine sanction, introducing relations, duties and obligations which never could have arisen from a mere contract. There is no separate interest, or separate right, as our author calls it, of the wife against her husband. They are one body, of which the man, according to Paul, is the head, and there ought to be no questions of several property to mar the sacredness of this most religious relation.

Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic merit of this book, the topics of which it professes to treat, and especially

[&]quot;If law confers a right which nature has not ordained, it robs some one or many of that which it confers, and works injustice among men. The instance (he proceeds to say) quoted by Blackstone, where the law gives the goods of the

those which it suggests, are of no ordinary importance. All that we have time for, however, in the present number, is to expose, in a rambling way, some of the absurdities of the work before us, or rather of the theory which it sets forth. The first peculiarity we shall notice appears on the very surface. One cannot open the volume without being struck with it. We refer to its perfect independ-ence of all authority. This might, perhaps, by some, be styled originality, were it not that we generally associate with that word the idea of something profound as well as new. The writer has most evidently spun this treatise out of his own brain, except perhaps as far as concerns its phrenological lore. He owes no thanks to Moses, or Aristotle, or Cicero, or Grotius. He appears to have consulted a few such modern lights as Bentham, and the Democratic Review, and Combe's Constitution of Man, with now and then a reference to Vattel; but in general he seems to despise all aid, except such as may be drawn from his favorite fundamental science, phrenology, and his own craniological developments. We are struck with the cleanness of his margin. Whoever studies the works of those who have heretofore been thought to excel in the investigation of these most important topics, will find this part of their writings presenting a very different appearance. References to authorities crowd the page, almost to disfigurement. They seem to be frequent in proportion to the reputation of the writer, and to the claim he might justly have to repose confidence in his own unaided opinion. In the great works of Grotius and Puffendorf, we find frequent and crowded citations from writers of every description-philosophers, legislators, historians and poets, ancient and modern. This, to superficial readers, might look like pedantry—the vice, as it has been said, of the literature of the age in which they lived. A juster view would regard it as coming from a feeling, which these great men possessed, of the weakness of the individual human reason, and a corresponding desire to collect into one focus all the lights of antiquity, as well as of their own generation, in determining the true nature of the State and of political obligation. They had some proper conception of the immense difficulties attending a thorough investigation of human rights; and hence they not only joyfully accepted aid, however obtained, from the collected wisdom and experience of mankind, but made it one

great object of their books to spread it before their readers. On this account, too, revelation was also deemed not unworthy of their deepest study. It appeared to them, that an inquiry into the domestic, social and political relations of mankind, with the rights, duties and obligations thence resulting, might derive some aid from the volume of divine wisdom.

Mr. Hurlbut, however, seems to write in a spirit of unconscious simplicity, or in total ignorance of the fact that these topics have exercised the keenest powers of the master minds of all ages. The State is with him a very simple affair. Rights are as plain as as a phrenological diagram. Their derivation from the organs, as exhibited on the skull, he regards as "so clearly just that he would not even attempt any further illustration." (p. 13.) He would scorn the very thought of deriving any assistance from Greek, Roman, German, English, ancient or modern wisdom. As for revelation, he tells us with great naïveté (p. 85) that " it is something about which democracy seems to have some difficulty in assigning its true position, and towards which it had better, therefore, assume an air of perfect indifference."

We find the style corresponding to such a view of the matter. It is flippant, egotistical, dogmatic, just in proportion to the fewness of the authorities referred to, and the frequency with which the writer gives his own naked assertions, without a shadow of reasoning, illustration, or even definition, accompanying them.

In taking this course, however, Counsellor Hurlbut has a reason to offer, which did not exist for the great and learned men to whom we have referred. They had no other external lights than the suggestions of those who had been falsely called philosophers and statesmen, the experience of past generations, and the teachings of the Bible. Our author has a new and lately discovered ally, by whose aid this species of assistance is wholly dispensed with. Having the writings of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe, we may throw away Aristotle and Tully, Bacon and the Bible. The last is but a rush-light, the others are thick darkness in comparison with the brilliant discoveries of that scientia scientiarum, that pass key to all knowledge and all mysteries, by whose invaluable aid our author has been enabled to penetrate so deeply into the arcana of human rights. In the very first sentence of the book, our keenest curiosity is excited in respect to some undisclosed authority he is going soon to introduce into the arena of this discussion. He commences like a man conscious that he possesses a power which he needs but to bring out, in order to demolish all previous systems, and to force all men to bow to the truth, which has at length dawned upon our long benighted world. "Since the period of our revolution," he tells us, "scarcely an attempt has been made to show the origin, and to define the extent of human rights." Again he asks-" During the half century now past, what discoveries have been made in the principles of legislation?" Even the "illustrious Bentham" is spoken of as "a giant groping in darkness,"and all this for the "want of a true mental philosophy." Man, since the creation, " had been utterly unknown to himself." Revelation had never taught him his true character, even were he disposed to learn it. All previous philosophy had been only the blind leading the blind. But we may at length joyfully hail the long desired advent of Truth upon the Earth. That which had so long eluded the keenest investigations of living minds, has at length been discovered amid the phosphorescent light of dead men's skulls. Gall and Spurzheim have interrogated Nature, and the dumb and voiceless goddess has at length broken silence.

"Man now, says Counsellor Hurlbut, is at length demonstrated. The universal man stands forth to modern view, with his mental powers well defined, and well known. Modern discovery has given to each native desire, to each emotion and faculty of the human mind, a local habitation and a name, and presented to the philanthropist and statesman the means of defining human rights, and of conforming human legislation to the standard of truth and nature. I allude (he proceeds) to the discoveries of the great Gall, and to that system of intellectual and moral philosophy, which has thence resulted, and which one of the greatest of his disciples has justly denominated, THE LAST AND BEST OF HUMAN SCIENCES,"

Here, then, we have the mystery fully explained. We now know why mankind have for so many ages groped their way in darkness—why they have never known their rights—why they have so blindly obeyed "kings, and others in authority," under the foolish doctrine that established governments, whatever might be their forms, were "powers ordained of God"—why they have had such a superstitious reverence for law, as though,

when legitimate, it could be anything more than the expression of their own wills, made in any way they might choose to will. Above all, we now understand how it was, that this famous modern doctrine of the inalienable and indefeasible right of majorities to rule minorities, so utterly escaped the notice of all philosophers, legislators, and theologians, during all previous ages of the world's history. Phrenology had not been discovered—Combe and Fowler had not lectured—Dorr had not fought for human rights, and Counsellor Hurlbut had not written.

It is astonishing with what ease this wondrous science decides the darkest questions connected with the nature of man; and not only of man individually, but as viewed in all his moral, social, and political relations. How the errors and absurdities of past times vanish before it. The Bible told us, that human nature was depraved, that the "thoughts and imaginations of men were evil continually," that "they loved darkness more than light," and that " the heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Who can know it, despondingly asks the prophet of the Most High God; but phrenology declares, and Counsellor Hurlbut repeats the declaration-Man is at length demonstrated. The Scriptures spoke of a disease so desperate, a condition so utterly lost, that nothing could cure and redeem it, but the life blood of incarnate Deity. It told of "a world lying in wickedness." The greatest legislators, in forming their political constitutions, had, in their extreme blindness, deemed it necessary to take into their account this disclosure of revelation, so strange in itself, but which had been so wonderfully confirmed by the concurring testimonies of all history, ancient and modern, sacred or profane. It now appears, however, that this was all a delusion—a totally wrong verdict, which mankind had pronounced against themselves, and into which they had been foolishly led by really depraved priests, and that blundering book they had so long been taught to regard as the Word of God. It was a cognovit which had been given under gross mental darkness, or, in other words, when the subject was under age, and, therefore, Counsellor Hurlbut, in behalf of mankind, arrived at length at their majority, moves in arrest of judgment, on the ground of the new discoveries of this "last and best of human sciences."

"When the constitution of man, says

our author, (page 6,) shall be correctly understood, he will be found worthy of his origin. They who assert the depravity of man, ought to consider his source, before they speak so harshly of him. We have no evidence that man was ever better than he at present appears—nay, the evidence seems to be in favor of his progressive improvement from the earliest ages of the world."

We shall not attempt the superfluous work of settling a question of veracity between Moses, Christ, and Paul on the one hand, and Mr. George Combe and Counsellor Hurlbut on the other, but will only here advert to one very singular consequence of his own theory, of which, from some intimations, he seems himself to have been somewhat aware. He admits that man has indeed exhibited a very sad history. His organs, although all very good, have somehow been very strangely perverted to evil. Alimentiveness, combativeness, self-esteem, destructiveness, and acquisitiveness, have always, in the main, and in some unaccountable manner, got the better of conscientiousness and veneration. Man has been very ignorant, very stupid, very much imposed upon, and generally very fond of the imposition. Demagogues have made a fool of him: priests have stupified his understanding, taken advantage of his sins, and alarmed his superstitious fears. Somebody, (the author does not say who-but can it possibly be man himself!-) has been ever trampling on his sacred and inalienable rights. "His noblest powers, (to use the very language of the writer,) have been prostituted to the most degrading and vicious pursuits," but "all this, (he continues,) proves nothing against the excellent nature of man, nor that the good exercise of that nature can tend to evil."

Now without controverting the profound truth asserted in the concluding sentence-namely, that if man should be good he would not be evil-we think there results one very strange consequence from these very strange statements. If man has never suffered a fall-as the Bible has been always understood to teach-from an originally pure and holy state; if, as our author says, he has never been better than now; if he has been ever progressing, and if, notwithstanding that progression, he has exhibited that sad history which it is admitted the world presents—so that even his worst known periods have ever been an improvement upon all that preceded—and if, as we

should strongly infer from the rest of his philosophy, (since they are all parts of a system which are almost always found to go together,) our author should reject the Mosaic account of the origin of the human race, and adopt that of the popular writer of "The Vestiges of Creation," namely, that mankind have been for an immense and unknown period upon the earth-then are we driven to inquire, on this theory, what a beast or devil, or both combined, must he have been at the beginning of his existence. At how exceedingly low a point must he have commenced, if, after incalculable ages of progressive improvement, without any fall from a higher state, but a continual ascent, he has, notwithstanding, exhibited himself as in the last six, or the last two thousand years? If it is maintained that he was a development out of the mud and slime of an unformed worldwell and good; the author is welcome to the noble employment of investigating the inalienable rights of so exalted a being; but if, after taking such a view of the results of his moral progression, he asserts him to have been thus created by his Maker in a state so low, and dark, and full of evil, it does not seem to us, " easily reconcilable, (to use his own language,) with a proper reverence for the Deity."

But whatever may have been the origin of man, phrenology has revealed him to himself. Henceforth we are told, there is to be no doubt or difficulty in respect to human rights. "The duty of the legislator is most plain." "It is simply to conform to natural truth"-simply this, and nothing more. Most easy task for all future ages! " He is but the minister and expositor of nature,"-that is all. Any man may now be qualified for a legislator, and this confirms the author's doctrine, that every man has a right to be a legislator; for he says (page 37), that "every man has the same right to be a king that he has to be a man-for what is a king but a man." And if so, (we extend the inference to our own side of the Atlantic) why has not any man a right to be a president or a member of congress; so that, by good rights, every democrat in the land should take turns in holding those offices five minutes each one, until the rotation is accomplished.

Should any, however, ask—what do you mean by natural truth? How is the great question which Christ left unanswered, when interrogated by Pilate, rendered more easy by the insertion of

the word, natural? In reply to all such queries the simple inquirer is referred at once to the map of the skull. There you have it-all marked out in black and white, and as plain as the boundaries of Texas. There you may see, at a glance, all the animal instincts, all the propensities, all the sentiments, &c., in short, the whole of man, in this democratic collection of passions and desires, all equally good, all having an equal " right to that gratification, indulgence and exercise, which nature designed for them respectively," (page 13). The legislator has only to allot to every one his natural rights, and the work is done. "Wherever nature has ordained desire, she has spread before it the means of gratification, and

hence the rights of man."

There is a harmony in truth, and there is also, as we have observed, a unity and an affinity in error. We could have known, without the least doubt, that a man who held the theory of government maintained in this book, would be just the one to be delighted with all the fooleries of phrenology, and all the puerile and quackish reasoning of such a man as George Combe. This is not accidental; and yet the association between the two systems is not at first view obvious. A little examination, however, shows those points of mutual attraction, which lead minds of a certain cast, unconsciously perhaps, and without being exactly aware of the secret sympathy by which they are drawn, to adopt both. The radical theory of politics regards the state as nothing more than a collection of individuals without any permanent pervading idea, or any abiding spirit of law distinct from a majority of their present wills; so also this pretended science of phrenology views the soul as a mere bundle of faculties, with no other bond of unity but the phosphoric fat of the local brain in which they are situated.

Since we cannot, in the present number, do justice to all the topics suggested by this book, we would here dwell, for a while, on this phrenological department of the scheme. And it really deserves some considerable attention, if the book itself is worthy of review, because it is the very foundation of the whole stucture, and is evidently regarded by the author as constituting the main merit of his performance. Now we do not at all find fault with him for grounding his political system on a theory of mental philosophy. We also think that in attempting to deduce government from the essen-

tial constitution of man, however low may be his view of that constitution, and in founding it upon certain innate sentiments, he is in advance of those who make it wholly a system of self-defence against foreign violence; although the author often falls down to this very scheme, for the want of a proper appreciation of those truths that belong to a more spiritual philosophy. Neither are we going to controvert all or many of the positions laid down by phrenologists. In regard to what may be styled its external organology as developed on the skull, we have no faith whatever, and care nothing about it. This, however, has but little bearing on the theoretical, whatever it may have to do with the practical carrying out and adaptation of the author's political system. It is only with it as a theory of mental philosophy, irrespective of its external manifestations, or as a division of the mental powers and states, that we are principally concerned. Viewed in this light, it abounds in positions which are not only true, but the veriest truisms. Man undoubtedly has a propensity to eat and support life, and these functions of the stomach may have some connection with certain parts of the cerebellum. He is inclined to indulge in amatory pleasures, and in respect to this, too, it is a very ancient opinion, that it has a similar connection, through the spinal marrow, with the region of the occiput. He is also fond of children, and the world has furnished sad evidence that he is fond of fighting. These must be admitted to be among his propensities, whatever we may think of calling them mental faculties, - making the only difference between them and reasoning, or the exercise of the higher moral feelings, to consist in a few inches distance, this way or that, in the location of a piece of brain.

In a word, it has been said of phrenology, and it is, perhaps, the best description that could be given of it, that what is true in it is not new, and that what is new is not true. Let any one, who has but a general acquaintance with the history of ethical opinions, read the works of Combe and Spurzheim, and he must be wearied ad nauseam, to find whatever correct sentiments are contained to be but the stale repetition of trite old truths, attempted to be disguised in some of their peculiar technicalities. But we care little about this. We might even admit its division of the faculties to be tolerably correct; which, however, we are far enough from doing. We might admit, if it regards the action of the brain as the effect, and not the cause, of the sentiment, thought, or moral emotion, that it is harmless and free from the charge of materialism, although, in that case, inconsistent and absurd, and far enough from being the phrenology of Gall or Spurzheim. These, however, we do not regard as the most important elements in the system, nor as constituting that department in which reside its chief errors. Like the corresponding political scheme of Mr. Hurlbut, it is to be condemned more for what it wants, than for what it has; more for its fatal defects, than for any positive faults, although these are numerous enough. It divests man utterly of that in which his personality consists, which constitutes the unity of his nature, and makes him distinctively man-we mean, a true will, aside from and above the propensities. In the phrenological scheme, as exhibited on the map of the skull, there is no controlling will, no Ego, as some of our Teutonic philosophers are fond of saying, no man himself, aside from the predominant faculty or faculties.

To prove that such a separate power would be inconsistent with the orthodox phrenology, we refer to the great authority Spurzheim. He makes the will to be no distinct faculty, but the predominance, for the time being, of the balance of power in certain propensities. The common idea he regards as an old invention of moralists and theologians, designed to uphold their false and injurious systems. In section 10, entitled—Of Desire and Will, he says:—

"Moralists commonly say that the will is the cause of our actions and omissions, and even that mankind is degraded by any other explanation than this. The will is considered as an entity, and styled, weak or strong good, or bad. These terms, however, are vague and require consideration. The will is no more a fundamental power than the instinct of animals. It is only the effect of every primitive faculty of the mind, and synonymous with desire. Each faculty, being active, produces an inclination, a desire, or, a kind of will, and in this signification, there are as many species of wills, as there are faculties. The strength, too, of each is in proportion to the activity of the individual faculties, and exists involuntarily. That desire which overwhelms the others is also called will. Now, in this sense every faculty in its turn becomes a will."

This, perhaps, to some minds, would

seem a very good idea of a will. They would be wholly content with this philosophy, and might be unable to understand why anything more should be wanted, just as in a State, they cannot, for the life of them, see what a man would be driving at, who would have the State to be anything more than an aggregation of men and women living and breathing in a certain locality, and law anything more than the balance of propensities of the individual parts for the time being. Talk to them of law as an abstract will, distinct from the temporary desire of the masses, and grounded upon an abstract reason, which, with all its imperfections in its human manifestations, is allied to, or rather an emanation from The One, Divine, Eternal, Abstract Reason of the Universe—and tell them that it is this which gives the State its true unity, its true ideal life, its abiding permanency amid all the flowing and changes of the individual component parts-and you might as well talk to blind men of colors.

When, however, we come to trace the consequences of this view, and to show how, in its practical results, it is impossible to deduce from it a true unity to man or the State, the necessity of something higher may be made apparent even to such minds as would not be able to comprehend the direct or à priori argu-

Let us, by way of illustration, return to our phrenological map of the skull. Here, that which has heretofore been regarded as the most obscure and difficult department of knowledge, namely, the knowledge of ourselves, the heaven-descended gnothi seauton, is invested with all the simplicity of Parley's Geography; just as in the system of the book before us, the true nature of the State, and of law, and of all political relations, is made as easy as the doctrine of simple equations in algebra. Both sciences may now be taught in the infant school, or learned from the phrenological almanac, or the mental and political primer. A phrenological lecturer will present to us a model of the brain, all mapped off, and divided into its various towns and counties. Here we have the primary division of the propensities, moral sentiments, and perceptive powers, with their thirty-five subdivisions (the mesmero-phrenologists, we believe, go nearer to three hundred) down to each particular organ. He will then proceed to tell you that here, in the parts of the brain, of which this is a model, is contained the whole of man; or to state the matter to their best advantage, those who would at all avoid the most gross materialism, and who partially admit the mind to be a spiritual substance, insist that the parts thus set forth represent the whole soul, and that it possesses no faculty which does not act, or is not acted upon, through these divisions of the brain, or by means of a motion or excitement in ome one of these organs in which man is summed up. The lecturer will then proceed to describe to his astonished audience, the province and action of each organ. In so doing, he will make many quotations from Shakspeare, both pertinent and impertinent, and will spread before us much useful information, a great part of which, however, might be predicated on any other system as well as on phrenology. He will, for example, tell us how this science has revealed the long hidden truths, that man is governed by various motives, that there are striking differences in the intellectual and moral habits of different individuals—that if one is malevolent, he violates the law of charity-if he don't take care what he eats, he will violate the law of the stomach; if a man has large veneration combined with marvelousness, he will be inclined to be religious, and very probably fanatical; if he have much imagination, the chance is, that he will be a poet; if he have excessive combativeness, he will love to break heads, and if he has large causality, he will be inclined to make steam engines and wooden clocks.

There is nothing on which the lecturer -unless he is remarkably different from every one that we have seen-will be so sure to enlarge, as on the evils of excessive Faith and Veneration, and to explain, at great length, how these organs, unless most carefully watched, are in great danger of becoming sources of most serious mischief; so much so, that if he had not told us that all the faculties and propensities were good, we might be almost led to suppose, that he regarded these as the worst in the collection. Along with all this there are also presented many sage directions, especially to mothers, in regard to the proper cultivation of the organs, and a proper course of phrenological education for young children. Finally, the lecturer assures us, that every one of these propensities, moral sentiments, &c., has its own peculiar organ, and its own fixed mode of action, each one performing its own part and never obtruding into the province of another

So far all is plain sailing. The phre-

nological orator, in setting forth the various functions of the different parts of the cerebral empire, has as smooth a course before him as Counsellor Hurlbut discoursing on human rights. In the midst, however, of all this display of eloquence and philosophy, the objection will somehow creep into the mind of some intelligent hearer, that all this looks very much like making man a machine, and a machine too of a very low order. If these propensities are blind-as Spurzheim says they are—and act not simply through, but by matter, and act by fixed natural laws, and invariably act when the object is present or imagined, and are in every respect as the organ for the time being (just as vision will always be as the eye, and hearing as the ear,) and are all, in this respect, alike, from the seemingly highest to the lowest, being all, physiologically, similar agitations in similar pieces of the same fibrine substance-if this is so, and these objections arise in the mind (as they naturally will, while that common sense which God has given us remains among mankind,) and the system is accordingly charged with destroying the foundation of accountable action -the lecturer is ever ready with his stereotyped answer. With a confident smile of anticipated triumph over an opposition so frivolous and so easily put down, he will tell you, that a man can and ought to control his propensities; that he may do this by directing special attention to those which require it, or are in danger of wrongfully getting the upper hand, and thus devouring the liberties of the other members of the democracy. He can deny exercise to those that are too predominant, although the lecturer is very careful not to explain how it can ever come to pass, that that, which is predominant, shall be prevented from ruling. can call into action those that are deficient. He can balance the action of one that is salutary, against another that is hurtful and destructive. When he finds too strong a tendency in his cerebral state to radicalism and anarchy, he can become conservative; if veneration is getting too wild, he can cure this mischievous excess of religion, by giving the loose rein for a season to acquisitiveness, or arousing the action of his sleeping cautiousness. And thus, says the lecturer, your objection is triumphantly answered; thus man becomes an accountable being, and a subject of moral law.

Brave words these, and bravely spoken. Who shall dare to charge such a system

with materialism. But hold! what does the quack mean by all this? What right has the Samaritan so suddenly to use the Jew's language in place of his native dialect of Ashdod? Is he not, we ask, adopting a mode of speech utterly at war with his own system and from which, by his own hypothesis, he is certainly excluded. The man can do so and so, can he! He can repress; he can call out; he can balance; he can cultivate: he can exercise. And who is the man aside from these very organs which compose him? What is he apart from that locofoco rabble of sentiments and propensities, over which he is to exhibit such a marvelous display of autocratic power? Where is this identical Homo, this Ipseity, this Avroratog as Aristophanes would style him, this wondrous HE, who is to perform all these miracles, who cannot exist apart, and yet has no spare corner left in the brain for his peculiar residence, or an inch of ground, throughout his own dominions, on which he can plant his foot. Every lot has been taken up and mapped out long ago for other purposes. On the whole estate not a solitary acre is left for the lord of the manor.

Here certainly seems to be a small difficulty in the way of this first and best of sciences, whether regarded as applied to the State or to the human soul. In systems of mental philosophy existing previous to this famous discovery that man is but a bundle of faculties and the State only a collection of people, there was something regarded as Supreme, and therefore distinct from the inferior. There was held to be a true will, which, although it might, in its fallen state, subject itself to the propensities, was yet distinct from them, and might aspire to control them when it found its true strength in union with the Supreme and Holy Will of the universe. It was a will, in its rectified state, in perfect alliance with a reason, which was not carried about by each man individually, or had its location in an inch of brain, but of which the individual partook as of one common reason, on that account justly styled universal, immutable, and eternal.

Here then was something truly supreme—something which had an inalienable and indefeasible right to rule over the propensities, because it was not allied to them by a common nature, but was, in truth, of a higher order of being. If we dared to use such language in a democratic land, we would say it had a right to reign, because it was of the divine

and royal family. Here was that which could determine ranks and precedence. Here was something of a nobler birth, which could speak such authority to the rebellious tenants of the brain, which could, in truth, control, repress, exalt, because its very right and nature was to have the dominion. Here, in short, was a power far above what Spurzheim would style the predominating influence for the time being of the majority of the propensities.

But, on the other scheme, where is this rightful supervisory power? Where-since we have got again into our old habit of asking questions—where is the State House of this phrenological empire; if we should not rather inquire, where is the demagogue speaker's stand in this phrenological mass meeting? Where is the true Executive Power, which is to direct these blind moral sentiments? for no position is regarded as more firmly established in phrenology than this, that all the moral feelings act blindly, as Gall and Spurzheim both tell us-Veneration, for example, being just as likely, of itself, to reverence an Indian taboo, or ichneumons, or crocodiles, or old bones of saints, or whatever may come in its way, as any higher object of worship. What, in short, is to control the mob of propensities? Can the subjects, or if any are fastidious about the term, can the citizens be held accountable for sedition and disorder, when there is no governor, and no law out of themselves, to keep them in restraint?

And which organ, as they are described and located by phrenologists, can rightly claim this preeminence-which can with authority quell the dangerous fanaticism of excessive Veneration, or restrain the vagaries of excessive Hope; which can say to Combativeness," peace, be still," and to Destructiveness, "stay thy hand." Counsellor Hurlbut sometimes, it is true, talks of "the superior nature," but nothing can be clearer, than that, for this, he has no orthodox phre-nological authority, and that all such language, whatever blunders of speech some of its inferior disciples may occasionally fall into, is directly opposed to the inevitable conclusions of the science. In other places he agrees with his masters, and is consistent with his philosophy, in regarding them as all alike developments of one nature, and all equally entitled to be gratified. "Wherever Nature," he says, (page 13,) " has ordained desire, we infer the right to its indulgence, and hence, "THE RIGHTS OF MAN." Again he says—
"In regard to the right of its exercise, no question is involved but the existence of the innate faculty, and the objects presented by Nature for its gratification: the manner of its exercise is another thing—that presents a question of morals."

But this trifling question of morals, which our author skips over so lightly, and with so much indifference, is the very pith of the whole matter. Here is the unobserved torpedo which blows up his whole theory. This little question of morals, which the writer distinguishes from natural rights, brings us at once on higher grounds, and presents a problem for which his philosophy finds no means of solution. In phrenology, as well as in ultra democracy, the only rule of morals can be-" equal rights, and equal rank, and an equal portion for all." If, then, one inquire—Which, in this mass meeting of faculties, is to be moderator, which is to determine excess, define ranks and precedence, declare what may be indulged, what is to be restrained, what is high and noble, what is mean and groveling - me only answer can be, that, as e can learn, they are all on a par, unless some element is brought in which does not belong to phrenology. Physiologically, (and we have been told on the highest authority of this school that the whole is a question of physics, and that metaphysics has been totally exploded,) physiologically, then, all are alike. The difference, certainly, cannot be said to arise from the distance of a few inches to the right or left. Each has about an equal space and an equal portion on the brain. Each is independent in its own dominions, and no one has more right than another to step beyond its own department, and become a Will.

Counsellor Hurlbut says of the people, (page 37,) "If one be a king, then all are kings; if one be a lord, then all are lords: whatever exists of natural right, all are equally entitled to." "Government, then, (by which he means in a State the present will of a present majority, and of course in the brain the majority of the organs or propensities,) can bestow no privileges without violating the sanctity of natural rights, whose protection is its only function." Suppose, then, that some of these organs aspire to be a nobility among the rest; that what are called the moral sentiments, for example, seek to elevate themselves above the others, and affect distinctions between high and low, refined and base, intellectual and sensual.

What if Veneration be allowed to rule. This, as we have shown, is generally set forth by phrenologists as one of the most dangerous of the organs, and requiring to be watched, by the others, with that eternal "vigilance which is the price of liberty." Counsellor Hurlbut, too, according to the most perfect analogy, seems to take the same view of religion and all divine sanctions in relation to the State (see chap. 4). Shall Order, then, or Ideality, or Benevolence say to Destructiveness, thou art vulgar, and to Alimentiveness, thou art ignoble? Shall some affect to be more spiritual than others? Why so? The brain which they occupy, as far as we can learn, is no better brain than that possessed by what they might style the lower faculties. Each has its seat in about the same amount and about the same quality of phosphoric fat, of the same fibre, of the same consistence, the same chemical structure. Their various occupations therefore, should give rise to no distinctions of rank; just as all democrats are equally good, although one writes poetry, another conducts a Review, and another carries a hod.

The phrenologist may say, that some are by nature better; but what gives him a right to affirm this, without resorting (unconsciously perhaps) to some truths out of his system? Unless he gets something which, although pertaining to man individually, is yet, at the same time, out of and above him, something universal and eternal, he cannot depart an inch from his law of a necessary equality, arising from the fact of that physiological equality which is the basis of the whole scheme. The organs of causality and conscientiousness, as they are styled, and to which he might perhaps appeal, are of the same origin, the same mechanical action, and of the same material, too, with their fellows. They have no more right to control combativeness in the gratification of its delightful propensity, than destructiveness has to destroy them. If the others refuse to obey, there is no higher arbiter to adjudge submission. Even should we admit that the intuitive moral reason is, in any way, or in the least degree, represented by their miserable wooden-clock-making causality, still its like location on the brain confines it down to a par with all the rest. It does not seem to have as high or as good a position as firmness, (or obstinacy,) or self-esteem, or love of approbation. There may, however, be differences; all that we contend for is, that we must go out of phrenology, and seek the aid of a

higher light, to determine them.

But this, after all, does not touch our main difficulty, namely, the want of a distinct, separate and supreme will, or acting personality. Reason, in any sense, is no substitute for that great power we have so long been seeking in the physiological domains. The office of reason is judicial, and in a certain sense passive. It decides upon matters brought before it. It deduces conclusions from acts and premises presented to it. But where is the executive power of the soul, which is to bring turbulent propensities before reason's tribunal, and carry into execution its decisions after they have been rendered? In itself it is as powerless as the Supreme Court of the United States, when what should have represented the executive will, identifying itself with the basest passions of the mob, refused to enforce its mandamus against the State of Georgia.

We have dwelt on this at some length, because it is the great objection which applies equally to phrenology and to that political system which Mr. Hurlbut has attempted to found on this flowing basis. In neither can there be anything final, universal, or eternal. Neither has anything ideal, in the true sense of that important, yet much-abused term. Neither has, for human rights and human duties, any sure foundation, which, although connected with, is distinct from, human nature itself. The one has no State, aside from the present impulses of the present mass: the other has no man, distinct from the majority of his blind sentiments and

unreasoning propensities.

We cannot conclude without introducing from Spurzheim a most appropriate illustration of that doctrine of a will, for which we formerly referred to his pages. It contains the substance of this whole philosophy. The dog furnishes him with a common comparison, which seems, from the manner of his using it, to have been as great a favorite as the Shoemaker or the Pilot of Socrates. "That desire (says he, as we have previously quoted,) which overwhelms the others, is called will; and in this sense, every faculty in its turn becomes a will. A dog, for instance, (continues this most profound philosopher,) is hungry, but having been punished for eating the meat found upon the table, he, (that is, the dog,) without ceasing to feel appetite, for fear of a repetition of the blows, does not in-

dulge. He desires to eat, but will not. Will, then, cannot be any fundamental power by itself," &c. It is indeed delightful to observe the naïve simplicity with which this most remarkable sage selects the dog as furnishing as good a demonstration of the want of a proper will, as could have been derived from man himself. The comparison is really admirable. Nothing could more beautifully or more clearly have illustrated this whole canine philosophy, whether regarded in its application to the soul or the State.

"Every faculty in its turn becomes a will." Let us endeavor to expand the precious truth, and the striking illustra-tion by which it is set forth. The dog, for instance, is hungry. Here the dog's organ of alimentiveness is the will. But having been punished for eating the meat, he, for fear of blows, does not indulge. He desires but he wills not to eat. A more overwhelming power has intervened. Now the dog's cautiousness becomes will. And so on our philosopher might have continued his illustration through the whole catalogue. If the dog seizes the meat, his destructiveness predominates; and if another dog interferes for a share, his combativeness immediately becomes This divinest faculty of the soul, will. as it has been styled, this most purely spiritual part of our nature, is the same, then, in men and dogs-in beings accountable and unaccountable-in those that have a conscience, and those that have not. It becomes anything, and everything, according to the organ which is predominant.

The application which Doctor Spurzheim and Counsellor Hurlbut might make of this to the body politic is very obvious. Very much in the same way as Spurzheim, in the extract quoted several pages back, speaks of a will distinct from the propensities, as being a mere invention of old moralists and theologians, so might our political philosopher say, that former politicians, in the old days of ignorance, had foolishly regarded the State as an entity, distinct from the present mass, and law as something higher than the present balance of the present propensities of a majority. They had talked of something abiding and permanent, under the name of a Πολιτεια, or a constitution, which represented the reason or fixed principles, in distinction from the everchanging desires. But this was all a mistake. It all came from that miserable philosophy, which prevailed in the world before "man was demonstrated." There can be no such constitution, no such abstract law. The people even, to say nothing of their representatives, cannot bind themselves. The very thought is contrary to liberty, and their inalienable* rights. If the people should prescribe the mode in which their fundamental law should be changed, even this would not conclude them, because the impulses and propensities of one moment, whether in individuals or in masses, have no right to prescribe any restraints upon the impulses and propensities of any succeeding moment. To talk in phrenological language, "That desire which overwhelms the other, is the will, and in this sense every propensity in turn becomes a will." As long as the dog is hungry, the desire of the bone is the sovereign power.

And so of the body politic. If the propensities of a majority, or of those who call themselves a majority, aim at the demolition of their own constitution, then destructiveness is will. If it seek to repudiate a debt, the national acquisitiveness is will. If it desire the instant occupation of Oregon, or the annexation of Texas, or California, then the national combativeness, stimulated by every vile propensity of our nature, is will, and law, and constitution, and the very soul of the body politic, if such a corporation of locofoco propensities can be justly said to have a soul, any more than Spurzheim's quadruped, or any connection with that invisible state, in which law, conscience, and religion are the eternally presiding power. Thus we might go on through the whole dog-like rabble of propensities, finding everywhere the most exact and apposite illustrations, but we feel that sufficient is presented to show the perfect analogy between the political system, and the psychology (if we may use here so spiritual a term) on which it is grounded.

We have presented no caricature of phrenology. Its best authorities never hesitate to exhibit the skulls of animals, in proof of their positions, as readily as those of men. The whole difference is one of degree or of higher and lower development. The monkey tribe have the rudiments of every organ and faculty that we possess; and no reason can be assigned—we say it in all seriousness—why, from these premises, a similar, if not the same scheme of rights and even duties, might not be drawn out for the simia family, or even for the whole animal creation, as is here deduced for man.

Our author seems himself aware of the

objection which would naturally arise to a theory of rights, founded on the indulgence of every human propensity, and he therefore hastens to guard it by a method similar to that of the phrenologist. He, too, is compelled (without perhaps being aware of it) to go out of his philosophy. " Let no one, (he says, page 17,) fear that dangerous conclusions may be drawn from these premises. There is a wide difference between the rational qualification and the abusive indulgence. We are not contending for the abuse but the enlightened gratification, &c." We have seen how utterly inconsistent this language is with orthodox phrenology in the case of the individual, and here too is then, in like manner, something silently assumed which is utterly at war with the author's scheme. This looks somewhat like an appeal to a national conscience, a permanent thing, destined from the propensities of the moment. And if a national conscience, then likewise a national religion; a term which we cannot be deterred from using, because some shallow demagogue, who knows no better, may confound it with something so widely different as an established church. A national religion we say, without which no true national conscience can exist. What does the author mean by checking, controlling, &c., after he has so expressly declared that there can be no fundamental law or constitution above the violation of the masses, and that they cannot even bind themselves to such a constitution, page 50. An enlightened self-interest, indeed! Has not all experience shown, that this term is a contradiction, that selfinterest is ever blind, that selfishness is that darkness, and has no light, that the present desire always will outweigh the remote good in minds governed solely by the utilitarian principle, and that this is even more apt to be the case with blind and unmeaning masses than with individuals? What sort of a guide would this enlightened self-interest be in opposition to the acts of demagogues in a warmly contested presidential election? What influence would it have over an agrarian mob? Surely for such purposes, there is need of something higher than any thing contained in this system. But topics are here suggested, which require a more thorough handling than we can bestow in the present number. At some other time we hope to examine more thoroughly these and the kindred beauties of Mr. Hurlbut's system.

"COMMERCIAL DELUSIONS"-SPECULATIONS.

We find in the first volume of "Hunt's Library of Commerce," recently published—a work containing a mass of historical and statistical information that must render it valuable to others than commercial men—two articles of especial interest: one a History of the Mississippi Scheme of John Law, and incidentally of the Royal Bank of France; the other a history of the more famous "South Sea Bubble," wherein ancient John Bull invested his guineas with astonishing eagerness, and afterwards growing angry and furious at his losses, tossed upon his horns the unhappy projectors of that scheme. These sketches are very interesting compilations of facts from many authors, reduced into a tangible and convenient form, and are appropriately published with the prefix of "Commercial Delusions."

La Jeune France and Young England may spare their witticisms upon us, their descendants, for our occasional imitations of their own follies and cupidity. We can never give to the world such striking evidences of perfect and absolute insanity as they have afforded; and if we do have a "flare-up" now and then, we endeavor to bear it heroically without breaking upon the wheel the sharp rogues who assist in the work of lightening our purses. The gross injustice of the proceedings for the punishment of the schemers in England and France-in the course of which the innocent and the guilty were equal sufferers-is quite as apparent as the folly of those who had been duped. Hanging and quartering is a poor method of revenge in any case; it will never insure a profit out of a bad speculation, nor transform a "fancy stock" into a safe commodity. Scotch and the Yankees understand these things better. If they get bitten they have too much wisdom to spend their time in loud complaints and lamentations. They regard it as a simple "business operation," in which he who wins may laugh, and he who loses learns the necessity of being doubly careful thereafter, and endeavors to console himself with the idea that the lesson is a quid pro quo.

It is not much to be wondered at that John Law's Bank and Mississippi Schemes turned every French head. The

true principles of finance were not then well understood, and when the Bank was first organized, and until it came under the control of the Regent, its affairs were, it is reasonable to infer, well managed. It was then, as it is now, evident that a metallic currency solely was inadequate to the wants of a commercial country; and equally evident that a paper currency, bearing a due proportion to the precious metals, and redeemable in specie at sight, would be highly advantageous to the government and the people. The only paper then in circulation was the government notes, or billets d'état, and these were regarded with great suspicion. They were liable to great fluctuations in value, and might be redeemed or not; a change in the ministry, a foreign war, or any caprice on the part of the government, might in a day, and often did reduce their actual value twenty-five per centum. The holders were sometimes fortunate if they could pay obligations due to the State in its own emitted currency. Besides it was difficult to ascertain conclusively to what extent the billets d'état had been issued; whether to ten or twenty times the amount of the accruing revenues, and of the value of the royal demesnes, was entirely conjectural. But a short time preceding the establishment of Law's Bank, a re-coinage had been ordered, by which the currency was depreciated onefifth; those who took a thousand pieces of gold or silver to the mint received back! an amount of coin of the same nominal value, but only four-fifths of the weight of metal. By this contrivance the State is said to have gained at one time seventy-two millions of livres, and as a necessary consequence all the commercial operations of the country were disordered. The debased coin was made a legal tender for debts and obligations previously contracted: what the State gained, its subjects lost. A further debasement of the currency was feared, and justly feared. The national debt of France was at that time three thousand millions of livres, while the revenues were only about one hundred and fortytwo millions per annum; from the latter was to be taken the sum necessary to defray the ordinary expenses of the State,

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leaving only some three millions to pay the interest upon three thousand millions; the government, the while, utterly destitute of fidelity or honesty, and willing to resort to any expedient to get rid of an exigency staring them in the face. When the people clamored for relief, it was the fashion of the times to hang the tax-gatherer and confiscate his estates; and many a worthy man suffered these extreme penalties, given up by a corrupt ministry to an insensate populace. But the summary sacrifice of an agent, though it might allay a temporary clamor, was no relief or security against the want of economy, good faith and prudence in the

principal.

It was in this state of affairs that Law proposed the establishment of a Bank which should have the management of the royal revenues, and issue notes both on that and on landed security, to be administered in the King's name, but subject to the control of commissioners appointed by the States General. Privileges to this extent were not granted; but by an edict, Law, in conjunction with his brother, was authorized to establish a Bank with a capital of six millions of livres, in twelve thousand shares of five hundred livres each, one-fourth to be paid in specie, and the residue in notes issued by the government. The notes of this Bank were made receivable in payment of the taxes. Making his notes payable at sight, and in coin current at the time they were issued, and having declared publicly that a banker deserved death if he made issues without having sufficient security to meet all demands, his paper became at once more valuable in the public estimation than the notes of the government, or even than the coin of the realm, which was liable to depreciation at the will of the ministry. Such was the confidence he had inspired, that in less than a year his notes were at a premium of fifteen per cent., while the billets d'état had fallen almost to a nominal price. All those engaged in commerce experienced great relief; the operations of the Bank assisted the government in the collection, and the people in the payment of their taxes; trade revived, and confidence was once more restored. Branches of the Bank were speedily established in most of the great cities in the kingdom. Thus far all was

We can imagine the delight that would be felt by the holders of Arkansas,

Mississippi, and Indiana bonds, if some mammon-inspired genius should discover any scheme for the payment of those interesting securities. The French people enjoyed similar feelings under the system of Law. Any change would have been a relief, but this was a positive blessing. Like all human enjoyments, however, it had a limit. The Regent conceived the luminous idea, "that paper which could so aid a metallic currency, could entirely supersede it." The Bank soon became a public institution under the control of government, and acting upon this idea there followed immediately a fabrication of notes to the amount of one thousand million of livres without the means of redeeming them. The country was soon inundated with paper money, based upon no solid foun-The result was inevitable. The solvency of the Bank became, very naturally, suspected, and though its credit was buoyed up by various devices for a time, it fell at last, crushing all those who had trusted to its obligations and promises.

It was during the haleyon days of the Bank that Law organized the Mississippi scheme, the magnitude of which, both as regards the design itself, and in its effects upon the fiscal condition of the country, threw his Bank entirely into the shade. The gratitude of the Regent for the important aid he had derived from Law's plan of finance, prepared for him a willing assent to any scheme; and no scheme could have been devised that was so well calculated as this to excite the minds of a volatile and visionary people, to whom the relation of cause and effect, in a pecuniary point of view, was as yet unrevealed. The company was invested with rights, privileges, and immunities, partaking of sovereignty, and the great sphere of its operations was to be on a foreign shore, concerning which strange tales had been told to credulous and wondering ears. Mines of wealth buried in the earth, waiting only the hand of man to come forth and enrich the world; hidden treasures of diamonds, pearls and rubies; a country blessed with a soft and genial climate, a soil teeming with na-tural productions for the subsistence of man, to gather which neither seed time nor harvest were to be observed; rivers of unknown extent, on whose banks a thousand savage tribes pastured their countless herds and pursued the retreating game; kingdoms in embryo, the future seats of great nations, whence the

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arts of war were to be banished, and where the sylvan pursuits of peace were once more to be restored to man :-- these were the visions that had been spread before the eyes of an ardent and impassioned people, preparing them for the reception of any fanciful enterprise. Spain and Portugal had increased in power and wealth by their foreign possessions; their territories were fast grow-ing into kingdoms; needy adventurers had gone out from their midst poor and powerless, and returned laden with gold and diamonds, and with all the pomp and These were facts display of princes. well understood, and the French people waited only a fit leader to embark in the same painful and glorious field. The purely chivalric feeling, which animated Cortez and Leon, which fired the bosoms of the lordly old Spanish cavaliers, had expired; but the desire of gain had Mars no longer become omnipotent. brandished his sword and spear: Plutus had usurped his dominions, and erected another altar for a different class of worshipers. Let us not wonder at the infatuation that followed, nor congratulate ourselves that we are wiser than all the generations that have gone before us. Are not thousands of our countrymen now on their way to Oregon, across leagues of desert, over mountains ever crowned with snow, the barriers of civilization, leaving a fertile land behind them, and all the blessings of good government and society, and all the charms that neighborhood and acquaintanceship can And are not others, Texasconfer? stricken, fleeing to that blessed country where laws are not, and government but a name? And will we not fight for a ragged rock, north of the 49th parallel, where a respectable prairie wolf would spurn a residence? Take heart, young Democracy; Noodledom is not yet depopulated, and the race of fools is by no means extinct.

The Mississippi Company had the exclusive privilege of trading to the "great river Mississippi," and the province of Louisiana. The capital was 100,000,000 livres, divided in 200,000 shares of 500 livres each, which could be paid in billets d'etat at their nominal value, though worth less than one-third the sum. Subsequently an edict was published giving to the company the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies, China, and the South Seas, and to all the possessions of the French East India Company. There-

upon the Company assumed the more dignified title of Company of the Indies, and created fifty thousand new shares, (25,000,000 livres.) In promises Law was not at all parsimonious. He promised the shareholders yearly dividends of two hundred livres upon each share of five hundred, which, as the shares had been paid for in depreciated government notes at their nominal value, was a profit of 120 per cent. This was a golden harvest, in expectancy, that could not be resisted, and 300,000 applications, it is stated, was made for the fifty thousand new shares. Law speedily became the most important personage in the state. His house was besieged by all classes. "Dukes, Marquisses, Counts, with their Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses, waited in the streets for hours every day, before his door," to learn the result of their applications. It was easier to get speech of the Regent than of him. The value of the old shares rose rapidly, and fresh applications poured in; and to meet the demand, 300,000 new shares were created of 5000 livres each, thus adding fifteen hundred millions to the amount previously All classes had now become thoroughly infected with the mania; in every brain were visions of boundless wealth. People of every age, sex, and condition, speculated in the rise and fall of Mississippi bonds. The rents of buildings situated in the street where the stockjobbers resorted rose from one thousand to twelve thousand livres per annum. The public gardens were forsaken. Parties of pleasure took their walks near the temple of this new Plutus, which was thronged with busy crowds intent on gain. Peers, ladies of rank, and ministers of state, waited anxiously on Law, humbly beg ging the British outlaw for India stock. The price of shares frequently rose twenty per cent. in a few hours, and many persons who "rose poor in the morning went to bed in affluence." It can hardly be credited in these days, but it is related that an extensive holder of stock, being taken suddenly ill, sent his servant to sell 250 shares at 8000 livres each, the price at which they were then quoted. servant went, and on his arrival at the Jardin de Soissons, (the residence of Law, where the jobbing was done,) found that in the interval the price had risen to 10,000 livres per share. The difference of 2000 livres on the 250 shares, amounting to 500,000 livres, (about \$90,000) he quietly transferred to his own pockets, and giving the remainder to his master, set out the same evening for another country—the Texas of that day. These speculations attracted vast crowds to Paris, and so great was the influx of people that house-keepers were obliged to make up beds in garrets, kitchens, and stables, for the accommodation of lodgers. As a necessary consequence, the wages of laborers rose rapidly, the prices of all products and commodities were doubled, new houses were built in every direction, the luxuries of life were greatly increased, and a sweeping impulse was given to every pursuit and occupation.

This state of things continued for two or three years, with some variations; when after a state of suspense, then suspicion, then positive fear, the bubble burst. Ruin and distress were universal. No person was so humble as not to be reached by the calamity, none so high as not to be affected by it. The notes of the Bank and the Company's shares grew to be valueless. The consternation was general, and in exact proportion to the previous excitement of joy and prosperity. Exasperated beyond all bounds, the popular fury broke out in mobs and insurrections. Law's life was in danger, and was only saved by concealment. Those who were the least obnoxious, had guards for their protection. The government was left without resources equally with the people, and the stringent measures adopted to retain coin in the country, led to many violent acts. Law was finally obliged to flee the country to save his life; his property was confiscated; and he returned to the habits of gaming for a subsistence, which he had followed in his youth. He died in Venice in 1729, in embarrassed circumstances, leaving for an example the most stupendous delusion

ever practised upon any people. For all these excesses of the French speculators, there was some shadow of excuse. They had the sanction and countenance, if not the direct aid, of government; and the national faith was in a measure pledged for the payment of this great mass of paper obligations. The extraordinary monopolies and privileges conferred upon those companies, and the presumed wealth and value of the Mississippi territory, were well calculated to inspire confidence. Besides, it was an age but a step removed from that in which were first opened the gold and silver mines of America. What had happened in one country might be found true in another;

and after what was known, no tale however magnificent, if the localé was sufficiently distant, was too huge for belief. But what excuse had worthy John Bull for falling headlong into the same snare? Honest, sturdy, cautious John Bull !who had all his life practised economy and prudence, and prided himself upon his deliberate coolness in all exigencies; who knew the exact value of his pennies, and how to double them in a snug way; who abominated all speculations and claptrap performances; who had oracularly preached all sorts of prudential maxims to his leathern-breeched progeny, and knew a thing or two, as he supposed, about trade and finance, and the laws of commerce; that he should be hoodwinked and cheated in the prime of his manhood, was a crying shame. He had outwitted the canny Scotchman in the long run, and had contrived to extract, by confiscations and other gentle devices, a golden harvest even out of miserable Ireland; and now he must go a wool-gather-

ing and come home shorn! In the midst of the excitement in Paris, the "South-Sea Bubble" was blown up before the wondering eyes of all cockneydom. The South Sea Company had been chartered several years before, but did not become an object of much public inquiry until Law's Mississippi Scheme had reached its culminating point in France. Its history is the counterpart of the Gallic delusion. The necessities of the government; the avarice and cupidity of the people; the boundless expectations of wealth to be accumulated in the wilds of America and among the newly-discovered Isles of the Ocean, gave a fancied value to the stock of the Company, and in the end caused it to be sought for at a profit of seven or eight hundred per cent. over the cost to the original holder. As in France, so in England. Princes and dukes, lords and commons, the gentleman and his servant, the merchant and his clerk, were alike infatuated. The most extravagant fortunes were made by some of the speculators, upon a trifling investment. Of course fortunes were wasted when the revulsion came. Exchange Alley and Cornhill, like the Rue Quincampoix and the Hôtel de Soissons, were blocked to the endangering of life by crowds of anxious people, waiting to be made rich by a turn of the wheel. capital of the South Sea Company, comparatively moderate at first, was extended to meet the demands of fresh and furious applicants, and with every enlargement the value of the stock increased in a double ratio of progression. When the bubble exploded, the pleasant farce was transformed into serious tragedy. Frantic mobs clamored for blood; those who were only suspected were hissed and pelted with stones in the streets; the active managers were imprisoned, their private estates confiscated without color of law, and their gains distributed among the Members of Parliament were expelled on the slightest evidence; and a few of the guilty were pleased to find the seas between them and their incensed victims. In fine, John Bull was found to be an ugly "customer," now that his blood

A multitude of lesser bubbles were blown up in England, at the same time, for the benefit of the speculators. In France, the inventive genius was Law alone; in England nearly every man had his scheme by which somebody was to be fleeced. Once embarked in such enterprises, the Anglo-Saxon spirit of progression was fully dis-Hundreds of companies petiplayed. tioned for charters, for all sorts of purposes, with all kinds of powers. The absurdity of some of them is such that they will excite a smile when mentioned, with no little astonishment that any one, in a state of sanity, could in any age have been hoaxed by them. We select out of about a hundred, the following companies which were organized, and abolished by an order in council :-

"A company for effectually settling the island of Blanco and Sal Tartagus."

"For the importation of Flanders lace."

"For encouraging the breed of horses in England, and improving the glebe and church lands, and for repairing and rebuilding parsonage and vicarage houses."

"For trading in hair."

"For carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is"!

"For furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain."

"For insuring horses-capital two millions."

"For a wheel for perpetual motion—capital one million."

" Another for a horse insurance."

"For insuring to all masters and mistresses the losses they may sustain by their servants."

"For insuring from thefts and robberies," (the thieves, no doubt, to receive the premium as a bonus for their honesty.)

It was computed that the total amount of the sums proposed for carrying on these and similar projects, was upwards of three hundred millions sterling. The whole capital stock of the South Sea Company actually issued, was no less than £37,800,000—about \$168,000,000!—and this at a time when a pound sterling was worth, nearly twice its present value for all practical purposes.

An obstinate prudent man is invariably the most irrational in his follies. impulse once given, there is no resisting or restraining him. Thus it was with John Bull. He far outstripped his neighbor in the race. Amidst the fumes of beer and deeper potations which floated over his brains, there arose visions of gigantic schemes which never entered the thinner pericranium of the Frenchman. His usually careful calculations, based upon actual results, were lost in the anticipation of the ingots of gold and silver that were to tumble into his lap. There were, however, mixed up with his visionary plans some shrewd ideas of trade, by which his consequence and power were to be extended. He was a merchant and a manufacturer, a curious artificer of staple goods. Peru, Mexico, the Indies, and the islands to be discovered, were to buy from him, and keep his looms and his forges in motion, and his laborers busy, and send to him in return the wealth produced from their soil, or hidden in the recesses of the earth. Here was a certain profit, and this appealed loudly to his shop-keeping sense; but being a shareholder in the great corporation was his principal reliance. How proudly he would walk through its spacious offices, so fancifully described by "Elia," and with what an air would he receive returns from his investments in the extremest latitudes! Worthy John-even in later days, and by your own descendants, you have been somewhat befooled and deluded by other "stocks" and "bonds"-but never so

outrageously as by yourself.

The history of the speculations and "commercial delusions" of America, is yet to be written; and entering, as it must in a measure, into a history of the vast mechanical improvements of the age, and more particularly into the questions of finance which have been the subjects of many party conflicts, it will, when prepared by competent hands, be a work of unusual interest.

Convulsions in trade are periodical, and at times afflict every commercial country.

From these we can no more hope to escape, than from the heat of midsummer or the frosts of winter; but we have never, except in one recent instance, been convulsed by a general and wide-spread spirit of rash and improvident adventure. During the last war speculation was rife in improved farming lands, produced by the high price of provisions. Many were simple enough to suppose that war was to be perpetual, and that so large a proportion of the tillers of the soil would be forced into the army and navy, as to give those who remained extravagant profits upon their labor. Farms in some sections of the country nearly doubled in value, and when peace was declared the last purchasers were ruined. Peace brought no repose to them. At a later day, the Morus Multicaulis fever deranged some brains, and collapsed many plethoric purses. When slips and buds of the mulberry were readily sold at a dollar or more each, so that a good-sized tree would bring in to the owner a thousand dollars, some must be ruined of course. But these speculations were limited to particular stations, and the victims were comparatively few in number. They did not absorb and derange the whole currency and business of the country. The land speculations which were carried on from 1834 to 1838 without intermission, were of a different nature. They affected the old States equally with the new, by withdrawing their capital and alluring to the remote settlements their most active and enterprising population. The effects of those speculations are yet visible upon the individual purse and upon public morals. Bankruptcies, impositions, defalcations, frauds, were the legitimate results. Not that all who were concerned in land speculations were tainted with dishonest practices,-to say this would be as foolish as untrue-but that such was the tendency of those speculations, none will deny who have paid much attention to the subject.

The opening of the Erie canal gave the first impulse to modern emigration to the west, and to that magnificent work, more than all other causes combined, is to be attributed the rapid settlement of the new States. In 1830, Michigan was a territory, with few inhabitants, and produced little more than was sufficient to subsist its own population. Wisconsin and Iowa contained hardly a white family; one is already admitted a State of the Union, and the other is by extent of population enti-

tled to admission. In each fine towns have sprung into existence; and the hammer of the artisan may be heard, and the husbandman seen gathering in his harvests, where ten years since the red man hunted and roamed undisturbed. The Erie canal opened to the western producer an eastern market, and placed the farmer on the borders of the great lakes and rivers upon an equality, everything considered, with the producer in the Atlantic States. In the older States, cultivated farming lands were worth from twenty to seventy dollars per acre, varying in price according to proximity to market and the nature of the soil. In the west, lands of a quality far superior, easier of tillage, and producing more luxuriantly, could be bought in any quantity at the minimum government price-one dollar and twentyfive cents per acre. This was an inducement to emigration not to be resisted. The prudent father of a family in New England saw with grateful feelings an opening in the west for his offspring, where abundant crops would reward their labor, and ordinary economy and industry insure for them a happy competence. He was rejoiced that a soil was opened to them not bound with rocks or piled with rugged ridges, as on his own paternal estate; and this was within a few days' journey from his own door, for the power of steam had in effect annihilated distance. Whatever the natural regrets at the separation might be, he felt none of that deep anxiety which was formerly displayed on the occasion of the departure of an emigrant family for the new settlements. There was no longer any danger from the ferocious savage; no border wars, with their concomitants of brandished tomahawks and bleeding scalps, could disturb his dreams. The conveniences, indeed many of the luxuries of life, were then accessible to the inhabitants of the remotest settlements, and nothing but the fevers which afflict every new country were left to excite apprehension in the least degree. The inducements to emigration were great, but not greater than the desire generally prevalent in the older States to take advantage of them. It suited the genius of a people whose habits of expansion and acquisition are notorious. The stream once in motion, no power on earth could resist it; and many old towns in consequence lost at the same time their surplus cash means, and a majority of their young and enterprising population.

Other causes operated to strengthen

the feeling in favor of emigration. The existence of a tariff for protection, and years of peace, had insured to the farmer, the mechanic, and the manufacturer, a fair return of profits upon their skill and labor, and when the tide of emigration commenced, there was an aggregation of unproductive capital seeking investment. The people of the Western States needed capital for the construction of their roads, canals, and other improvements; and they offered higher rates of interest than could be obtained for large sums in the Eastern and Middle States. It was evident, besides, that towns and villages would spring up, where the commercial business of the new settlements must center, and where, in consequence, a rapid advance in the value of real estate would follow. The creation of a thousand new banks of circulation on the destruction of the U. S. Bank, each striving to do a large business, afforded ample means for extensive purchases and unwise expenditures. They inflated the country with their notes, increasing the nominal value of produce, and in the end the price of lands. All these causes combined, aided, moreover, by the political action of the federal government, produced the speculations of subsequent years.

Down to 1834, the emigration to the West had been steadily increasing, and was of a beneficial and healthy character; for thus far all became actual settlers. From this time forward it was of a mixed character. Actual, bona fide settlers still thronged the thoroughfares and crowded the government land-offices: others went to purchase for their own future use, or for the benefit of their children; but a great majority were speculators who expected to make large gains by buying tracts of land at low prices, holding them until the surrounding country should be partially settled and improved, and then selling at advanced rates. Land companies were formed by capitalists in the old States, and their agents were soon found traversing the whole Western world, compass and map in hand. These and the smaller speculators were the men who filled the hotels of the border towns, swaggering about with poor liquor in their heads and letters of credit in their pockets. They crowded the cabin of the settler, clamorous for bread and "horsefeed," and in an emergency camped out in oak groves, and on the wide-spread prairies. There is not a stream in the

West, between Iowa and Lake Erie, that these gentry did not thoroughly explore; and if a water-power of capacity sufficient to turn an old-fashioned Connecticut quill-wheel was found, it was "booked" with astonishing avidity. Millions of acres were thus purchased by non-residents who had as little idea of occupying them, as they had of visiting Patagonia or Siberia. They have since had the pleasure of being taxed up to their eyes on their Western possessions; for the actual settler, in whose hands is the power of taxation, looks upon the nonresident landholder with no favorable eye, and lets no opportunity pass of imposing burthens upon his estate. However wrong this may be in point of exact justice the settler cares not. He considers only his own situation. He has come into the wilderness, expecting that in due time others will flock around him, become his neighbors, break the solitude of his residence, and assist him in opening roads, building bridges, erecting schoolhouses and other public buildings. On the contrary, he soon discovers that three lots of land out of every five in his neighborhood are owned by men living, it may be, fifteen hundred miles from him, and who do not design to sell until they can make a handsome profit upon their investments. This retards the growth of the country, and the settler feels it to be the case. He is also conscious that if the non-resident does in the end make a profit, it will be because he and others like him have improved some portion of the surrounding country; and the idea does not at all please him, that strangers are to be benefited by his exertions and labors, who bear none of the burthens incident to life in a new country, feel none of its hardships, and have no sympathy with him either in sorrow or prosperity. Hence the unequal and unlawful taxation of which the foreign landholder so justly complains. We do not justify the settlers in this, but give the language that any one will hear who goes among them, omitting some objurgations and epithets extraneous to the subject. Many of the foreign landholders would now, we imagine, be delighted with an offer of seventy-five cents per acre for these lands. Millions of dollars have been locked up in this way that produce no income, and will never find their way back into the pockets and old stockings from which they were drawn forth in that fortune-hunting era.

That was the era of imaginary villages. We once saw a party of surveyors in midwinter laying out a village on the ice. The spot of ground, a marsh or swamp, with a small stream creeping lazily through it, was so low and wet that it could only be traversed by boats in sum-The proprietor had failed in business in one of the Eastern States, and found himself with a debt of thousands on his shoulders and no apparent means of paying it. He was a "'cute Yankee," and of course turned speculator. bought two or three hundred acres of this swamp, caused a survey to be made, then a village map showing the usual proportion of streets and squares, all named after presidents and generals of note. His next step was to visit his creditors, and offer them "village property at reduced prices," in payment of their claims. The creditors, not expecting much, were highly delighted of course, and willingly took each a few "lots," and gave him acquittances. Some were even more liberal than this, and paid the proprietor considerable sums in cash for additional lots. Thus he got rid of his debts, and found himself provided with money to commence business on a larger scale. We believe he is still out of the penitentiary.

The mania for speculation in village property at that time is unaccountable; it was so great, so universally prevalent, that one can hardly trust to his own knowledge and recollection on the subject. Common sense was entirely thrown aside in the calculations of village and city-makers, and impossibilities were deemed feasible of execution. On all the rivers village plots were found staked out at intervals of two or three miles; not only every inland county, but every remote township, had its village, and often scores of them, in which land was sold by the foot and inch, at prices varying from one hundred to twenty thousand dollars per acre—the land the while worth barely the government price of one dollar and a quarter. Each of these places were to be cities, and had some remarkable advantages that were possessed by none other, which must bring in a large population. So thought the "operators." There is not in all probability coin and bullion enough on this continent, if brought together, to purchase a mile in width on each side of the Maumee river, for twenty miles from its mouth, at the prices demanded for it in 1836; and this is only one point in the "great West"

out of thousands equally rich and promising.

The method of operating was simple. and but little money was required to get up a respectable village on paper. About two hundred acres of land was necessary, which, if purchased of the government, must be paid for in cash, at ten shillings the acre; if bought of second hands, from three to ten dollars per acre was sufficient, and one-half of this would be in most cases secured by mortgage on the whole plot. Then a surveyor would be employed to divide the land into lots of about three rods by ten, leaving streets between every second tier, and others running at right angles, and stakes were then driven into the ground making the divisions. Afterwards came the "map," drawn with precision and care, and the more splendidly executed the better; next the erection of a few buildings, generally of logs or loose boards, except one which must be large and gaudily painted, as it was to be "the Hotel." All this required but little money, and now the operator was ready for business. He would circulate the maps over the country, and write puffs for publication in the newspapers, wherein was duly heralded "great sales of village property"-" flourishing village in the centre of a rich and growing country"-" on the great thoroughfare between the East and the West"-"emigration rapidly pouring in"—and much more, set forth with all the flourish of Western eloquence. Mock auctions were held in distant towns, at which one conspirator would buy of another and sell to a third, at rising prices of course, and this was also published. Some simpleminded men, aflured by all this display, would be induced to purchase a few lots on a long credit, and build on them; and this was sufficient to keep up the excitement, until the original proprietor, by dint of perseverance, would at last effect a sale of the whole "village" to a speculating company from abroad, at a profit of a thousand per centum. Many villages created in this way have since been turned into very respectable farms, to the benefit of the neighborhood. In a village, the location of which gave it some intrinsic value, the operations were similar, but on a larger scale. Sham sales were there also a prominent means of keeping up the fever. Peter Funks were not to be found only in the jewelry auction-shops of Broadway and Chatham-street. John Doe, Richard Roe and all their brethren figured extensively, but not greatly to the advantage of the uninitiated who were deceived by the "large talk" into real purchases; they innocently thought there could not be so much smoke without some fire. One lot would change owners a dozen times in a season, each sale adding a mortgage upon the lot, for the profits at least; until the last proprietor, on investigating the title, would find a pyramid of paper securities, and be frightened out of his propriety if he had any notions of prudence left. One gentleman who owned a farm adjoining one of the Western villages, was at that time offered half a million for it, one-half in cash; but he unwisely concluded, that if it was worth this sum to others it certainly was to himself. He refused the offer. We are informed that he is now puzzled to get enough from his land to pay the yearly taxes.

The speculations of that day were not confined to wild lands and village lots, but were extended incidentally to every kind of business. Banks and banking, especially in the western states, came in for their share. But on this subject we feel some timidity. We cannot say much without being personal, and so long as the legal maxim, "the greater the truth the greater the libel" is observed, caution and silence may be more prudent. It would be no amusement to us to be compelled to

defend ourselves at the suit of some "Wild Cat Bank" president or director, or perhaps commissioner, who had been equally guilty. If truth is libelous, we should be in great danger in giving any account of a system which admitted the possibility of one or two boxes of specie forming the capital of a dozen banks, sworn to by their officers as being the property of each particular bank, and before the oath was cold, shifted on to a light wagon, and with a fleet horse traveling to another "institution," for a repetition of the same ceremony-the commissioner, whose duty it was to protect the public against frauds, following with his eyes opportunely shut.

We indulge the hope that the history of all these things will be written; not for the benefit of the present adult generation, for by such they are well known; but the future business men of the country may be interested in learning the peculiarities of the times, and in seeing portrayed some of the follies of their ancestors.

As a pendant to the foregoing remarks, and as illustrative in some measure of the experience of hundreds, we have furnished to our hands by one who it seems has "suffered some," a chapter in his history.

MY FIRST SPECULATION.

In the height of the fever for land speculations in the renowned era of 1835, a very verdant young gentleman-since grown a trifle wiser-might have been seen one fair morning preparing for a journey to the "great west," where riches, even mines of wealth, were to be had for the asking, where villages and eke cities grew up into perfect being, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. My neighbor Dickens, an honest, plodding carpenter, had emigrated but a few months before, with hardly a sous in his pocket, leaving behind divers mementos in the hands of his friends with his name attached, and which, by a pleasant legal fiction, were made to represent a certain amount in dollars and cents. His anxious friends had now received intelligence that he had founded a city, and that by selling corner and other "city lots," he had become worth at least half a million of dollars. Now our quondam neighbor never enjoyed any especial reputation for acuteness or sagacity, and the apparent ease with which he had

slipped into a fortune operated with the force and speed of an electrical battery upon his old acquaintance.

But this was not all the evidence we had "bearing upon the case," as gentlemen of the legal school are wont to say. One Timothy Jenkins, a fiddling village tailor, and withal a very great "loafer," having a soul above buttons, had also some twelve months previous left the circle of his numerous admirers, without even the ceremony of an adieu-going off, indeed, between two days-and he too, it was ascertained, had made a fortune. In fact he had become a nabob, lived like a gentleman, and was in a fair way, ere long, to represent his enlightened fellow-citizens in the National Legislature, if he did not conclude to accept in lieu the more dignified, but less profitable post of Governor of the Northwestern Territory. This piece of news for a time staggered our belief-for there were some things, even in those days, that we could not believe. But all our doubts on the

subject were soon dispelled by the appearance of the veritable Timothy himself. He had halted for a few days in his native place, while on a mission to the monied emporium, with a plan for a bank; which, as he gave out, he was about establishing on the shores of the Upper Mississippi. Ocular demonstration was better than vague rumor, and Timothy bore about him indubitable evidences of his good luck. An elegant and expensive dress fitted his figure with the utmost nicety, an immense gold chain was ostentatiously displayed upon the dark ground of a satin waistcoat, and his diamond pins and rings glittered to the great astonishment of our sober rustics. Kid gloves, "imported for his own use," adorned his hands, and an important air and a supercilious use of words fairly awed his old acquaintance into reverence, and effectually frightened off a score of small creditors, who viewed him and his finery with wistful eyes. Champaigne was the least vulgar of liquids with which Timothy astonished his throat—and he actually gave the boot-black at the village inn a five dollar Wild Cat note. These were indicia not to be mistaken. Tirnothy Jenkins, Esquire, had become "a gentleman of property." One year before this he could not borrow a sixpenny-bit to pay his washerwoman, nor get a mug of beer on credit; now he discoursed learnedly on the value of various "State stocks," of "exchanges," and particularly of his "town property." He purchased, on credit, a vacant square in one village, and promised to erect thereon, and present to his townsmen, a public hall, as soon as he realized some "large claims he held against the government." He preserved a dignified silence as to the modus operandi by which he had acquired so much importance; but we were all convinced. Many prudent mothers now began to discuss the propriety of inviting Mister Jenkins to dinner and supper parties-especially those who had marriageable daughters on their hands.

Besides these tangible evidences, we had other proofs of Western wealth. The newspapers—and they are always to be credited—were filled with glowing accounts of the construction of railroads and canals without number (as certain Indiana and Illinois bond-holders will no doubt well recollect)—of boundless immigration—of towns suddenly arising full grown, armed with all the civic strength of mayors, aldermen and police—and,

most captivating of all, of vast individual wealth suddenly acquired. There was no resisting the temptation; the idea of saving pennies and shillings in the oldfashioned slow-and-sure way, appeared sufficiently ridiculous, after it was once well authenticated that thousands could be made in a single operation any day before dinner. No, no; the part of wisdom is to sail on a flowing tide. Come what will, Timothy Jenkins shall not make his fortune alone. Such was my determination. I had gathered together a few hundred dollars, and, full of hope and great expectations, I embarked upon a pilgrimage to the new Utopia, never doubting that in a short year I should return to astonish friends and neighbors with my superabundant fortune. I arrived at Buffalo, duly impressed with the dignity and importance of the undertaking. What a wonderful city Buffalo was in those days! What vast wealth its citizens had accumulated in a few months preceding! "Dollars"-"dollars"-was on the lips of every one. "Col. P. made fifty thousand dollars yesterday."-" Deacon S. cleared twenty thousand dollars by that speculation."—"I will give you thirty thousand dollars for the lot." Such sounds rung in my ears at the hotels, in the streets, and on the docks. Every man had his lithograph map of city lots in his pocket, ready for any emergency, as some ancient dames keep camphor and spirits for the hysterics. It particularly struck my notice, that no man mentioned dollar in the singular number, nor even so small a sum as an hundred; their figures ran into thousands. Probably, like the dandy in the play, who was urged by a beggarboy to give him a penny, they had "no knowledge of the coin." I began to feel as if the very streets of Buffalo were paved with gold; although on inspection it was not my good fortune to discover any of the precious metal, but instead-"considerable mud." Puny fellows, who did not seem to have been long released from maternal care, talked of "property" and "purchases," as any Lord Mayor or Alderman might have done in London on 'Change. Fortunes on paper were piled on fortunes, until every man had become independent, and he was a poor fellow indeed who had made only his fifty thousand. In the midst of all this splendor of wealth, I could not but think of my lean purse, and its few hundreds carefully stowed away, with disgust: it was evident that I could not there enter upon my career of fortune, and I concluded to move on with the crowd westward, where a man with a thousand or two might by possibility purchase something.

Embarking on a steamboat, I found its decks crowded with keen-eyed, thinvisaged, anxious-looking gentlemen, all like myself bound to the land of promise. The hotels were filled with others, "biding their time," and every craft in sight was loaded to the water's edge with emigrants. "Westward-ho!"-no other sentiment had a chance of being entertained. We had scarcely got under weigh before the spirit of traffic broke forth in a manner peculiar to Yankeedom. Pedlers of clocks, venders of wooden wares, dealers in dry goods, silks and shawls, moved about among the passengers in much glorywhere money was not, taking pay in wild lands; not to mention two German Jews, who, hunting in couples, were passing over dubious-looking watches and trinkets of jewelry to an assemblage of "green-horns," carefully receiving a due equivalent in silver coin. All this traffic I watched with no little contempt, the true dignity of trade in my estimation being confined solely to "village lots" and "city property." Descending to the spacious cabin, I soon found game more worthy of notice. There the sound of "dollars-dollars," in thousands, again met my ear; all were discussing the flattering prospects of the "great West;" choice locations were spoken of in the most positive terms; great cities and towns were named, of whose existence I had no previous knowledge; banks, railways and canals were discussed, as means of accumulating wealth, and every man seemed to be the owner of one. "What a wonderful country!" was my internal ejaculation; "yes! whata wonderful people!"

A portly good-looking man of middle age was seated at a table listening with apparent unconcern to the conversation around him. His appearance attracted my attention. He was a man after my own heart. What a rotund figure—how noble and expansive were his features, on which kindness and humanity were legibly written! His neatness of apparel, his smooth white neckcloth, grave demeanor and self-possession, gave evidence of his worth and consideration in the world. Here, thought I, is a virtuous, good man. How gently Time has touched his brow, leaving only now and then a wrinkle, and here and there a gray hair. He has been a beneficent neigh-

bor—the protector of the widow and the orphan. How often, no doubt, has iniquity fled abashed from his presence! I longed to seize him by the hand and in the name of humanity thank him for all the good deeds he had unquestionably done. I resolved to make his acquaintance and obtain his advice as to the best mode of investing my small means.

In a short time my ideal friend was appealed to for his views upon some of the matters under discussion, concerning the value of "the West." He gave his opinions with the air of a man who had been habitually listened to: How clearly he spoke of the advantages of settling in the West; how convincing were his conclusions, that the cause of virtue and humanity required that the dense masses of the East should be thinned out by transportation to the woodlands and prairies. He saw the evident design of Providence to fit a home in these regions for the starving multitudes of other countries. There, with Religion and Liberty to aid them, they might plant themselves down in peace and plenty, and fulfil the end of their being. Cities were to spring up, and all the waste places of the wilderness were to be filled with a busy and thriving population—a population exceeding anything recorded in history. There he continued, The evils of social life were to be remedied, labor was to receive its due reward, and society be re-organized and governed upon principles of equity and justice. "Ah!" thought I-" a philosopher, also !"-Gradually narrowing down the circle of his encomiastic remarks, he proved, conclusively, that the State of Illinois was the very seat and centre of the West, and one spot in particular, he declared, after mature reflection, must inevitably become the metropolis of that favored country. The city of Franklin, he continued, was to be to the West what New York is to the East, and New Orleans to the South.

Notwithstanding a dubious smile on the faces of a few quiet elderly gentlemen who had been listeners to this harangue, I was convinced by the evident sincerity and candor of the speaker. I ventured to inquire where the city was situated. The surprise he manifested at my ignorance somewhat disconcerted me, but he condescended to inform me that it was near the center of that State, and in the geographical center of County. Here he unrolled a spacious map representing that city in sections,

blocks and lots. It was a beautiful lithograph, the first I had examined, on which streets, squares and public buildings were laid down with the most captivating conspicuousness. Here was the ground for "St. Paul's Church," evidently an extensive Park; on an opposite corner was "University Square;" here figured the "North American Bank," and there the "market house" and the "town hall." Railroads and canals on this map seemed innumerable, and all centered in the city of Franklin. "Won't it be great in a few years!" I exclaimed to a slab-sided fellow next to me, in spotted-gray homespun marvelously cut, with shirt-collar invading his ears, and one strap broken. "Tremendous, I reckon—if it st-a-r-ts?" he replied, twisting his face up. This I considered a strong assent, and turned still more eagerly to the portly gentleman. In reply to a question from a bystander, he informed us that he had invested a large sum in the purchase of real estate in that city, and would not for any consideration part with his interest there. The value of the property had already quadrupled in his hands, and if he should be inclined to sell, he had no doubt he could " realize" a fortune out of it. But he should not sell. He was, he thanked God, moderate in his desires; he had a large family to establish in the world, and he wished to leave them this property for their support when he should be no more. The other proprietors might sell, if they felt so disposed-for his part he could not do so inconsiderate an act.

Such glowing descriptions increased my impatience. The steamer moved quite too slow. The white villages that decked the shore of the Lake seemed beckoning me to "come and buy." "How could one," said I, "live so long without real estate!"

An opportunity for a trial of my luck soon presented itself. Seeing the respectable possessor of city lots walking leisurely along the deck, a complacent smile lighting up his placid features, caused very likely by the memory of his many benevolent acts, I ventured to call him aside and stated to him the objects of my journey, and my desire to be aided by his experience and friendly advice; that I was wholly unacquainted with "choice locations," and must depend upon the opinions of others in a great measure. His reply was cordial in the extreme. He cautioned me against sharpers, with

whom the country was filled; against my first impressions, for I might be deceived in an unguarded moment, as had been his fate, he said, sighing, on more than one occasion; and particularly advised me to keep my eyes open to what was going on around me, that being indispensable to success. I inquired if I could not through his assistance get hold of a little property in the city of Franklin, it being my aim to make a permanent investment. He cogitated upon this some time: he really did not know, that any lots could now be purchased there; prices had advanced so rapidly that the fortunate holders were unwilling to sell. He himself had reserved a few lots for a particular friend to whom he was under great obligations, and it would be but sad usage of that friend to sell any of them. On reflection he thought he might part with two lots-two only; and as a particular favor, he would sell them to me, but only on the condition that I would take up my residence there. My blood tingled at his generous acquiescence. Calling me aside behind a pile of bales and boxes, his beautiful map was again unfolded, and remarking that I would naturally desire to "locate" in the heart of the town, he recommended to me Lots 500 and 501, adjoining what on the map figured in large letters and lines as "Court House Square." He had been offered three thousand dollars for these lots-(my heart sunk, for this was a larger sum than I possessed)-they would be worth twenty thousand in a few years, but I might have them for only one thousand if I would not mention the price to others. He was agreeably impressed, he was pleased to observe, with my appearance, and though he was afraid his friends would deem him foolish for thus yielding to his friendly impulses, he would accommodate me; he would give me back the money at any time if I desired, and should be pleased to do so. One thousand dollars!—half of my "visible means!" But I reflected that in such times one must decide without ceremony, and that to doubt was, metaphorically, to be damned. With agitated thanks, I declared for the bargain at once. My obliging friend did not demur. In half an hour he had my thousand dollars safe in his pocket; I, a deed-duly, "signed, sealed and delivered"-conveying to me "Lots 500 and 501, on National Avenue in the city of Franklin," bounded by what other squares, parks, or streets I do not now recollect. And it was conveyed not only to me, but to my "heirs forever." The phrase added something to my posthumous importance.

I was now a " freeholder," an owner of "Real Estate."-" Blessed be all ' deeds of conveyance!" said I, gloating over the fair, smooth paper and writing, on and by which the delightful transfer was effected .- "What will my dear mother say, heaven bless her!yes, and how shall I be envied by all my cousins and kinsfolk at home! Did they not predict that I would lose all my careful earnings? Will I not show them a few things yet?"-All the evening of this auspicious day I paced the deck of the steamer, ruminating upon my present good fortune and future consequence. For I was able to look beyond a few years—a very few, as it was not necessary to consider a great many vanished. I saw myself a man of substance and standing. In due time I was an alderman-in the city of Franklin-finally, a mayor. I was looked up to by all of my name, as the "head of their I was the owner of blocks of house." buildings, stores, warehouses, and offices -had a handsome rent-roll-kept an open hall, feasted my friends, knew the finest carriage in the city as mine, and was conscious of much stock in banks. At last, I died :- " For we must all go," said 1- omnes eodem cogimur'-repeating a solemn line from Flaccus:-

Omnium Versatur urna serius, ocius,'-

I added, from the same melancholy poet, 'every one kicks the bucket finally!"
But I went off highly respected, and all the city journals—very numerous then in Franklin—recorded the demise of "a wealthy and munificent Father of the City" gone to glory!

Here my reveries were disturbed by a sly-looking quaker, who had witnessed my secret conference with the land-dealer.

"Friend, has thee purchased any lots in the city of Franklin?" was his apparently accidental inquiry.

"Well, four or five, or so," said I, rather ashamed to be thought the possessor of only two.

"Does thee know the person of whom thee has purchased, or has thee ever seen that city?"

I was put somewhat aback in acknowledging I had no acquaintance with either.

"Perhaps thee has been taken in," was

the consolatory rejoinder. This aroused me at once. It was equivalent to doubting my capacity and shrewdness in "business operations," and I repelled the insinuation with becoming indignation.

"Thee knows best, no doubt," was all the apology I received from Obediah. I was of the opinion that my quaker interlocutor was envious of my good fortune. In this idea, among others, I was indulging, when the boat—an old one—put in unexpectedly at Toledo, to caulk up a leak and take in wood.

Here the conversation all turned on the growth of Toledo, and other amazing cities adorning the Maumee. That river, indeed, was expected to rival the Nilewhich, in the matter of mudand bulrushes, it does. Our boat was visited at once by the possessors of city property at various points up the shore. One smooth-faced gentleman—with the exception of a wen on one side of his nose-set forth such advantages of a particular point, where "he hadn't much interest, but a friend of his something," as to induce several to transfer themselves to another boat-a small "half-pony power" affair, which plied up the Maumee,—" in general," the Captain said, " as far as it could git, more or less!" I was of that fortunate number. Such a chance to make a purchase, equal, if not superior, to that already achieved, was not to be lost. It was a sultry day. interest of the shores was exhausted in the first half-mile. Books I had none. Newspapers were unknown in that re-Some excitement was created for a time by the nicety and enthusiasm with which two or three young adventurers, of no shirt collar, discharged buckshot into bullfrogs among the rushes. The impression of their great skill was abated only by the fact that they could hardly shoot at a venture in any direction, without knocking over several of the subjects of "King Log." Some scores having been killed in the space of twenty minutes, sport began to be massacre-which is unpleasant. The sight of that "green-edged mirror" dyed crimson, and a nation floating in their own spittle, was, to say the least, distasteful. I turned away and occupied myself philosophically, watching to see which way the Maumee did actually run. After five minutes' close attention, I concluded that the Maumee, discovering on trial the physical impossibility of running both ways at once, had, with the equanimity of an experimental philosopher, stopped entirely still. I then spread myself on my back, looked up into the air, and began the building of towns, and the selling of "corner lots." Wearying of this, I should soon have succeeded in getting to sleep—but for the musquitoes. At length a chance acquaintance proposed getting up a game of whist. But here was a difficulty. Every "human" on board was accosted except two staid Quakers—one of them my quiet remonstrant of the other boat—but no one knew the game Some understood the game of "poker," which we did not.

It was proposed finally, out of mischief, to apply to the disciples of the virtuous Penn. Much to my surprise, they listened without offense, and after many gentle excuses, as, "that they hardly knew one card from another,"— "had only seen the game played," &c.—consented. A greasy pack of cards was found, a more greasy table drawn forth, and we were forthwith pitted against the straight-collars. At first they played with great seeming difficulty, and little unimportant blunders, and in my simplicity I endeavored to explain to them the rules of the game. I took particular pride in doing so to the "friend" who had presumed to set me right in the matter of buying Real Estate. But they mended with great rapidity and beat us the "rubber." I was not a little vexed, and had some suspicion that we had caught Tartars. The second game was played with a like result, when my quondam interpositor turned to me, and with the utmost gravity and precision of speech re-marked, "Perhaps, friend, thee would like to bet a dollar on the next hand." I should not have been more surprised if His Holiness the Pope had invited me to the gentle game of "brag." My temper was up; I accepted his challenge. In less than an hour my friend and my-self were minus a "cool hundred." The " brethren" were trumps, and had managed to hold all the "trumps" besides. They were of the class bedight "Wet Quakers," and had lived long enough in the "improved west," to conform to several of its customs. I presume they are now on the Mississippi, enlightening the goers up and down of that noble and nasty river-possibly in Texas, assisting that young republic to a new code of morals.-Looking up from our defeat I found we were "something stationary," all hands being engaged in trying to push back the boat with mud-poles, thrust down through the rushes and frog-spit-

tle. "Gentlemen," said the captain, "we've run into't. We can't git any further to-day."—"Lost the boat-hooks, too, cus it!"—he added, tugging vainly to pull his poles out of the bottom of the Maumee.—"If it isn't the softest side!—Gentlemen, we'll have to land you. But it ain't a great ways to some of the locations."—"By no means, gentlemen," said the proprietor with the wen; "not more than a mile or so—that is, to mine"!!

By means of a rickety skiff, three at a time were deposited on a lubricated log, tilted down from the swampy bank into the water. My confidence in the owner of lots was somewhat diminished. Still, I and one or two others followed him, valise in hand, as with map sticking out from his pocket behind, he made his way through a mile and a-half of marshy grounds, -very rich, as he saidtill we came to a bend in the river where some twenty acres were just being cleared, half of it lying level with the Maumee. " This is the spot, gentlemen," said he, mounting a log: "a most desirable locality. No great city can ever rise between Toledo and this point" (which is undoubtedly true!) "it is the head of navigation on the Maumee, as you experienced by your boat being stopped—a very little below here—and as to these low lands, a slight draining, gentlemen,"—Here, by a flourish of his lithograph, the eloquent expositor of rising towns, slipping off, slumped standing into a habitation of the "green gen-try"—of whom there were a hoarse acre or two on each side-forming, as the speculator next to me said, the finest example of a proprietor "locum tenens." Helping him out, I concluded "not to purchase," and made "the best of my way" (and wretched enough it was) back through the woods for Toledo, which I reached the next day about noon-immediately taking a chance steamer for

my original landing-place, Detroit.

In due time we reached that city. There I expected to be seized by the hand by benevolent strangers, and have good fortunes pointed out and pressed upon me. I was not disappointed. There were crowds in motion in every direction—all seemed to be busy At the hotels and on the corners of the streets, I found a congregation of gentlemen, the burthen of whose talk was, as in Buffalo, and on the steamer, "dollars—dollars." Such an one had sold a city lot for ten thousand

dollars; another one had disposed of a vacant piece of ground in the suburbs for some twenty thousand, making half that sum in the operation. Each one had made his ten, twenty, or fifty thousand. I could not find a single lot which could be bought with a poor \$900-all I had left. But then I had a mine of wealth in the city of Franklin! One benevolent gentleman did indeed offer me a lot about two miles down the river, for three thousand dollars, four-fifths on credit. It was temptation sufficient to induce me to view the property. I found it mostly a mudhole or pond, of about half an acre, containing near a hundred bushels of finelooking, livelyfrogs; but as I could not see how it could become "city property," unless for the French part of the inhabitants, I respectfully declined the bargain.

I visited all those mighty cities on the West shore of Lake Erie; Brest, Havre, and a score of others, whose names have fled from my memory. Tacitus, in describing the destruction by fire of a town in Gaul, used the sententious words: "Between a great city and none, but a single night intervened." I might in another sense make the same observation of these mighty towns. A survey, and the making of a map, and the work was done to your hands. Buildings, streets, and inhabitants, were absolute superfluities. Some of them were without a single house, others were in a morass, made life-like only by the hum of musquitoes, and the evening song of multitudinous frogs; others again were under water, or in a dense forest. A pleasant sight for an innocent purchaser, on his first visit to his landed acquisitions! But my faith in my steamboat-friend was great; 1 never doubted the value of my purchase; although the specimens I had seen were enough to shatter the nerves of an elephant. Longing to set foot on my own ground, I equipped myself, speculator-fashion, with a Canadian pony—an ugly obstinate, crabbed rascal as ever a man bestrode-a pair of capacious saddlebags, a pocket map, and a Mackinaw blanket, and set out for Illinois and the city of Franklin. I shall not speak of my adventures by the way: worthy MARY CLAVERS—whom may the gods pro-

tect—has given us the romance of western life in those days, and any addition to her sketches would be superfluous, even if one could catch her spirit and air. Did I not use my pocket-handkerchief for a towel, and eat my breakfast from table linen that looked marvelously like sheets,* and sleep in a house with one room, comprising men, turkeys, dogs, women, cats, roosters, and children?

The pain and weariness of my first day's solitary ride haunt me yet. roads were bad beyond description. I was unused to exercise, and my villanous beast seemed determined to convince me that I had better retrace my steps. To add to my comfort, it commenced raining heavily about noon, and continued during the day. Wet and weary I reached a small hamlet at night, which I found was dignified with the name of city, having its map, town lots, patroon, and heaven may know what else besides. It contained just three log houses, besides a blacksmith shop and a grocery. I found a dozen travelers ahead of me, monopolizing all the beds-three in number. took to my blanket and the floor. In the morning I was informed by one of the lodgers, that there was "a smart chance" for a shower that day-a reasonable guess, as it had been raining hard for an hour. Nothing daunted, however, I set forth. Water from above, mud from beneath, at every step, made me acquainted with two elements at least.

soon turned southward, towards the Indiana line; and leaving the old traveled roads, if any thing but the wilderness could be called old in that country, struck into the magnificent forests. The memory of that forest ride will never leave me, and is almost a full compensation for all the vexations and losses that I sustained. The grandeur and solemnity of the sce-nery was almost appalling. The silence nery was almost appalling. around me, broken only by the quivering of leaves and the chirp of the squirrel, or the occasional note of a bird, awakened other feelings than the love of money and the desire of gain. How hushed were all the passions, in the midst of that great forest sanctuary; how calmly did my heart beat in the midst of those immeasurable retreats, so far from all that could

[&]quot;It is related by a traveler through those regions, that he was awakened early in the morning, at one of those hotels, by the Irish girl pulling at one of his sheets. "What are you about?" said he. "Arrah!" was the reply; "and doesn't we want the shate for a table-cloth!"

excite or disturb the mind. If the comforts and virtues of society and social life were absent, so were their follies and their crimes. It was a relief, for once to feel what the idealists so fondly describe, the seclusion and the solemnity of the wilderness. But even here the speculators soon came, and with curious peering eyes looked for water-power and sites for towns, and calculated how many dollars they could make in the purchase of land by the acre, and selling it by the foot to some short-sighted victims.

Nor was there a lack of interest in noting the conduct and condition of the emigrants who were establishing new homes in the west. In all directions small settlements were opening, and filling up with a robust, hardy, and courageous people, inured to labor. Picturesque cottages, of rough unhewn logs, sent up their smoke in spiral wreaths above the forests, at intervals; among the smoking brands and the fallen trees brown-faced healthy children played, the future sovereigns of the land; the reverberations of the axe, or above all the tinkle of the cow-bell, betokened the presence of the Pioneer and the advent of civilization. They found a new and rich soil, productive beyond all that they had dreamed of in their wildest moments, and most earnestly did they address themselves to the labor of giving to their new homes an air of comfort. The actual settlers generally kept aloof from speculations, but occasionally one, who was unfortunately located in the immediate neighborhood of a city in embryo, found himself ruined ere he was aware of it. As a general thing they were con-tented with their situations, and I found but few who expressed a desire to return to the older settlements. The degree of interest they manifested in the progress of their labors, in watching the forests recede, and in the transformation of the prairies into cultivated fields, exceeded everything that I had witnessed in similar pursuits in the older States. They seemed to feel a just pride in making one little spot of this great globe the greener by their exertions. Peace and plenty be with them!

I pass over all the incidents of the journey, many of which were amusing to me, but might not be so to the reader. I must not forget, however, to mention one remarkable fact: every river on the route, large enough to bear up a canoe, had a village on either bank, every six or seven miles. Moreover, at each one was the

actual head of navigation, beyond which no steamer or other craft could possibly pass. This imparted a peculiar value to each point. Another fact quite as singular I discovered. Every village, taken by itself was uncommonly healthy; no one ever died there-that was certain; but the next village was sickly, and always would be-at least so I was informed again and again by many a poor fellow, upon whom the "fever and ague" had plainly exerted their utmost ingenuity. I also found that village and city property grew more valuable the further it was removed from the business and population of the This satisfied me that the city of East. Franklin, being far in the interior, was of very great value. I passed through Michigan City, then

in its infancy, but possessing a mayor and city council—through Chicago, where land was valued at about as high a price per foot as it was in Broadway or Wall street, "water lots" especially-through Romeo and Juliette, and countless lesser cities, and began to approach the county of ———. The ignorance of the good people on the route as to the existence of my city puzzled me at first, and then alarmed me. Some thought they had heard of it, others were not sure. old "sucker" informed me that there was a town of that name in Missouri; he had been there, and had on the spot an "almighty skrimmage" with a Mississippi boatman, in which he lost an eye, carrying off instead his opponent's ear and a part of his nose; but he was oblivious as to any other town by that designation. All this show of ignorance I concluded must be affected, and must arise from the local jealousy that everywhere prevailed.

At last I reached -- county and in "hot haste" for the aforesaid city. I very naturally looked forward to my arrival with no small degree of interest. In the first place I was in need of rest and repose; my "accommodations" had been none of the best, on the route, and there I imagined I should find a good hotel and an obliging host, and, in virtue of my proprietorship, thought it very likely I should receive some extra attentions. Then again I was anxious to see the character of the town, the mode of building, and to become acquainted with my future neighbors. I had made up my mind to assume an air of dignity, as became a freeholder. I made due inquiries as I entered the limits of the county, cautiously and modestly at first, but at last

with agitation and vehemence. I was informed that there was no such city, town or village in the county! My hair fairly rose on end, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." I perused my deed of conveyance again and again. There it was, plainly, in black and white, "the city of Franklin"—" lots 500 and 501 on National Avenue." I traversed the county in all directions, wearied every traveler with my inquiries, dis-turbed the inmates of every log hut, and got myself kicked out of one or two for my impetuosity of manner. It was labor lost. In the language of that region, 1 was "done for"-" diddled." Civic honors!- rent roll !-blocks of buildings! Alas! My dreams had fled—so had my money. My obliging friend of the steamboat was a man of imagination, as well as of profound morality; the city existed on his map. "The scoundrel!" said

I, "let me catch him again!"—But instead of my catching him he had evidently caught me—something of a difference as I found. One thing I did catch—the fever-and-ague. I took it at a log-house, in the vicinity of a "slight swamp"—as the owner of the shantee called a three mile morass—and had it a trifle over nine weeks. The ghost of my father wouldn't have known me!

This was my first speculation, It may be imagined in what mood I traveled after this adventure, but it cannot well be imagined why, after this lesson, I continued the pleasing game of getting rich without labor. The result of my gains as a speculator may be expressed by a cipher, or any number of them together, as \$0,000, etc. I returned "a sadder, but a wiser man," the owner of eighty acres of wild land, and in debt eleven thousand dollars!

THE RIVER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF TEGNER.

Fast by the River's trickling source I sit
And view the new-born offspring of the skies;
Cradled on naked fell, a nursling yet,
Fed by his mother-cloud's soft breast, he lies.

But lo! the heaven-born streamlet swelling flows, Dreaming e'en now of fame, the woods adown; And, as his bosom heaves with longing throes, His wavelets rock the mirrored sun and moon.

And now he scorns beneath the firs to creep,
Or hemmed by narrow mountain-walls to flow,
But madly tumbles down the headlong steep,
And foams along the pebbly dell below.

"Come on! come on!" he every brookling hails,

"Here sands absorb, and suns exhaust, your force;

Ye brothers, come! through smiling fields and vales,

I lead you down to our primeval source."

The Children of the Rain obey, and purl
Applause, as they the young adventurer meet;
With kingly pride his swelling billows curl,
And woods and rocks fall prostrate at his feet.

Now to the plains in triumph he descends,
With dark blue train and state that homage claim;
Parched fields his breath revives as on he bends
His course, baptizing nations with his name.

And bards, in strains divine, his praises sing,
Tall ships are on his bosom borne away,
Proud cities court him, flowery meadows cling
Around his knees, and sue him to delay.

But they detain him not; with ceaseless haste
Fair fields and gilded towers he hurries by,
Nor slacks his tide impetuous, till at last
He on his father's bosom falls—to die!

ON STYLE.

There is a something in the compositions of a good writer, that affects us more sensibly than either his manner or his style; and which, in absence of a better word, may be named his character: signifying, that as the taste of the writer appears in the style, and his genius in the manner, so his natural disposition, as a man, is discovered in the character of his writings. Since there is a character of nations, as well as of individuals, this will appear in the prevalency of a certain spirit among a number of contemporary writers of the same nation.

It may be advanced without danger of contradiction, that the value of an author to the world, is chiefly in the "character" of what he says,—using that word in the sense just now adopted for it; -and this is evident, upon the reflection that a great writer loses nothing essential by translation; and that style and manner are almost inappreciable by another age and nation. However much our taste and fancy may be gratified by a perfect understanding of our own writers, what is truly valuable in them may be as perfectly expressed in a coarser dialect. If we may judge by the kind of works that have come down to us from antiquity, the duration of a work, and the fame of an author, depend almost exclusively upon the elevation of his sentiments; and those elegances for which he is admired, are either such as flow directly from this source, or they are artificial advantages proper to his language and age, and of little moment to posterity.

Longinus, a critic of exalted genius, and who has himself taken rank among the best writers, advises that an author who means to out-last his century, shall imagine what judgment Homer or Plato would give upon his work: but we can hardly think of these heroes in authorship, as curiously commenting on the style or manner of a writer; but rather fancy them weighing the substance of what he says, and sounding the depth of his sentiment—for these were the points that seem most to have occupied them in the composition of their own works.

The English writer may place himself under as wise advisers, in the judgments of the masters of his own tongue; though none of these arrived ever at that purity and singleness, which made the older Greeks the unapproachable models of style. A generous emulation of antiquity has kept alive the spirit of our literature; not to the exclusion of that free manner and indulgence of fancy, which is proper to the moderns, nor to the extinction or neglect of our proper idiom; but by drawing attention continually to the better parts of humanity, and favoring the indulgence of manly and generous sentiments.

No better example can be chosen of this kind of imitation, than appears in the philosophical writings of Lord Bacon; wherein he emulates the design of Socrates and his pupils, who bent their efforts to increase human happiness, not only by a present entertainment, but by turning all speculation into the channels of economy and morals. The prosestyle of English being at its formation when the Lord Chancellor composed his treatises, a great deal of another kind of imitation was prevalent. Not only the sentiments, but the idiom and manner of the Greek writers was often roughly adopted, and mingled in a blind confusion with the Gothic prejudice and imagery of that age. In a history, composed by him, of Henry Seventh, Lord Bacon reproduces the manner, but not the spirit of Thucydides, rolling trains of polity and eulogy through periods of perilous weight and involution: but the spirit of the work is altogether English and monarchic.

Perhaps there are no writings in the world, if we except Homer's, where character appears with such a power and constancy as in Shakspeare; yet in him, even, there is a great deal that is harsh and displeasing. Now if it could be shown that his excellence is either characteristic, or in emulation of the ancients, but that all his grossness and extravagancy is either imitated from others, or belonged to the conversation of his age, a perfect argument would have been found for this nobler kind of imitation, and as perfect a caution against the inferior sort. Who can contemplate, without delight, the idea of a writer who should unite classic purity with English spirit and variety;-the splendid and fortunate conjunction of the two master spirits of genius, the English and the Greek?

We are the most fortunate people in

the world in respect of examples; for, beside our own writers, from the age of Chaucer to that of Addison, and many great instances since, we have possession of the oldest and wisest of all books; and with a little diligence, can arrive at all that is excellent of the Greeks and Romans. At this banquet of knowledge there is so endless a profusion, and so exquisite a variety, an hundred lives could not utterly exhaust it. It is a special happiness that no man need jostle or rival his neighbor; but each, selecting for himself, may make a sweet of peculiar flavor.

The great variety of style and manner to be found in English writing, offering such a diversity of models, seems to make it impossible that the language should ever attain a classic purity, or the manner of good writing be reduced to any parti-cular standard. The Greeks had an advantage which no modern nation possesses, of employing few foreign phrases, and of using no compounded words whose meaning did not appear in the composi-But because our language is taken partly from the Latin and Greek, its compounds of those sources are loosely employed, without regard to their exact meaning: so that none write or speak correctly but such as know the radical words of these, beside those of their own tongue. Long and sounding words make the strongest impression upon the ear, and are more easily employed than phrases of several monosyllables. A feeble writer may hide the weakness of his meaning under a crowd of sounding terminations, huddled together without attention to their proper use: and this accident is alone sufficient to account for the difference between good writing and good conversation in English. A Greek who knew the exact meaning of a word at first hearing, because of his familiarity with its radicals, might speak as perfectly as he wrote; and if he used long words, his audience entered easily into his meaning. But a writer of English must refrain from any but the simplest expressions, or his hearers are as little likely to understand, as he is to speak, with exactness-a serious hindrance to the perfection of our tongue, and one which it seems unable ever to overcome.

But from this apparent misfortune, a very positive advantage may be gathered. An author who is pedantically or technically inclined, can make no popular display with subtleties or false learning, and

must adhere closely to the commonest notions and expressions; at the same time that an infinite variety of phrase lies always within reach.

Those writers of modern times who trusted solely to the excellence of their sentiments, have preferred the popular phrase; so that all the best parts of modern literature are in a dialect that all understand. But where the desire of popularity prevails over the pride of learning, there may be a disposition to debase a language, and fill it with barbarisms, which as certainly obscure the sense as the most learned affectations; and with the greater disadvantage of being forgotten in the next generation.

Simplicity of style, and naturalness of manner, leave the reader free to receive what is intrinsically good; so that in writing and speaking, as in manners, the chief excellence seems to lie in the avoidance of every thing irrelevant or superfluous, that every purer excellence, of thought or sentiment, may appear in its natural light. Ingenuity and order must indeed be everywhere present, in a work of entertainment; but flashes of character, at important moments, astonish and take possession of the soul. In the simple words,

"Wisdom is justified of her children,"

we discover an exhaustless depth: all that is grand and imperishable in human character appears in it. Such sayings have the miraculous power to bring a century of experience within the compass of an instant. Since all that is sublime is made so by its relation to character, and the sentiment of immortality, the grandeur of a composition increases, as it draws nearer to the heights of contemplation. Works of character stand through all ages, not so much as monuments to their authors, (for they seem rather to be the product of an age than of a man,) as like mountains emulating the heavens, and sending down fertilizing streams

And yet, even in inspiration, there is logic; and a reason is concealed in every mystery. What is so well done, must have been done deliberately. "Nothing," says Longinus, "can be truly great, that is the result of accident." The noblest works discover as much skill as vigor. If nature has given genius, it is a proof of wisdom to use it with discretion.

Nor will any reader be satisfied with images or thoughts, be they never so admirable in themselves, unless they are naturally combined, and make an impression as a whole. Many writers, of inferior genius, have secured a great popularity by the art of making a clear and strong impression of some trivial matter; having such a regard for the reader's esteem as to obtrude nothing upon him that is inappropriate, or fanciful. Those licenses, as they are called, of poetry, seem not originally to have been the freedoms of a drunken fancy, but strokes of judgment, that an idea or image may reach us unimpeded by an unnecessary formality. There is a pleasure in congruity alone, which reconciles us to an object that is unnatural in itself; and a cultivated taste endures the marvelous only when it is consistent, or has a meaning. Homer and Shakspeare, though full of extravagances when compared with nature, yet make one extravagance arise so naturally out of another, they satisfy the most exquisite propriety.

If then there be any universal principle of art, it must be, that every member of a composition agree in its intent and figure with some other member, as well as with the whole; just as, in architecture, the parts and ornaments of the column repeat and illustrate those of the entablature, and these again, those of the whole building; or better still, as, to a practiced eye, each member of a human body seems to agree with and suggest the whole. And this comparison will perfectly illustrate what is intended by the character to be discovered in a composition; for as the form and proportion of the body harmonizes with the characteristics of the mind which inspires it, so will every least member of a well composed work agree with the idea that suggested and governs it. Human bodies discover an inexhaustible variety of beauty, correspondent with as many shades of character; works of artists and writers vary as remarkably with the disposition of their authors. When the ornaments of a style are added or affixed to the subject matter, instead of growing out of it by suggestion of fancy, the effect is like that of ornaments fixed upon a wooden mansion, without regard to any real or apparent use. But if there be an art of adornment, it is at least as critical as it is suggestive, and rejects far more than it proposes. A poem or a picture is sometimes composed of exquisitely finished parts, so pleasing in themselves that nothing prevents' their author's im-mortality of fame, but a want of unity or singleness of effect. Even in the very

best works incongruities appear which mar our pleasure. But the kind of consistency, whose want most effectually prevents the reputation of a work, appears. not so much in disregard of probability as in violation of the spirit. Could we, for example, imagine Hamlet indulging in vivacious gaiety, or Tom Jones moralizing in the manner of Allworthy, we might think the author either had some design on our penetration, or else had forgot him-This kind of inconsistency appears in those popular melo-dramas, where the hero, a person designedly painted as the victim of every impulse, is made the mouthpiece of exalted and humane sentiments. Such pieces may be very agreeable in the representation, but bear no inspection as wholes, and are perishable accordingly. A writer whose single design appears clearly in all he says, may violate every other rule, and yet commands entire respect: it seems to be enough that he discovers character and a purpose.

So essential is exaltation of sentiment in works of art, a landscape, even, gives no pleasure to the taste, unless, in some manner, this quality is discovered in it. Skilful painters, perceiving this necessity, avoid too close an imitation of nature, and by certain extraordinary combinations produce impressions of life-likeness in inanimate things, as though a spirit moved them. Animals are represented expressing qualities that appear only in human beings, and images of men seem inspired with a divine soul.

Such works leave no impression of their detail, but are recollected as wholes, as we remember a person. When, on the other hand, this quality is absent, the parts make a deep impression; as it happens with fanciful authors who say quotable things, full of point and sense, but whose works are rather a magazine, than an armament, of wit.

It is frequently observed that figures in some excellent landscapes serve only to divert attention, though unworthy of notice in themselves; and contrariwise, an indifferent landscape is often so managed as to obscure an admirable figure: the character of the two discovering no congruity. The same may be observed in some works of fiction, which their author intended should have a moral use; and to that end, has given his proverbs and maxims in a dish by themselves; but a more ingenious writer so blends his moral with the story, it has the effect, like a thread of gold, of strengthening and enli-

vening the whole tissue. In Homer and Chaucer, the narrative invariably suggests the moral; but in many celebrated modern works there is either no moral at all, (and therefore no dignity,) or the author goes out of his way to lug one in. The most trifling ornament of an ancient cathedral has a propriety, and would serve no other design: but a skilless architect destroys the character of his fabric by efforts to gratify the eye. The outside of a perfect mansion agrees with the interior, and even suggests it. Every interspace in the walls tells of something correspondent within-pilasters and buttresses remind of arches and party walls -casements and fire-places typify the façade. But these correspondences please the fancy only; and unless a design of solid use be apparent in the whole, no one respects it.

That the presence of a character is essential, appears in the transiency of even the most admirable poems, where the whole excellence lies in the ingenious expression of a passion, as of love or grief, repeated through a variety of changes. Very little of this kind of writing, however exquisite in its kind, outlasts the century in which it was composed. Artificial sentiments, originating in the philosophy of the age or sect, or in social differences, suffer the same fate. Nothing is found to be more dangerous to an esteem for a writer, than the discovery in him of a respect for the cliques and opinions of his day; as nothing is likelier to ensure it, than perceiving in him a magnanimity which regards no difference or deficiency, either of intellect or fortune. Indeed the critic himself has greatest need of such magnanimity to refrain from insulting the want of it in his author.

Authors who have outlived their century have been at great pains to qualify everything with a meaning. Excesses of pure wit, melody, or sentiment, weary upon the second reading, and are forgotten; but in the best works, this first kind of pleasure is succeeded by another that is permanent; and what was enjoyed at first for its agreeable impression, delights much more for the depth and completeness of its meaning. There is an inexpressible satisfaction to be enjoyed in the consistency and good sense of a great writer. Whatever Shakspeare says, in his best moods, though not elegant or witty in itself, has a propriety in illustration of his moral, which makes it excellent and valuable; but when such passages are quoted apart, they seem dwindled into mere con-

ceits. Since there is a pleasure of discord and contrast, as well as of harmony and propriety, we are wearied with a continual appearance of the same kind of beauty or feeling. A single passion drawn out through a long poem, without its natural contrasts, wearies and soon disgusts; for we feel that in nature every sentiment, even the highest, has its proper cause and beginning, and rises by opposition to its climax, and falls to its ending, as naturally as a piece of music. There is but little pleasure in a string of pearls, or a dinner of sweets served in courses; or in a human figure divested of its natural irregularities; and the greatest masters of design, as well as of poetry and music, mingle sharp turns and discords with their correspondent melodies. If there be a proof that a character or ruling principle is the source of all that is excellent in art, it is in this necessity of a mixture of rough and smooth; for, to present a plain truism mystically, the character, or moral nature, rules over jarring elements, and acts in the office of a mediator between good and ill. In nature nothing is more obvious than the mixture of contrasts and discords; signified in mythology by the endless conflict of good and evil angels. When the poets have chosen to represent a paradise they have invariably placed a hell near it, as though one could not be imagined but in contrast with the other. Earthly paradises are found in islands dangerous of access, or in a valley battlemented with snowy summits. Danger is the gate of delight; pain the portal, or the postern, of pleasure. Night precedes and follows day; for every light there is a shade, for every sweet a bitter; even melody itself is a succession of discords and harmonies, and a soft surface a field of minute asperities.

Longinus makes exception in favor of eloquence, that it is given by nature, while all other arts are imitative and acquired. He argues that the sublime of eloquence, arising from natural character, can have nothing of artifice, and that it prevails by force and not by skill. Quintilian, on the contrary, inclining more to the use of rhetoric, advises the employment of every artifice, and trusts less to nature. These two opinions, which neither of their authors entertained to the degree of absurdity, are advocated by one and another class of writers. Essayists of the light and brilliant manner, who find their account in an excess of fancy and invention, to set off common-place matter in gay and pleasant colors, contend for nature; while rhetoricians, critics, and historians, feeling the weight of their topics, are willing to help their styles with artificial props and rules. The few who have attained a happy union of art and nature, seem to have trusted with a careless confidence to the worth of their ideas; and used no art but to exclude what was improper: but to attain such a self-reliance, it is evident a writer must have discharged all trivial intentions, and be bent upon something intrinsically good and useful. His solicitude will then constrain him to employ all those reserves and cautions that are used in a conversa-

tion on some important affair.

Some writers, and these the best, seem to have taken a hint from the musicians: beginning modestly and rising, upon occasion, to the height of grandeur, yielding at intervals to softer impulses. Few passages of actual life can be marked with heroic sentiment; and therefore, in works which represent life, we expect the grand and marvelous only at wide intervals, and are satisfied, for intermediate portions, with ingenuity or good Skilful artists subdue the body of their piece to a tone of mediocrity, the better to set off the principal figures, taking care that the shadows on either hand, like the collaterals of a poem, shall pass into obscurity or indefiniteness.

Historians sometimes observe an inverted order, and instead of making the circumstances illustrate the characters, subject the characters to the circumstances, as though the actors in their drama were introduced for experiments' sake; or as if men had been created for the uses of philosophy. If there be any philosophy of history, it must be a part of ethics. and not of physiology or mechanics. To treat the characters of his nation as a chemist employs his substances, for the purpose of a theory, discovers either a vast superiority, or as great modesty, in the historian. A chronicle without character is perhaps the dullest of human works; but in an interesting history, human will appears, tending to success or ruin, in the degree of its virtue; and this spirit in the story of each event, accomplishing or failing of its ends, divides the narrative, like an epic poem, into books and episodes. The rise and fall of a great chief, the pride and ruin of a wealthy city, marches of armies, battles, revolutions, institutions, seem but so many vents of human character, subordinate themselves, and receiving all their

lustre from the purposes discovered in their progress and accomplishment,

In the Anabasis of Xenophon, an army of mercenary troops, led by a young adventurer, and stimulated by no greater hope than that of safety, draw our imagination after them in a series of adventures, remarkable only as they are obstacles in the way of a human design. Their story is a narrative of the hopes and virtuous acts of their leader, who inspired them with his own spirit. But when the same leader attempts a civil narrative of many complicated parts, his work becomes a mere chronicle, with only here and there a passage of interest. The affairs which Thucydides described are but illustrations, in his hands, of the Greek character, and the spirit of rival States; Xenophon's continuation of them resembles a compilation from various authors, put together under no one idea.

There is a power in some writers and speakers, which proceeds either from singleness of idea, or from that versatile force which gives unity to the most rambling efforts of fancy. Either nothing occurs but what is proper, or by sheer wit they find the same meaning in all that appears. Milton is an example of the first, and Shakspeare of the second kind of power; for the one never says anything aside from the point, and the other wrests every thing to bear upon it. Other writers, though powerful, seem, like Hercules, to have no purpose of their own, but rather obey the occasion, than make

or master it.

A great writer or speaker engages seriously with his topic, as with an enemy which he must subdue, and brings against it every weapon of which he is master. He relieves the intervals of declamation with serviceable wit or anecdote; but all point one way and have one effect. His unity is real, his variety only apparent; and his rhetoric is the art of a cannonier. which directs the missile, not urges it.

When the master of his own thought heaps epithet on epithet, each exceeds the last, and doubles its force. In a complex narrative he is in no danger of losing the connection, but goes on involving periods, till we are in fear for him and anticipate the end; where, with a single word, he strikes all home. There is a regular swell and flow in fancy, as it were a sea, over which the soul breathes, and moves it. As the depth of this sea, so are its waves; and under a great spirit they are raised and borne forward with a slow and majestic motion—as in Milton,

whose vast force moves the deepest depths and carries forward the whole mind.

When the variety of a subject is very great, a greater degree of the consolidating power must have been exerted to bind it in a whole. By this power, the genius of a great writer is discovered-more than by any other. In the tragedies of Shakspeare, for example, the entire history of each character is expressed in a few remarks, that seem dropped without design; and the fate of each is made to hang upon some accident, so slight and natural, it would attract no attention but for its consequences. The unity of Shakspeare's dramas, is a unity not of time, or place, or circumstance, but one far more profound, of character. Each event, and the catastrophe, are accomplished, not by a chain of natural and fatal necessities, but by elements of character prevailing in the persons of the drama. This writer, like Homer, seems to have been inspired with that perfect generosity of sentiment, which takes nature and human beings, without cavil, as they are. Under this feeling he unfolds, without sarcasm, every variety and change of character; as the painter, with equal sobriety represents either beauty or de-The least partiality or prejuformity. dice, infects a writer's reputation with a Even delicate sentiment, mortal decline. because it is conventional, has only a perishable excellence; a mixture of innocent falsehood causes its decay. Graces and philosophies pass away with fashions and superstitions, but the moral spirit breathes life into a work, and enables it to endure.

A great deal has been said in praise of eloquence, as the most powerful of all instruments for guiding and controlling the multitude; but the orator is limited to a topic and occasion, and cannot deal much in principles. An author on the contrary may treat his subject as he likes, and is sure of a deliberate hearing. As it is rather the conduct and character of an orator that persuades, so there is a secret something in the spirit of a book, which influences the reader in a manner of which he is for the most part unconscious. As the spirit of a proud man affects everything he says and does, through all pretences of humility, we feel his presence accordingly, and are swayed by it in a peculiar manner. But this power is exercised at the best advantage behind the mask of a novel or a history. The circumstances, are so chosen and narrated,

and the whole arranged in such a method, (though, it may be, with no deliberate design on the author's part,) as constantly to impress his governing idea. The literature of an age may be so thoroughly tainted with the moral obliquities of that age, as to ensure its oblivion; and, on the contrary, certain ages have been fired with such a liberality and generosity of sentiment, as had power to preserve a great number of their authors, even to the fifth in rank. A reader, who understands his author's spirit, forms an involuntary judgment of him, be he never so charitable or cautious in expressing it. Nor is the world altogether deceived by the finest pretences, brought forward with the most delightful ingenuity. A rough honest writer full of sense and devoid of vanity may outlive his century with no attractions of art, while mellifluous poets sink with all their elegances into contempt. But there is a something in works of true genius for which our language has no name, unless it be the misapplied one of inspiration: a spirit in so close alliance with freedom, it has hitherto appeared only in ages of civil and religious liberty. characterize this admirable quality by saying that it excites love in us for him in whom it appears, would be to do it great injustice; for we not only love but venerate him, and are won to an admiration of all that he says and does,-of his name, his nation, and his age; this spirit must be a rarer essence of love, so universal as to embrace not only friends and country, but all mankind, and even earth itself. Hence the universality of Hence the universality of Homer and Shakspeare; for, whatever they knew and loved-that they represented; but they knew and loved all that could be known and approved. is a word, now almost disused, but anciently of great and serious import, which comes nearer to expressing the whole spirit of genius than any other; and that word is Honor: when it unites a feeling of deference and veneration with a sentiment of liberal equality. It exercises the same justice in matters of the heart, that conscience does in those of business. By valuable considerations men of ability may be drawn into the defence of a bad cause; but their heart rebels against their head, and their genius forsakes them; enlist, on the other hand, a weak ability under the colors of Honor, at once every power comes in play, and the whole man is aroused. This sentiment, in its purity,

falls almost exactly under Cicero's description of friendship, "Est autem nihil aliud, nisi omnium divinarum humanarumque rerum, cum benevolentia et coritate, summa consensio:-qua quidam haud scio, an excepta sapientia quidquam melius homini sit a diis immortalibus daturum." "It is nothing else than the exalted harmony of all things human and divine; and I know not if heaven has given man anything more precious, if we except wisdom." It is more than probable that Cicero, himself inspired with this principle, intends it under the name, " amicitia;" since every degree of friendship depends upon a sensibility to this more universal sentiment.

If an author or an orator is bold enough to resolve upon outlasting his century, he will perhaps be wise enough to search out the secret of fame; and once master of it, and of its contraries, will cultivate the one and avoid the other. As soon as the intermixture of invention and opinion, behind which a bad sentiment has fortified itself, is perished by the effect of revolutions in taste, the fame of it declines, and all its labored excellences are forgotten; but what is intrinsically good,

can fall only by the accidents of time. In the writings of Bacon, there is a something that makes us feel continually, and breeds in us a reverence for all that is excellent in nature and in man. It discovers great consequences in little matters, and teaches to despise nothing; so that this author, by reason of his spirit, more than of his invention, became the patron of a new epoch in reason; having turned the wisest minds to observe those common particulars, which were before contemptuously overlooked. A profound but sagacious reverence appears in every action of his life, and seems to have been the cause as much of his misfortunes as of his prosperity. But there is a sentiment more delightful than this, (though it be less the mark of intelligence,) which gives their peculiar charm to the characters of Shakspeare, and since his day to all the finer parts of our literature. It had its rise in the national feeling of England, refined to a social virtue; a sentiment of liberty and tolerance, the precursor and parent of civil and religious freedom; and in no author are these so perfectly discovered as in Shakspeare. Honor and liberty are the subject of his story: an honor not testy nor finical, but original in the breast; and a liberty that began

earlier than revolutions. There is hardly a character in his dramas that fails, either directly or by contrast, to impress these sentiments. As good proof may be drawn from Homer, that it is the moral spirit of a work which perpetuates its fame and fixes its rank; for in him two virtues, prudence and the love of glory, shine in rare union; so mingled and tempered by respect for every degree of worth, his poem seems permeated with an ichor, that shines in it as in the bodies of the gods. A prose version of Homer, in the common dialect, loses nothing of this excellence; for these principles are but the more conspicuously grand, when stripped of all ornaments—like the mountains, divested of their forests.

With such examples to inspire him with that generous emulation which is the life of literature, a man of letters who understands the liberty he enjoys, will doubtless use it as becomes a man. It is his privilege to assume no disguises: a free people delights in a free speech; for our freedom is of the heart as well as of the hands, though all are not quick to claim their birthright. We are at liberty to speak truth, the most difficult and dangerous of acts. To despise violence, and the narrow heart; to venerate that ancient wisdom which raised us to this height; to believe in the unalterable name of truth, and in the permanency of those principles on which all literature, and indeed all human arts, are a faint and broken comment; to avoid uncouth novelties, and to value nothing that cannot be converted to an ethical use; above all, to cultivate the liberal mind; these are the aim of letters in our own as they have been in all free ages.

Republics seem to be governed, or at least guided, by writers and speakers; for these alone, of professions, cultivate in themselves ideas which govern and organize States. The spirit of a self-edu-cated moralist is of necessity one of perfect liberty. Such a republican spirit we conceive to have animated the heroes and patriots of old, who knew no mode of policy but religion and virtue. These they would have paramount to all constitutions; they would not suffer monarchs, or senates, or popular assemblies, under pretences of dignity, or authority, or freedom, to throw off those moral riders which reason has appointed to govern every sort of rude power."* J. D. W.

ADVENTURES ON THE FRONTIERS OF TEXAS AND MEXICO.

No. II.

BY CHARLES WINTERFIELD.

EVENTS now taking place in the region of Texas and Mexico, the peculiar position of our Government toward those countries, and the near prospect—if not of a long war-of numerous fierce skirmishes at least, among the strange mixture of wild Indians, Mexicans, negroes, half-breeds, Spaniards, and Americans, inhabiting that region—united with the singular magnificence and freshness of the vast scenery-combine to form a field, at this time, of equal attraction to the sketcher and interest to the American reader. Some years ago-five or sixwe were occupied, as our readers know, in certain graceless and long wanderings through those parts of the world. The incidents and characters we encountered are still entirely fresh in our memory; and as they are completely illustrative of the present condition of things through all that country, we have resolved to throw together a connected series of sketches, comprising the sum of our experience. If they prove as interesting to the reader as the recollection of them has always been to us, it will be sufficient. In the course of them we design to present a full view of the scenery-both mountain and prairie—the character of Texan civilization—and especially the nature of the strangely mingled population of Mexico, and the wild tribes-Comanches and others-that have thoroughly maintained their savage independence among the Cordilleras and the immense deserts at their bases.

We would add that some passages have been before published in an ephemeral form—but nothing was ever finished. We intend now to present the whole connectedly and in order The commencement may be found in a sketch, in the March No. of the American Review, introducing ourself and the reader to that reckless and curious brotherhood, the Bexar Rangers. We propose now—in a gossiping way we have—to follow up that "First Day with the Rangers" with succeeding incidents covering a whole week.

After the affair with Gonzalese—as there seemed to be nothing else on hand—I concluded to go back alone to the Rancho of Col. P—, who lived about eighteen

miles east of Bexar, and spend a few days with him. As we did not mention this personage before, it will be well enough now to make known who he was. The Col. was an old acquaintance. Far away in our callow boyhood we remember him as among the oldest sons of a family, as remarkably prolific as vicious, and which occupies a not inconspicuous place in the annals of Southern Kentucky, (we propose to do full justice to them at some future time.) Our earliest recollection of him is as a gawky, large-limbed, and awkward youth, with sandy hair, a pimpled face, and excessively shy of "the girls." We next remember to have heard some confused story about a love affair of his, with a sly, but extremely plain and prudish young maiden-portionless withal. This last was a sin not to be forgiven by the merciless father-and the youth disappeared very mysteriously, not to be heard of for several years. We next remember him as an athletic "whiskerando," just "returned from his wars," with wild stories of strange and marvelous romance. Many a time in the twilight we sat upon the steps of his father's mansion, and listened in breathless eagerness to his curious tales !- for all about Mexicans and Southron Indians was vague to us then. Much of our restless passion for adventure took its origin, and grew into our life, under the stimuli of these strange stories of his. Now that I found myself, after infinite vicissitudes, approaching the house of this man who had exerted so strong an influence upon my boyish imagination, (for he returned again to Texas, and for nearly twenty years had maintained his position upon its extremest frontier,) I found myself unconsciously recurring to the childish conjurations his recitals had called up. What fantastic images were they which then filled my fancy, of a country where such scenes could occur-of a people capable of deeds so savage as he described! I recalled those pictures vividly enough now, for here was the reality to contrast them The lights and shadows were strong and deep, in good earnest, which had composed them-and it was amusing to compare them with the truth around me. Then I had before me a dim twilight region of desolate plains, rocks gaping in ravines, and piled in shaggy hills, with dark gaunt figures, bloody and fierce, gliding to and fro; while the red gleam of fire showed now and then the work of death they reveled in, lighting up the hideous grin and grotesque action of their ferocious joy: and now, I could not help smiling, as I lifted my eyes to look around upon as beaming and cheerful a landscape as ever the clear sunlight flooded. It was the very ideal of harmonious reposesilence audible in beauty-where all the pulsings of great Nature seemed to be chordant with, and led by the loud throb of our own hearts. Though it was January, the scene was surprisingly pleasant; the rolling prairie I traversed was relieved of monotony by little islands, or motts, as they are called, of the evergreen liveoak, scattered clustering here and there. The grass, though slightly browned, was just sufficiently so to afford a sober contrast to the intense glistening green of the oak leaves, whose tints were heightened by the silvery frost-work of long moss, which set them off. The air was of that peculiar transparency Italy boasts, and seemed to be light itself, not a medium-while through it the herds of deer, though a mile off, were defined with startling minuteness, even to the detail of their careless repose, or the gestures of surprise in the pricked ear and quick stamp of a fine foot upon the sod, and hasty grouping, as the stran-ger came in view. The tall snowy cranes gesticulated, with lithe thin necks, their wonder, and stalked with slow stately steps toward each other; seeming, as they clustered on the ridge of the prairie undulations, to be weaving strange figures against the sky, with their restless necks crossing, as they ejaculated their odd solemn croak. The sand-rats, their tails stuck straight in the air with fright, shot into their burrows, and then turned round, poking their striped noses out to peep. The little grass-sparrow flitted with a sharp chirp before me, while the sagacious hawk, which had been floating over head all the morning, watching till I should frighten up these little gentry, would dip, with a quick sigh of wings, at the doubly-frighted wretch, which would drop like a stone in the long grass. This calm life-it was delicious! The many pleasant sights and pleasant sounds—the bright and gay repose of being—they sunk into and pervaded my whole life

with an exquisite sense of joy and peace. Nature's God, in this most glorious woof " Of the garment that we know him by," stood revealed in everything,

"From the small breath Of all new buds unfolding-from the meaning

Of Jove's large eyebrow, to the tender greening

Of April meadows,"-

here was a holy revelation that filled me with love and worship. I could not realize that this soft picture had ever been, or could ever be, defaced by those harsh discords the fatal spirit of humanity carries with it always. But a little time was to illustrate to my experience that, indeed, "we know not what a day may bring forth"-that even in this wide merry sunshine, in these cool delightful shadows, Death and Fear could show their ghastly faces-that, "alternating Elysian brightness with deep and dreadful night," life everywhere, in cities and on plains, whirls on the same. This man whose house I was approaching, was to exhibit to me a new phase of character. Nurtured in high civilization, he had abjured the brotherhood of community as tame and sickly, wedding himself, body and soul, to strife. So strangely had the unnatural circumstances of his position operated upon his temper, that life itself was no longer a pleasant consciousness to him, without the eternal necessity of struggling with death in a hundred forms, and the half savage exultation of the thought that he purchased, from hour to hour, his right to live, with his own prompt heart and steady arm. I myself had begun to feel something of that haughty swelling of the veins-that answering of the heart, in hot surges to the brow-which familiarity with danger, and the necessity of self-reliance produces; and I felt a sort of yearning to trace in this man, whom I remembered with the freshness of my own years upon him, the stern lines of these new feelings, legitimately hardened and deepened by the habit of many years.

The faint trail I had been following now brought me suddenly upon rather a fine scene-a "Bottom Prairie," as it is termed, sloped from the last undulation of the upland, on which I stood, down to the banks of the San Antonio river. The musquit-grass, covering this basin, was a fresher green than the upland grass; while the musquit-timber, a gnarled and scrubby growth, differed much from the grand live-oak, and was destitute of moss. Facing me, and on the immediate bank of the river, were three stockade-houses, or small "Ranchos." I rode up to the middle one, conscious that there was something about it, I could not tell what, that attracted me as bearing a more American air. I was not disappointed; a white man came to the door. It could be no one but Col. P.; but how greatly altered. As I climbed the five or six blocks which served for mounting the picket, and advanced to his door, I had time for a good look, and to recall the past. This man was a thickset, uncouthly-gaited, burlylooking monster; a great brush of fiery hair standing out "horrent" above a face, the skin of which seemed now to be one entire freckle, except where the paler seam of a large scar marked it across the cheek. His eye, a whitey-gray, was cordial enough in its expression, and so was the bear-squeeze of his huge hand; but there was a peculiarity about his lips I instantly noticed-they were so stiff and double as to render it impossible for him to smile, and the abortive grin he got up conveyed no expression of pleasantness, but only served to show great yellow teeth, and reminded me of a mastiff over a bone. All my life long, I have felt an instinctive aversion to men who laugh in pain! from whom joy comes forth in travail! There was no time for analyzing instincts; for, as soon as I made myself known, the Colonel dragged me into the house, pouring out a string of his sort of welcomes -exclamations of surprise, and questions-"What the devil brought you all the way out here by yourself? You've chawed the apron-string like a wolf's cub, I see, and cut! I thought, my youngster, when you used to sit with your chops stretched, listening to me that time I went in to the States, you meant to give the old ones trouble some day! Didn't come all the way by yourself?" looking fixedly at me. "Didn't you see the Comanches? wan't you scared some? Rubbed off the gooseberry by this time! done chawing sallad, aint you? But what brought you here? cut a stick, eh! left in a jiffy?" "No, no!" said I; "old fellow, stop! and I'll tell you. It was that same love of deviltry and dislike of the babyisms of home which sent you affoat in the first instance, that has sent me here now! I came to see some fun! I am sick of the tame way they live in Kentucky !"

"Like you all the better! Fudge! who'd live on pap always? Give you man's meat here: rough country, rough doings, but it does make men! We live, sure enough, here! No sickening squirts can come out here! Lord! what would a spindle-leg strapped thing, coateed and cloth'd, do here, where we have a skrimmage every week? First Mexicans, then Indians, come on. Brush the Yellow-Then the Copperheads come sneaking down: they kill my horses, the villains! kill my hogs. Just about rows enough going on to keep a man's blood up, and practice plumb. Get the green out of your eye as quick as you can, and I'll make a good shot of you. We call it good shooting when they don't kick! Did a sweet thing the other day, over yonder by some deep gullies. Had missed a hog every week or so-suspected some of those straggling thieves of Mexicans. Was sitting at the door one evening, fixin' up "sixshooter," and I saw a streak of smoke over there among the trees. Thinks I, maybe that's another hog. So I tra-veled over there, Indian fashion; and there they were—two ragged Yellow-Bellies-happy as lords, while they cut up my white sow. Their fire was right on the edge of the gully, and they looked like two monkeys in a tickling match, they were so happy. Thinks I, mighty plea-sant surprise I'll give you. Bang! One tumbled over stiff-for I hit the back of his head; and the other-I must have laughed out loud, it was done so quick! Did you ever see a turtle slide off a slick rock where he had been sunning? or a spring-frog take the mud? I tell you it was nothing to the way that Mexican flirted himself off the bank into the gully. It beat all the quick figuring I ever saw. By the time I got there he was out of sight, for these gullies are fifty feet, some of 'em, and very twistifying. I took the flint and steel out of the dead one's pocket -they never have any thing else worth taking; kicked out the chunks, and took up my hog, and left him there for the wolves."

So he rattled on, stringing incident upon incident of his wild life with a ferocious sort of gusto, that—full of the spirit of such scenes as I imagined 1 was—I could not help acknowledging to myself a sort of cold revulsion creeping upon me—a chill shudder, as I recognized in his rattling, rambling talk, the character of incidents which were to make up the ideal of "fun" I had foolishly risked so much to

realize. There was brutality rather than the expected romance in it all.

But as dinner now made its appearance, I had no leisure for further cogitation. had made the plunge, and "sink or swim, live or die," came back to me from schoolboy days. Our frontier meal of beef, sauced with appetite and the "grease" of fried pork, and seasoned to scalding heat with red pepper, with milk to neutralize its blistering effects upon our throats, and thin Mexican cakes, called "Tortillias," was brought in by the Col.'s Mexican " woman." She was his fifth—for he only kept them so long as it suited his most autocratic pleasure—and was rather pretty, with Indian features, olive complexion, and coarse black hair; her large black eye wearing that bright animal flash upon the iris reculiar to the lower orders of Southern women. She seemed very good-natured and humble, and obeyed her despot as though she were a part of the "joints and motives" of his body, and equally subject to his will. Two Peons-the lowest grade of Mexican population, and slaves to the right of life and limb-made up what remained of the household, except an old crone, mother of the "woman," whom I had scarcely noticed, crouched with those same animal eyes, undimmed, gleaming from a dark corner of the room. They all waited at a respectful distance until we got through; and straightway, before we were fairly seated in the other room-I on a buffalo robe, the Colonel on a stool-the tongues of the quartette were suddenly loosed in a torrent of gibberish; the key-note carried in a loud, insolent tone, by one of the Peons, a little, shriveled, sharp-faced knave, whom I had noticed with difficulty restraining himself in our presence. The Colonel told me the fellow was " bragever bent grass," said he; but he can brag the knot off a musquit limb, and that's tough a little! But it's the way with all the 'Yellow-Bellies;' they beat the world bragging, and let their women whip 'em." We took a look at the premises. They were surrounded by a high picket-fence of musquit logs, set on end as close as the timber would permit-including a cow-pen—and all about two acres. The house, a long square, built as the fence, except a plaster of moss and mud filling the interstices, and a covering of bulrushes. The Colonel said his was like all the other small Ranchos of the country-of which there were two in

view, above and below us; one inhabited by a common "Ranchero," with his forty or fifty hangers-on, the other by a young American Renegade, who, though he had once been respectable, the Colonel thought had disgraced himself, as he indignantly expressed it, by "marrying a dirty drab of a Mexican woman. Marry 'em, indeed! To disgrace the name of Texan, and his family, by marrying the creatures!"

"Good," said I, "Colonel: the holy Catholic Church had nothing to do in banns and fees between you and your five women, I suppose?" "Church, in-I trouble the pudding-paunched priests occasionally for a little 'black mail,' when they happen in my way, but never about women." "Frontier morals, Colonel?" "Yes!" (with one of those stiff grins,) " we do as we dare' here, and six-shooter is my license, certificate, and deed. I learned farther, that about a mile and a half up the river on the other side, was the Rancho of Madame Cavillo, on a much grander scale than these. "She is the most perfect old she-devil," said the Colonel, "that everyou heard of. There isn't a man or woman old enough in the whole country to more than guess at her age. She looks like an apple left on the tree all winter, in the face; but I tell you, the Mexicans fear her worse than they do the priests. She's got the fire of seven thunder-snags in her yet-isn't afraid of anything but priests, and is very rich. She has seven thousand head of cattle and horses-nobody can tell how much land-and about five hundred Peons about her. She hates me, and is afraid of me, too. She's gone now to Confessional across the Rio Grande -she does this once a-year to wash the blood off. She takes two or three hundred men for a guard. I think she will be back in a day or two, and she will give a grand Fandango-always does this when she returns. I shall have fun, if this cursed nephew of her's Agatone, doesn't return." His expression of gossiping good-humor, changed to one of singular ferocity as he mentioned that name. Suspecting something in the wind, I inquired further. "Who is this Agatone?" "He commands a band of fifty or sixty cut-throats, who are always stealing and murdering from here to the Rio Grande. The little shriveled villain! (from between his set teeth) I owe him a few good turns. He has been trying a long time to assassinate me-ha! ha!

ha!" And he doubled himself down in a sort of spasm in bringing forth this rasping laugh. "Ha! ha! ha! it would have done yer stomach good to see me pick one of his men off that bluff!" pointing as he spoke to the steep bluff bank

on the other side of the river. "It was a good shot! I was standing somewhere about here: you see the villains swam over during the night, and lay upon their bellies behind the low thorn bushes you see there at the bottom of the yard, waiting until I should come out in the morning. It happened I went to a Fandango that night and danced until nearly day; so as I did not make my appearance, about ten o'clock they began to think I was not at home, and concluded to leave; just as they were jumping in to swim, my woman came to the door and saw them-she came yelling in to me. I had just awoke-sprang out with sixshooter in my hand-by the time I got here, one of them had reached the top, saw me and dodged. The other was scrambling in a hurry, catching, as he climbed, at the vines that hung over the bluff's edge—I let drive at him! ha! ha! it was beautiful to see himfirst spring up—then let go—and kicking against the bluff spring right off in the air. Lord! what a yell he gave-and such a pretty face he made, I see it now turned towards me wrinkled with fright and hate as he went down into the water ! Ooh !" sucking in his breath, " it was delicious! if it had only been Agatone, I should have fainted!" slapping me with a heavy hand, in his ecstacy, upon the shoulder-" My boy, ain't such things worth living for? ha!"

I can't say my assent to the Colonel's idea of the "greatest happiness principle," was quite so much from the heart as he could have desired, but he pleased me; the excitement of loathing while I studied such a monster, from the very novelty of the thing, had a strange charm for me. This soul-moving relish of his in talking of death—this dwelling with fond appetite upon the revolting detail of cold murders, filled me with something like that restless half-pleasant awe, the ghost-stories, the "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" of winternight legends, used to bring to my childhood. It was perfectly new to me and a stonishing, and I determined to study this man, and see more of the circum-

stances which could have so ossified his nature. After supper, he recurred for the first time to old association and mutual friends. Here I was again stump'd, for my reading and experience heretofore had taught me, and I certainly expected to find it realized in this case-" that no man, however monstrous the development of his passions, however hardened and distorted, would be found insensible to the gentle memories of innocence and childhood;" that these " ever loved, fresh and gentle wooers, these spring airs of the desert past would always find in the scathed soil some germ with life enough to wake into bloom." I had always clung by this, for it is a pretty and hopeful sentiment-but in this man I could see not the slightest emotion, while I eagerly tried to call it out, in dwelling upon homestead scenes—on a mother, sisters, faithful friends-ay! even an old love-and there I hoped I saw some lighting up, but it was faint: the same coarse, careless tone being resumed, in an instant, after a slight quaver of what might have been called tenderness. Had there been any necessity for the man's acting a part with me, I should not have been surprised at this insensibility, but there was not the slightest; he never dreamt of "acting" in his life—he was too stolid and hard for that, and indeed evidently wearied of the subject, he turned off and brought out the darling of his heart, "six-shooter," and then all his soul came into his manner at once, as he dilated upon her merits-the wonderful feats accomplished by her in his hands and those of others.

Soon after, in spite of all the novelty and excitement of the circumstances I found myself surrounded by, I was coiled upon my buffalo-robe and sound asleep.*

The next day the Texan came out to join us. He had waited to hear some positive news of the negro boy whose escape we have spoken of. Some Mexican Traders came in, who reported him safe enough on the other side of the Rio Grande. The Texan had never seen a Comanche fight, though familiar enough with fights of every other character. He looked forward to one as to the pleasant realization of a long anticipated joy, and even the savor of the smoking dinner the "woman" had prepared, seemed only to share his attention while he eagerly questioned the Colonel as to the pro-

[.] See "First day with the Rangers," in the March number.

bability of seeing one. "Oh!" said he, "you need not be in a fidget, for if you stay here many days, I promise you shall have enough to stay your stomach." During the evening the by-play of several characteristic and amusing adventures occurred, but we must defer them to the more important action of our narrative.

The next morning, while we were discussing breakfast, Antone came rushing in, his copper face a creamy white from fear, screaming, "Los Indios! Los Indios!" The Colonel turned over the board table as he sprang for "six-shooter," leading the way for the stiles. There was a long train of cavalry in sight, with banners flying, very slowly descending into our little "bottom prairie." The moment the Colonel saw them, without saying a word, he turned and launched a furious kick at the ill-starred Antone, which sent him a somerset off the blocks. "What's the matter, Colonel?" "The cowardly blackguard!" growled he, "to come bleating 'Los Indios!' and getting a man's stomach up for a fight, when it's nobody but Madam Cavillo and her curs, whom one has no fair excuse for shooting at! Faugh! I shan't be able to finish my breakfast. The white-livered calf!" I had felt my heart jump to my throat at the sight of the troop, for my eye was not yet sufficiently trained in making those prompt distinctions frontier life render necessary, or in the Colonel's words, "the green was not out of it yet," for I certainly thought they were Comanches, and had begun to experience that all-overish sort of sensation-that curious mixture of choking eagerness, curiosity, and halfconscious fear, which the near approach of certain battle brings to every one; and the truth is, if it must be confessed, a very considerable feeling of relief as of oppression taken from my lungs, when I heard the Colonel's explanation. The Texan, though, whose associations had given something of a braggadocio touch to his character, delighted the Colonel by chiming in with his abuse of the unfortunate Peon, and making boisterous demonstrations of a disposition to wreak his disappointment too, after the same fashion, upon the wretch's already black and blue body; but he suddenly recovered his nimbleness, and took himself off, grumbling that "Los Indios" might cut all their throats next time, and he'd neither give the alarm, nor, what was still more dire, bring his puissant arm to their defence. "Garracho!"

The troop passed near enough for us to see the old dame herself indistinctly. She was a squatty figure—seemed very old-and was borne in a sort of litter, carried by four horsemen, who appeared most obsequiously careful not to jostle her dangerous repose. Her followers were most of them dressed in white cotton pants-the full sailor fashion; and wore no coats-the "serape," or blanketcloak, of varied and gaudy colors, answering, as it always does, in place of that garment. They carried long, rusty muskets on their shoulders, and wore their cast iron "Toledo" under the left thigh, next the saddle-"a curious place to wear the sword, by-the-by," said I to the Colonel. "Oh," he answered, "it's well enough to keep such a miserable frog-sticker where it can't be got at; bad as it is, they might be expected to use it sometimes, if they wore it any other way. The only use they ever make of their long swords is to cut up game-this they do with amazing dexterity. If you first kill a bear or deer, a Mexican will unhinge it for you so quick with that awkward hackle, you can hardly realize that it is done." There were a few dirty streamers bearing Romish devices, flaunting in the breeze above the old woman. They had now reached the Mexican rancho above us, and halted for an instant opposite, to return salutes. It had not pleased her despotic humor to do us that honor, for which there was at least one very palpable reason—that we had not made the overture. For between her and the Colonel there was that smothered, snarling civility, that you see between two great bull-dogs, who, having been compelled to meet, after a deliberate survey of each other's proportions, come to the conclusion that nothing is to be gained by a fight, and merely uncover their teeth to show they are not afraid, and pass on, looking back and growling louder as they get more space between them. But they made up for our silence at the other rancho. The shouts of men, wo-men, children, and barking of "mongrel whelps of low degree"-and every other degree, indeed-joined with the cracking and squibbing of bad powder and worse guns, made up the sort of "jubilee of dis-cord" the Mexicans delight in, as the expression both of joy and grief. And, of a truth, it would have been hard to tell which was meant to be exhibited in this case-for it is very certain they would have made the same demonstration, had

it been the scalp of the old dame the cavalcade were bringing home. The only question is, whether the rejoicing of their gratified hate would have been more sincere in that case, than the rejoicing of their stomachs now in anticipation of the expected feast and "Fandango," which

was to celebrate her arrival.

This idea served to bring to the Colonel some consolation for his bitter disappointment in a "Fight." "We shall have it about three nights from this," said he, "and such a feast of chickerones, coffee-drinking, and general-up-side-down, and 'turn-your-partners' of a cavaulting match you never heard of, as it will be. "Good as grass-burrs," said the Texan, "I'm there." "But what do you mean by a 'feast of chickerones,' and 'grass-burrs?" said I. "Ha! ha!" laughed the Colonel, "you're a perfect pea-vine yetyou're so tender and green! Poor fellow! don't know what a chickerone-feast Better not go to buffalo range yetcouldn't make the old bulls believe there was any harm in you; they'd all take after you to get a juicy bite; you'd be eaten up-lock, stock and barrel! Why, man, chickerones are cracklings, and are one of the greatest delicacies the Mexicans When they kill a hog, they cut know! him up in small pieces; boil them for the lard until they are crisp; then strain and let 'em get cold, and they wouldn't give a handful of them for all the figur-red sweetnin' doings they have at a ball in New The old woman always has Orleans. 'em by tubfulls at her Fandangos; and a Mexican with a fist full of these, a tin cup full of coffee, and a 'tortillia,' is too happy to brag even; and as for grass-burs—if you hadn't on them thick boots, you'd have learnt what they were quick enough in this 'bottom.' I think them boots are spoiling you-they're interfering with your education; you'd better give 'em to me. Come, off with 'em, my boy; you're from old Kentuck; I feel an interest in having you learn fast; moccasins are good enough to commence life with. You'll have to feel your way then, and you'll be sure to know it next time." I had noticed the Colonel casting longing eyes upen my stout double-soled waterproofs, and concluded it would be just as well to propitiate him by making a surrender at once; so I told him he should have them so soon as he would procure me a stout pair of moccasins. And off he went to get them, forgetting he had not

told me what grass-burrs were; but I soon learnt to my heart's content.

The next morning, at daybreak, stretched upon my buffalo-robe, on the floor, I was indulging in a pleasant dreamy sort of snooze, half asleep and half awake, conscious, to some degree, of what was going on about me-for I heard the Texan and the Colonel get up and go out, and the Mexicans were sauntering about the room. But yet I had not opened my eyes; for delightful images were glancing to and fro inside the lidshome, and pleasant faces of those I loved and, somehow or other, I knew if I opened them all these must disappear, and disagreeable realities would take their places. But, gramercy! I opened them quick enough as the Colonel came bouncing into the house followed by the Texan, and the Mexican women screamed that infernal cry of "Los Indios!" turned over lazily on my couch, and asked, in a careless tone-for I was anxious not to appear green-"Another of Antone's alarms, I suppose, Colonel ?" "No! by blood! boy, it's in earnest this time!" dragging down "six-shooter." "Up with you, if you want to save your There was a horse and see the fun!" savage glee in the man's face as he said this, which convinced me there was something to pay this time; and as he and the Texan rushed out, I sprang to my feet. "My gun! where is it?" just occurred to me-" that cursed Antone !" I bolted out of the front door; he was climbing the steps, with my gun in his hand; two or three long strides, I had reached them; I mounted; there he was below me, the gun to his face, aimed towards the zenith. He fired away-" Garracho! Los Indios Garra!" I broke into his expletives just there, as he was in the act of firing the other barrel, with a blow on the side of his head that sent him reeling. Jerking my gun from his hands, I started at full speed after the Colonel and the Texan, who had a hundred yards the start of me. The morning was misty, and, about four or five hundred yards off, I could see, indistinctly, men on horseback, gallopping to and fro. This was the enemy, nearly a quarter of a mile off, whom the stupid wretch of a Peon had wasted one of my precious loads at-or, rather, at the place where the moon might have been. hind me were the dismal yells of the Mexican women and men; before me the terrible war-whoop of the Comanches-a

most uncouth and indescribable sound. The mist brooded very low, and I could only distinguish ahead, as I strained every nerve to catch up with my friends, a hurrying crowd of horses without riders, and mules and horses with riders dark, half-naked men, with long lances, plunging here and there—all "confusion worse confounded," into a whirling, rushing mass. The Colonel and Texan stopped, side by side, about three hundred yards from our starting-point; and, as I joined them almost at the same instant, I saw there was an excellently good reason for it. A party of eight Comanche warriors had suddenly wheeled from out this chaos I have described, and, with a simultaneous burst of that infernal whoop, came thundering on at full speed, as if

they intended to ride us down.

" Steady, boys !" said the Colonel; " wait till they get in about thirty paces, and then choose your man!" On they came; they were tall, lean, sinewy men, with dark bronzed skins-naked, except the breech-clout and a cape of buffalorobe over the shoulders; their long hair, done into platts with a bunch of rich feathers tied to them, was streaming on the air behind-while the chief, who led, was distinguished by his crown of eagle feathers, and an appendage, some two yards in length, of gaudy colors, sailing out from its rear. They rode as if they and their pied and beautiful horses were one-some of them with their long lances in rest, just as the "Peers of Charlemagne" must have carried them-others clashing them against their broad white oval shields of buffalo hide, folded many times-holding their bows strung in the same hand-while the feathered tips of the full quiver showed above the left shoulder. Howling yet more terribly, they were nearly within the thirty paces—still the same headlong gait. Our little platoon was leveled quicker than thought they wheeled-we fired-down went the horse of the chief upon his knees a clear cavaulet into the air, and that mighty personage was thrown, his eagle-feathered crown sailing one way, he another. But he lit upon his feet, and, with inconceivable agility, sprang upon his horse again and followed his retreating warriors. I was nearest to him, and rushed at him; but he was too nimble for me. I might have shot him-but, fury! that contemptible coward! my other load was gone. I had no time, however, for regrets. After gallop-

ing back a short distance-stooping at the same time behind the bodies of their horses to avoid our shot-they charged in the same way again, and were received by the Colonel and Texan with another broadside. I was loading my gun as fast as possible-I had snatched up the powder-horn as I ran out of the house, not seeing the shot-bag, which I discovered round the waist of the beastly Peon, and had not time to disengage it. The Texan, like myself, in the flurry had secured only part of his ammunition, which was fortunately the shot-bag; so we made a hasty exchange. I poured the shot down without measuring; now for a cap; I felt for my pocket where they were usually carried-Oh, curses! I discovered for the first time that I had on nothing but my drawers and shirt, and was in my bare feet to boot! Pleasant predicament this-three hundred yards from the house-no caps to fire with, and those infernal devils determined to have our scalps. "Texas, have you got any caps?" "No, dit! Yes, here's one," taking it from his pocket. I snatched it eagerly, and was just in time, for the Comanches—by this time, reduced to six, as two of them, evidently severely hurt, were supporting each other off the field-came rushing upon us again with louder whoops and greater confidence than ever; for they were accustomed to the double-barrel guns, and thought they were sure of us now, as our charges were out. So on they came this time within about twenty paces, turning loose their arrows at us, one of which I felt slide through the muscles of my arm, and a sharp imprecation from the Texan told that he too had been pricked. The Colonel stood unmoved, reminding me of Fitz James:

"This rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I!"

One fierce tawny rascal was standing erect in his stirrup, as he came on, in the very act of launching his spear at him, when the old veteran deliberately drew a bead upon him, and fired. The warrior reeled—it struck him on the naked ribs, and I saw the big red stream bubble out as he wheeled, and, galloping back some fifty paces, pitched head foremost from his horse.

"That fellow's got it, anyhow! See, his lance did not reach me!" said the Colonel, between a shout and a laugh. There was the lance, sure enough, still

quivering, a few paces in front of him. But it was no laughing matter to the Texan and myself, for, after a great deal of swearing, he had finally convinced himself that he had given me the only cap he had. He, too, had left his! A pretty scrape our hurry had got us into: loads in our guns, and no caps to fire them with!

A reinforcement from the main body had met the retreating Comanches. The one who had fallen had turned himself upon his back, and holding up his arms, a mounted warrior galloping upon each side of him had seized them, and they were dragging him between them toward the main body, who were still bent on herding together, and driving off our horses and mules. These two parties had been sent with the charitable design of taking our scalps while we were robbed of our horses. Emboldened by the reinforcement, in an inconceivably short time they were charging upon us again, with still greater fury from the sight of their wounded braves, several of whom were still in the party, as I could tell from the blood smeared upon their limbs. It was an awful moment, as that grim, hideous crowd came rushing on to overwhelm us, inevitably, as it seemed to me. What could we do? The Texan and myself were "hors du combat." The Colonel had only two more loads! We clubbed our guns in desperation. The Colonel coolly stepped out in front of us. He did not let them get so close this time. He fired. They all stopped short. The foremost man, with a quick movement, dropped his bow and clapped his hand upon his side, the other hand pointing with his lance at the Colonel; he looked back, speaking very loud and rapidly to The colonel fired his last his friends. and sixth shot, without taking his gun from his face. The warrior sprang up, convulsively, from his saddle. The whole party, shaking their lances in the air, with the most unearthly yell it was ever my fortune to hear, scattered as if a grenade had exploded among them. Throwing their weapons from them, and bending low over their horses' necks, they plied heels and arms, urging them on with frantic energy-and, as far as I could hear, their hoarse voices were repeating the same word, (a strange sound, of which I can give no idea in our letters,) which the Colonel said meant " The Conjurer."

"Hurrah for 'six-shooter!" said the vol. II.—No. IV. 26

Colonel, patting the piece affectionately; "Howel's game over again; she saved our scalps, certain !" and running eagerly to the Comanche, who had fallen from his horse, and was feebly endeavoring to drag himself erect again by the help of a stout shrub, he drew his knife, and throwing himself upon the bleeding wretch, planted some half-a-dozen stabs in his body, and then, as if the blood upon his hand had entirely maddened him—forgetting he had no other load in his gun-he set off at a tremendous rate, in pursuit of the retreating Indians. This was downright lunacy. He shouted to us to come on, but I answered, "In the name of common sense, what good can we do, but lose our scalps if they should turn at bay? we've got nothing to shoot with-we are throwing away our lives stupidly! Let's go back and get our caps, and you your other cylinder, and then follow them." I had as well undertaken to remonstrate with a starved tiger, that had taken one lap of warm blood. He kept on, at the top of his speed, shaking the bloody knife over his head, and horsely shouting, "Come on if you are not a coward!" Had I been a little older, I should not have regarded this taunt; but as it was, it stung me to the quick; and though, at every step, the grass-burs I was to "learn about in this bottom" were touching me to the quick, through the bare soles of my feet, I kept shouting on after this roused and frantic wild beast of a man.

In this silly race, we had soon left the house half-a-mile in the rear, and nothing but the desperate fright of the Indians, at the conjuration of shooting six times, saved us from being slaughtered like three blind brutes. When we mounted to the upland prairie, we paused. Crazy as the Colonel was, he saw the enemy were out of our reach. A half-mile off, on an opposite ridge, we saw the main body had halted. They were very coolly transferring their saddles from their own horses to our fine "American" animals, while the party who had been engaged in the attack upon us were going at full speed, in every direction, over the wide plain. The party on the hill seemed, from their gestures, to be very much astonished at this manœuvre; and after taking a long look at their flying comrades, sprang upon their horses, and urging their ill-gotten booty into a run, were soon out of sight behind the ridge.

I had thrown myself upon the grass,

utterly exhausted, so soon as I had joined the Colonel, and an examination of my poor feet proved to me, most conclusively, that what he had said about my never forgetting my way, when I had once felt it, was most true; for never shall I forget that race, and those grassburs. They are vile three-cornered seeds of the grass, hard as a pebble; each of the corners armed with a keen thorn. The ground is thickly strewed with them, and at every step I had taken, a half-dozen or so had been imbedded in my skin, "Like quills upon the fretful porcupine," on a small scale at least, they showed their serried heads, thick as they could stand, all over the cushions of my heels and toes, and such blistering torture as it cost me, is inconceivable.

The Colonel was coughing violently, bringing up large clots of blood. I thought at first he had ruptured an important blood-vessel, and was half inclined, in my spleen, to be rejoiced at it, since his stupid ferocity had brought about all this torture of mine-for it was as bad as walking over coals, and I shrunk as from a hot ordeal from the idea of walking back to the house-and had almost endangered his own life by his mole-eyed and headlong fury. I was more than half consoled as I saw him spitting the red foam from his lips. But this was nothing to the real peril he had exposed all our lives to. I felt no sort of pity for him as I saw him sink pale and frightened on the grass—for this fierce animal, though while the glow was on him he was a very fiend in battle, yet shrank with deeper appallment from death in any other form, than even timid men would have done. The Texan was blowing like a porpoise—swearing now at his own carelessness and mine in forgetting the caps and spoiling his fun; and then, grinding his teeth, and stamping about in impotent rage, as he saw a tall warrior mounted upon his horse, and dashing him to and fro on the ridge, seemingly for our benefit, and to try his gait. I thought the fellow would go into a fit. As the Indian galloped off, he shook his clenched fist, and howled imprecations and threats after him.

The Colonel recovered his spirits as the blood ceased to rise, and springing to his feet as the pleasant conviction came to his relief, that he was not born to die so unmartial a death, insisted that we should return instantly and try if we couldn't raise horses at the Mexican Ranchos above us, to pursue the Indians. "They have carried off all that were loose on the prairie," said he, "but the Mexicans generally keep their best riding horses inside the picketing, and we were fools for not keeping ours there!"

I saw the torturing walk was not to be avoided by simply dreading it, so I girded up my loins and off we startedthe Colonel rallying us all the way most unmercifully for our ridiculous verdancy, in coming off without our ammunition. Had there been any buoyancy left in me, I might have retorted emphatically the charge of verdancy upon his preposterous helter-skelter sally; -but my poor, suffering feet, now that a revulsion of excitement had come on, engrossed all my attention. Just think of walking a halfmile with naked feet over pin points, and you may form some faint idea of how entire the abstraction and pre-occupation of my wits must have been-though, strictly speaking, not gone "a wool gathering," it was a much more sprightly employment, that-marking the sharp pang as each particular thorn pierced to the quick. Adam, in his fig-leaved innocence, making his first experimental acquaintance with the "Hornpipe" in a casual introduction to a "Yellowjacket's nest," could have made no more vivid display of "gymnastics" on the "light fantastic toe," than I did through that weary distance. Now, I would select a thick, cool, green-looking tuft of grass. Ah! that will be a pleasant cushion for my burning soles! and the spring I made to reach it would only drive the prickles in deeper. Now the tumulus above the burrow of a sand-rat promised at least to be crumbling and soft. That's the bright thought! They won't at least go so deep. So with a hop, skip, and jump, my feet would sink in two or three little pyramids-fire and stings! worse than ever; over my instep up to my ancles, all the most delicate parts of the skin were pierced by multiplied red-hot points-wheugh! fairly gasped as I brushed the big drops from my face! Is there no alleviation? Ab, those bare patches of sand that shimmer so merrily in the sun! There can't be any harm in them—they look so smooth and nice. The fairies, "Bonny little Folk," they swept them clean to be for stepping-stones across this gulf of "Needles," to such beguiled unfortunates as myself-bless the kind "wee people" from my heart! Another jump;

curse the "Uncannie Fiends!" these infernal triangles were the sole invention of your ingenious malice! You hid the points there thick as the grains of sand to tempt me to my torture! I almost fancied I could hear the little villains clap their hands and shout in mocking glee! Oh, desperation! Setting my teeth with a surly grit of defiance at my imaginary tormentors, off I set at the top of my bent, regardless of everything but getting to the house—not even stopping to decide whether the coarse neigh of laughter which followed me was an ebullition from the "Uncannie Fiends,"

or the Colonel and Texan!

This was by no means the last of my experience in "grass-burs"-nor, indeed, was I free from it for weeks afterwards. When I arrived at the house I found it all deserted. The Mexican women half-frightened to death, had run down the back way to the river, and plunging in, swam across, led by valorous Antone, and all had scampered off to Madame Cavillo's Rancho. When my two friends arrived they went to work forthwith to melting lead in an old iron spoon to mould bullets, while I seated on a buffalo-rug was digging away with a long needle to grub out some few at least of the most troublesome thorns from my feet, when a loud shout from the other side of the picket brought us all to the door. The first object that met my view was the long sharp nose and shriveled face of Sir Braggadocio Antone. The rascal was brandishing a rusty musket over his head, and pointing in the direction the Indians had retreated, was rattling away a torrent of bloody threats and dire imprecations. What could it mean? He must have somebody to back him! and stepping out to mount the blocks, from which he very nimbly retreated as he caught my angry eye, we saw his heroic talk was backed sure enough by about twenty Mexicans, pretty well mounted and armed as usual, with nondescript utensils that might have served to generate the mould in some "Old Curiosity Shop," of specimens of the progress of firearms since their invention. As the enemy were by this time several miles off, they looked amazingly fiercetwirling their moustaches and slapping their thighs with prodigious emphasisevery man, as soon as we came in view, setting out at the top of his voice, in an independent recitative of his individual claims to the character of a ferocious war-

rior, backing them with multiplied instances on this, that, and the other battlefield in which he had proven it to all the world by most unheard-of deeds of valor. But they were all obliged to succumb to Antone. He was in his glory-his loud, shrill, cracked voice gradually rose to the undisputed ascendant, the din and gabble around him subsiding into a breathless and open-mouthed attention, as, leaping into his saddle and spurring his horse into the execution of sundry lofty curvets in front of the valiant band, he launched into such an eloquent and voluble expatiation upon his own deeds of frantic heroism-his voice strained almost into a screech, one hand still whirling his musket over his head, and the other, when he could spare it from his bridle, sawing the air with such furious illustrative emphasis, that his peers were fairly overawed, and listened in respectful silence, their eyes dilated and mouths gaping in wonder at his terrific deeds and threats!

We three stood gazing at him for a moment in silence, which was broken by a shouting effort at a laugh from the Colonel, in which we both joined most heartily. The knave slunk back for a little time at this, while we jumped down among them and were instantly absorbed, every man for himself, in eagerly pleading and threatening, and offering bribes the most extravagant to these warriors, to be permitted a participation with them, through their horses, in the promised glories of the fight. But "nada!" "no, hai!" no! no! no! they were too greedy of glory to share it! too jealous of the honor of their fathers to permit the white man to dim the escutcheon they inherited by participation in dangers, they as guardians of the frontier were called upon to meet. Here Antone interposed

again-

"Can we not ourselves exterminate the whole nation of Comanches? What do we want with your help? What will this insignificant band be in our hands? We'll sweep them down like a great wind? You stay at home! I'll bring you back your horses! I'll bring you back a dozen scalps that I will take with my single ar—

Here his oration was cut short by a heavy polt dealt him from the rear by the Texan, which nearly sent him from his saddle. He very suddenly placed thirty paces between himself and another such disagreeable parenthesis, and standing erect in his stirrups, without fear of interruption, kept on in a still louder voice.

The Texan was foaming—he offered them twenty times the value of their horses. "Nada!" "Pll give it to you then just to take me up behind!" No answer. "Curse you Yellow-Bellied villains, I've a great notion to shoot you from your saddles and take your horses anyhow!"

This threat he looked so capable of putting into execution, that these doughty champions of the glory of the Montezumas thought it best to get out of his way, and as the Indians were no doubt by this time too far off to be caught, there was less danger in that direction. Off they hurried, leaving us in no envi-

able mood.

The Texan was about to fire his gun after them, but I knocked it up. He and the Colonel then started in a long trot, determined to be in at the fight at any rate. These two wild beasts seemed to have no sort of idea what common sense or common prudence meant; the scent of blood was on the winds and that was enough for them; and like any other fierce brutes, they obeyed the instincts of their training and followed it in rabid fury. In spite of the ridiculous experience of our late chase they were now on one still more preposterous. The Comanches at the very least were six miles off, and yet they expected to keep up with mounted men going at full speed, and they on "Rouse the Hyrcanian tiger in foot. his lair,"

"Shake her week-old whelps Kicking and mewing by the placid nose Of Næmean lioness sleeping,"

if you like the sport and want to see an unreasoning animal "splurge" in comparative safety; but I'd advise you by all means to stand aside when a strong human specimen of the cat tribe, used to blood-lapping, has once dabbled his chops These animals are not in it fairly. brave, but simply ferocious. Like a bull with a red cloth shaken at him, foaming and blind they plunge strait ahead, be it over a hundred-feet precipice, into a quagmire, or what not, it is all the same; there is but one idea, one hand at a time. "I smell the blood of an" Indian or Mexican, that's enough. And I am compelled to acknowledge that although I felt to the utmost how silly this was, I could not divest myself in addition to the fear of being taunted with cowardice-of

a feeling of admiration for this sort of unreckoning, headlong passion? It was imposing to my unsophisticated appreciation. What is more, the chivalry of companionship in danger, most imperiously demands of one—to stand by your comrade through thick and thin, right or wrong, and do your reasoning afterward about the prudence or imprudence of the steps which led to the scrape— First see him through it, then you may abuse him.

This was my logic as I pulled on a a pair of boots, and in spite of the torture set off at the best speed I could make after my friends. I found some eight or ten Mexicans who had lost their horses, straggling along a quarter of a mile in their wake, and finding it was utterly impossible to catch up with them, I called these fellows around me and endeavored to keep them in a body to make a show at least, for I did not expect them to fight, of course. I was passing over the same ground on which a few days before, I had felt my heart overflow to the good God, as I looked out on the smiling beauty of the scenes his beneficent care had framed in calmest harmonies to move the souls of men to peaceful joy, and hope, and adoration. Now what a contrast! Bloody passions were careering on the chase of death! Deeds of savagery had been and were being enacted, making hideous a silence, the repose of Power and love!-the presumptuous work of that same wrathful, sacrilegious spirit, which in the Titan Allegory dared, of old, to

" pluck
The misty crests of mountains by the hair,
To battle with the Gods.

And here I was—the identical sentimentalizer of that poetic hour—dragging my "weary length along," as far as I could judge, about in the stupid innocence of a calf led to slaughter. The scene was the most preposterously serio-comic that ever I witnessed.

As we approached a clump of timber, after about an hour's walk, who should break suddenly upon our astonished view but puissant Antone, tearing towards us as if he and his horse were stark mad with fright! We heard his voice long enough before he reached us. The slave was so terribly alarmed that we could scarcely understand a word he said—his enunciation was paralyzed with fear; and the "valiant Mars" of a little while back—now with his teeth chattering, and eyes

almost bursting from their sockets, looking back over his shoulders as if all the "grizzly troop of Acheron" were in pursuit of him-was the most lamentable image of panic that can be conceived. We gathered from him, at last, that the Mexicans had caught up with the Comanches much sooner than they expected, no doubt; that they had slaughtered and scalped every mother's son of them except himself: and that he, after holding the whole troop at bay for "Holy Virgin knows how long," had at last conde-scended to retreat and bring back the news. Although I felt confident he was lying monstrously, I was no little alarmed. Making all due deductions, I supposed the vainglorious fools had come upon the Comanches suddenly, too close for a back out, and they had given them a tremendous drubbing, scattering them, and probably killing the greater part; for I knew perfectly well when they started, that they neither could nor would fight, and that this would be the result if they chanced to stumble upon the Indians.

The Colonel and Texan were both out of sight. Antone had seen nothing of them-had no doubt they too were scalped; for the Indians were in hot pursuit, and "nothing but the lightning speed of his horse had saved him!" The best proof, that there was some reality in the fellow's alarm, was, that no persuasion could induce him to stay with us another instant, but preferring even to risk the ride alone back to the Rancho he kept on at the same rate. Now I felt, most painfully, how unutterably stupid our whole day's management had been. Had we stopped to reason an instant we might have foreseen this result to a certainty. But now this miserable, headlong flurry had scattered those of us who could fight miles apart, over a wide prairie, to be cut to pieces in detail by the Indians pursuing the Mexicans back; and, what was still more, almost the whole population of the three Ranchos were scattered along for a mile out in the direction we came, in the eager and foolish hope to be the first to greet their conquering warriors returning. It would be glorious sport for the Comanches to pick up these stragglers with their long lances as a farmer tosses turnips with a pitchfork. And, besides, what was I to do myself? The miserable beings with me were only in the way, and would attract, by their numbers, the attention of the Indians,

when one man might stand a chance of escaping. It was with great difficulty I could keep them from starting helter-skelter over the plain after Antone. I resolved at once that they should stay with me, for their running could avail nothing to themselves, as the Indians would catch them, of course, before they could get back to the Rancho. Determined to make the best of circumstances, I drew them after me into the timber, made them throw themselves flat upon the ground, and quietly awaited what might turn up.

We were kept in suspense but a few minutes, when I saw a mounted Indian making towards us from the direction of the battle-field, and fast as his horse could bring him. It was with great difficulty I could keep my heroes quiet. Though the man was a half-mile off, they raised their guns to fire at him, intending then to make a run for it any how. I saw there was no room for trifling, as by this time a considerable troop were in view, and this fellow I supposed to be a scout: so I just gave my ragamuffins to under-stand that I would favor them with the contents of "double-barrel," instead of the Indian, if they didn't lie still and pass their fusees over to me. I knew that if I let them keep their guns, fire they would in their fright, and be just as apt to hit me as the Indians. After some little grumbling, they did as I commanded. I intended to do all the firing that was to be done myself, and they were so benumbed with fear that they were glad enough to leave it all to me.

The Indian by this time was pretty close to us. He bore a scalp on the top of his lance, at the sight of which my heroes groaned and crossed themselves, feeling the tops of their heads to be sure that theirs were at home. I was in the very act of firing at the man-for I was resolved he should not pass, and he was within twenty paces of me, and evidently a regular bred Indian-I had my finger on the trigger, when one of the Mexicans sprang to his feet with a cry of joy, and rushed out to meet him. Here was a poser-which should I fire at? the Indian or treacherous Mexicans, for they were all on their feet and around him now. It occurred to me as best to hold on a minute, for I had all their guns any way, and see what it meant. I was safe enough, so far as they were concerned; but what this sudden coalition with the Indian might portend was more than I could conjecture, especially when I saw

them all start off, shouting, toward the

distant party.

During my indecision, the critical moment had passed for an explanation, since the Mexicans were out of reach, and the Indian had dashed on. At first glance this may look like bad generalship in me, but the truth is, I understood the language very imperfectly. From what I knew of Mexican character, it seemed impossible they would have dared to do this if there had been treachery in it; yet that fellow who went by was certainly a genuine Indian. What could it mean? Were they stark crazy to run out on the open prairie to meet a party of Indians, and offer them their scalps? That single Indian evidently belonged to a victorious party! was it some of the friendly tribes who had happened into the fight and turned the current? But Antone said he was the only one left alive! Oh, but he lies of a surety! What in the thunder can it mean? I suppose in any event it means that my scalp will go pretty shortly to join the Colonel's and Texan's on the end of their lances! Pretty predicament my foolish love of adventure has got me into! Glorious fate to be pinned like a skewered goose to one of these live oaks by a half a dozen lances, and left here to be eat up piecemealthe sand-rats nibbling away my toesthe ravens and that dirty Mexican eagle " boging" away at my eyes that have so often "in fine phrenzy rolling," pierced the long aisles of coming time, and recognized my own image throned among the great, and these curls which I have nursed so affectionately, glossy beneath a myrtle crown, the Muse's gift-How will they look now clotted with blood! each separate hair singing in the gale upon the end of a long, greasy lance, or stuck in the dirty belt of a lousy warrior? Oh, Apollo! thou " of the plectrum and the bow!" what a fate! I had plenty of time for pleasant cogitations such as these, before this perplexing mystery was cleared up.

After waiting here alone, in no very pleasant mood, some twenty minutes, I peeped from my hiding-place in the "mott." My late treacherous allies had, by this time, joined the approaching party. Shouts of triumph rent the air, and I could see their "sombreros" sailing above the

heads of the horsemen.

"'Jupiter! take my cap, and thank thee,"
thought I, in the words of Shakspeare's

Coriolanus; "you're in a very gay humor, my friends! Mexicans never rejoice so obstreperously, but when some formidable enemy has been slain; and it is very certain that they consider the Colonel such an one. They fear him more than they do the Comanches even, and I suppose they have recognized his fiery scalp on its 'airy perch' at the top of a lance. Well, the only way left is to sell my own

scalp dearly as I can."

I stepped back and examined my Mexican artillery. "Still imagination in bottomless conceit" would fail to compass the whole vexatious truth that stared me in the face from that survey. The vile fusees, as far as I could see, were not merely useless, but greatly more dangerous to myself than to any foe not close enough to have the benefit of their bursting. I threw them down from me in indignation. Why, the powder was as coarse as No. 1 shot-the grains crumbling to pieces-not one in a dozen being entire; the barrels, nearly all, with flaws in them, and coated thick with rust, inside and out. The locks defy all description-the flints, most of them, fragments of pebbles; some not loaded at all—others loaded half-way to the muzzle. I addressed myself to the examination of faithful and sturdy "double-barrel," and determined to trust all to it. When the shouts seemed to be very close, I cautiously advanced to the edge of the timber for another look. It now occurred to me for the first time, that this party had been a very long while getting to where I was concealed. They move more like a funeral procession than a victorious war party, and the triumphant shouts have now changed to a dolorous howl, most like that the wolves raise of a cloudy night, when in squads out on the prairie they sit on end, their noses pointed upward, "complaining to the moon" of her uncertain light. There's the flaring "Serape," too, and the white cotton dress of the Mexican: I wonder if the Indians have stripped the clothes from the poor rascals after killing them all, as Antone said, and decked themselves out in them? And there are the long lances in their hands. Mexicans don't carry lances, and they've got some half-dozen scalps on them! What does it all mean?

I never was so inextricably puzzled in my life. The party were now within a short distance. They moved at a very solemn pace—the cavalry in double file —the two in front bearing lances with that ominous hairy pendant still dripping blood. Just behind them two others had a dead body between them; next to them two others again, with lances, and the same addendum. Then came another corse borne by a single man before him; holding the hand of the body, which was that of a gray-haired old man, rode a stout young fellow bleeding like a stuck ox; behind them two more lance-bearers; then followed several wounded men supported in their saddles; then, all mixed in together with the remainder of the troop, came the straggling herd of my quondam warriors. Last of all-"amazement duplicate!"-came the Colonel and Texan. I could scarcely believe my own eyes! but there they were in the fleshthere could be no shadow of a doubttheir scalps safe on the top of their heads. There was a broad grin on the Colonel's face, and the Texan haw! haw'd! his coarse glee, though they seemed to drag themselves along with great difficulty, from fatigue. This set me at rest; there was plainly no great danger at least, however strange the affair still seemed. So I sprang from my hiding-place and ran to meet them. My sudden appearance caused some confusion among the troops, who were evidently panic-stricken and ready to run at anything. The Colonel greeted me with a jeering shout:

"Haw! haw! Kentuck, we were just laughing at you. That was a high caper of yours, taking the guns away from the poor Yellow-Bellies! Not so bad though, old fellow. Don't be discouraged; you'll make a Texan some of these days yet. Were you soft enough to expect to shoot with the things after you got 'em? Pleasant time you've had. Hasn't your hair turned white? Antone scared you, did he? Pity you hadn't shot the rascal; the first gun that was fired, he broke!"

"Well, but stop, for Heaven's sake tell me what it all means! Who was that Indian that staved by me?"

"Ha! ha! it was that Indian scared you, was it? He is one of the Tonquoways; the tribe were all killed some time ago but him! He does look like a Comanche, sure enough. He was going to announce the victory, as these fools call it, at the Ranchos. He's a 'high particular' of the Old Hag's, and lives with her; you didn't know it? Between him and Antone, you've had enough to make a fellow feel ticklish! You thought Texas and me were murdered, and that your time was to come next, did you?"

"Yes, I thought you were gone cases to a certainty! But did you get into the fight at last?"

"No, d—n it; we've had our race for nothing. They've got his horse for Texas, though!"

"And ours are gone, I suppose?"

"Yes, clear enough."

"But what do these dead and wounded men mean? These creatures didn't make a fight of it, surely, did they?"

"Fight of it, indeed! You'd as well talk of a flock of sucking doves fighting with hawks, as of these fellows making anything of a fight with Comanches!"

"Well, how was it?"

"Curse their stupid whinings, they deafen me! Come, let's fall back a little, and I will tell you all about it. That Indian you saw is the only brave man they had, and he told me the whole story. You see, the cowardly asses, after Texas had scared them as you saw, tore off on the trail of the Indians, thinking, I suppose, that they were far enough out of their reach. So long as they had nothing before them but the tracks, they were brim full of blood and thunder! They frightened the cranes and deer-made the prairie-hens scurry away a little quicker and farther than usual-and the partridges whirr! whirr! more suddenly in their faces from the grass. This was about the amount of damage done, until they galloped into the timber on the 'Me-You know that's a creek, with a water-hole here and there every eight or ten miles on its course. As they came through at full speed on the other side of the skirt of woods, they found themselves right in the camp of the Comanches! The main body of the Indians hurried together the mules and horses they had stolen from us, and started them off at full tilt over the prairie. The Mexicans drew up their horses stock still in a squad. were completely stupefied at finding themselves face to face with a foe they dreaded mortally. After the Indians had got their plunder fairly under way, about six of them wheeled out of the crowd, and turned to punish their impudent pursuers. They have always held the Mexicans in such contempt, that they never think of stopping to count them before a fight, but rush right among them, it matters not what the disparity of numbers may be. There were two young chiefs, brothers, leading this war party, who have been very famous in the Border fights. The Mexican women scared their babies to sleep with the names of these two braves, so notoriously formidable were they. They were mounted upon your horse and the Texan's, and felt unusually spunky, because their steeds were taller than those of their followers. So they came staving down upon the poor Mexicans with lances in rest, and rode clear through them, bearing down man and horse. Some five or six Mexicans, out of the whole number of twenty, tasted the sod at this charge; their comrades remaining perfectly passive-not pulling a trigger or raising an arm. The Comanches, as soon as they could gather up their headway, turned and charged upon them again. By this time the Mexicans had remembered that they had guns; and, pulling trigger desperately in the direction of the Indians, they actually shot two of their horses. The horses fell, and the warriors instantly rushed at two of the Mexicans, and dragged them from their horses by the leg, and then, after knocking them on the head with the butts of their own guns, jumped into their saddles. In the mean time Antone, without attempting to fire his gun, threw it down and started, shricking, over the prairie. The foremost one of the young chieftains, in this second charge, run his lance through the body of a Mexican, and bore him clear over his horse's rump on its point, and, dropping him, galloped on. His brother, who followed him, drove his lance into the breast of old Callistro, (the frosty-haired old carcase they are lugging ahead there,) and while he was extracting it, his sonwho, for a wonder, had some manhood in him-lifted himself in his saddle and struck, with all his might, a long thinbladed knife he wore, into the back of the Comanche. The knife doubled up like a pice of tin on the shoulder-blade of the Indian. He had extricated his lance from the body of the father, and wheeling in his saddle, drove it into the neck of the son, bearing him to the ground, and dashed on. The Indian that scared you, happening to remember that he had an American pistol, fired it at the chief as he was galloping off, and, by accident, striking him in the back part of the head, tumbled him from the horse of Texas dead enough. His brother, who was hurrying on before, galloped away with the rest of his friends, thinking all was safe, and intending to rejoin the main body, who were now a quarter of a mile off; when the Mexicans, regaining their courage as the enemy got further off,

shouted after them, tauntingly, "Come back, you cowards, and get the body of your comrade!" You know it's a sacred point with these fellows never to leave a corse of their braves with an enemy. The young chief heard the taunt and stopped his horse, while the others of his company kept on; and pausing for an instant, he shook his lance above his head, and swore, in his own tongue, that he would regain it or die. Without calling his friends back, he charged alone upon an enemy he scorned too much. The Mexicans were still standing in a passive bewildered group; and as this single man came thundering back towards them, they sat in stupid inaction upon their horses, undetermined whether they must run or wait to be killed. The gallant young chieftain rushed his horse right into the midst of them, and springing to the ground, threw his arms round the body of his brother, and lifting it as a sort of shield in front of him, commenced backing towards your horse, which he had been riding. Your horse happened not to be so well trained as his own, and instead of waiting for him, broke off for the main body. So the daring young fellow was left, alone and on foot, a half mile from his clansmen, who had not missed him, and were going ahead. Now was the time for Mexican valor! and the cowardly rascals charged upon this single man with most ferocious daring. He fought like a tiger, still holding on to the body of his brother, while he let fly his arrows and plied with quick thrusts his lance among them, and would probably have succeeded in driving them back, had not our Indian by this time loaded his pistol again, and shot him in the breast. He fell back with his brother's body upon him, and the war-whoop on his lips!"

"Well, but Colonel, according to your account, these two young Comanche knights were the only men killed. Where did these heroes get all their scalps from?"

"Oh, they are the scalps of the men we shot. The Mexicans, after the Indians were out of sight, saw one of their 'Buzzard Eagles' flying about a gully near the scene of the fight, and on examining it found four bodies covered up side by side in the dirt; they dragged them out and took off their scalps, hoisted them on the ends of their lances, and are parading them as part of their own trophies. They are going to tell their people at the Ranchos that they killed them, and such bragging lies as they will bluster out you

cannot conceive of. There never was a happier national emblem chosen before than they have selected. This Mexican Eagle* is a dirty cowardly creature, that feeds upon carcases, and will hardly attack a live rabbit-a perfect Buzzard! And there is such close affinity between their habits and the Mexican character, that I don't wonder at their hoisting a carrionbird upon their national standard. There is a fitness in the thing that is really beautiful! The Indians had stopped to hide their dead here, and this is the way it happened that these fellows stumbled upon them-very much to their own dismay, for when they left us they had not the slightest expectation of catching up with the Indians. They merely wished to make a sputter and have something to brag about to their women and children of what terrible things they would have done if they had only found the enemy. I am sorry these two young chiefs were killed in a fight with such dastardly knaves, for they were worthy of a better death. If we had killed them it would have been well enough; but to die by accident at the hands of an enemy they scorned too much to count, was a hard fate for brave men. I have fought with two parties commanded by these young warriors, and they were the most daring Comanches I ever saw. They have been following the Santa Fé boys that started from Austin several months ago, and I think they must have cut off several of their parties. Didn't you notice they had a number of articles of American clothing among them? They had shirts and waistcoats all put on the wrong way. The Tonquoway says one of those we killed had a cotton shirt tied by the sleeves around his waist. That expedition is doing badly, I haven't a doubt, for this whole party fought better, and showed less fear of our guns, than I have ever known them. I can only account for it on the ground that they have been successful while hanging about the skirts of that party in cutting off and killing a number of them, whom they have stripped; and this unusual success has overcome, to some degree, the wholesome terror of our guns we frontier marksmen had inspired them with. Why, I have known a single Texan to keep at bay fifty Comanches, by merely raising his rifle to his face every time they came too close.

It has been a point of tactics with them, I never knew a deviation from beforenever to risk the loss of a warrior by charging down upon a man armed with a rifle, until he has fired it off. A single individual has often escaped from large bodies of them by reserving his fire, threatening them with it whenever they ventured near enough for their arrows to take effect. They always wheel and dash back when a rifle they believe to be loaded is presented at them, and the man, if he is cool and collected, will keep them off until he reaches the timber, when the Comanches give it up as a bad job, for they never follow an armed man into the woods. They have an unconquerable horror of the brush. I'll give you an instance of this.

"About three years ago an old fellow, a regular backwoodsman, named Andrews, and myself, were skirting up the San Antonia, 'still hunting.' In this sort of a hunt, we go on foot, trusting entirely in our knowledge of their habits for discovering the deer, who come in from the prairies, regularly, about eleven o'clock, to drink. We saw a fine herd out on the prairie, who, from their regular gait, were evidently going to water. The course they were pursuing we saw would bring them within gun-shot of a 'mott' of timber about half a mile from us; to reach it, we had to cross this distance of open prairie. We accordingly started across, and about half-way a party of at least a hundred Comanches showed themselves; they had been concealed on the other side of the 'mott,' and as soon as we were far enough from the timber, they rushed at us. We stopped. They galloped around us in a circle of about two hundred yards at first, then closed up gradually until they got close enough to send their arrows at us. I fired. A warrior reeled in his saddle, and two others took him off. They instantly dashed out of reach of our bullets. Andrews reserved his fire, while I loaded. We kept retreating towards the timber we had left, and they closed round us again. This time Andrews fired, and as soon as he did it, they, thinking both of our charges were out, came upon us in a body, within twenty paces, at full speed; but they had made a slight mistake, and I gave them a blizzard that sent one of them to 'kingdom come.' We had a deep

gully to cross just before we reached the timber, and as we were both walking backwards, with our faces to the Indians, we did not perceive it until Andrews, whose gun was loaded, pitched backwards into it. I had barely time to get my powder down my rifle, when the Indians, seeing this, came yelling at me. I thought the game was up with me, but I stood firm, and fired my blank load at them. They wheeled back, as usual, and I jumped down the gully. I had one arrow sticking in my shoulder, when I picked myself up, and Andrews, who had by this time climbed the other side of the gully, shouted that they were off for good; and when I got on the top, I saw them going at full tilt, two hundred vards off. The crack of my rifle saved us that time, to a certainty. But their success with the Santa Fé boys has spoiled all such games as this now, and we shall have some hard fighting with them hereafter. I see by to-day's experience, as the old woman said about skinning her eels, that they are

getting 'used' to being shot!"

Here the Colonel was interrupted. The foremost of the stragglers from Rancho had by this time met our troops, and they were greeted by a prolonged, dolorous yell, that was taken up by one squad after another, until the mournful echoes swelled back in one general burst from what seemed to be the united voice of the whole population of all the Ranchos to-These semi-barbarous people express every character of sentiment in most uncouth exaggerations. It is impossible to conceive anything more unpleasantly sad and monotonous than this lengthened and simultaneous wail-quaver on quaver still higher, and mounting, from voices of every tone and pitch, of every sex and age, until the very heavens rang again with their wild moans, it was a strange scene, and, for the life of me, I could not help being impressed with the belief that it was all sincere. As we approached the Rancho of the old Dame, they came pouring out to meet us, of all ages and conditions, from the "blue, meagre Hag," with the shrill "piping treble," of her screech, to the "freckled whelp, Hag-born," with the richer ca-dence of its blubbering grief, tearing their long, coarse hair, and tossing their limbs into the most grotesque expression of sorrow for one minute, as they looked upon the dead and bleeding heroes, and in another, as the lance-bearers would wave before their eyes the gory and dripping scalps, bursting into an exulting shout, laughing like Bedlamites amid their tears. The scene was most ludicrously comic for one instant, then "pitiful! 'twas wondrous pitiful!" the next. The chivalrous warrior Mexicans themselves bore all with marvelous stoicism, only giving vent now and then to a grunted sob, but evidently striving most manfully to deport them with martial sternness, and awe the squalling children and women by their valorous endurance. They held their faces stiffly turned towards the horizon, their eyes set in savage abstraction, as if they were bent on looking down some

fierce foe from the clouds.

All this was entirely becoming gallant and ferocious warriors; and the women and children shuddered as they looked upon this savage abstraction, that seemed to say, "Oh that an enemy would show himself, that we might eat him!" But their outre and almost frantic demonstrations of passionate feeling actually inspired me with a comparative respect for these creatures. My sympathies were specially enlisted for the young man who had been wounded in the defence of his father, and who, regardless of it, still clung with such filial affection to the lifeless body. This seemed to me an exhibition of traits common to humanity, I was neither prepared for nor expected to see in the Mexican character. I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward this man. from the very novelty of the thing. A Mexican obeying the impulses sacred to manhood! It was a phenomenon not to be met with every day; and as I happened to possess some surgical knowledge, I determined to do all that I could to save the poor fellow; so I followed him to his hut. It was a part of the large Rancho of Madam Cavillo—a continution of the side of the square court, facing upon the San Antonia river—and was a sort of burrow dug into the face of the bank, that looked more like a large Dutch oven than anything else. We had crossed the river and climbed the hill, and his comrades were helping the exhausted man from his horse, when his wife, a slight, remarkably fair, and beautiful Mexican woman, came rushing out of her house, her long hair all disheveled, and shricking frantically, threw herself upon his bleeding neck, kissing his blue lips, and pouring out between each kiss such pathetic wails of passionate grief as I never heard before; and following in her wake, came all the "kith-and-kin," numerous enough

for a half-dozen generations, who tumbled themselves "en masse" upon the poor man, "shrieking their dolors forth," and kissing his feet, his fingers, and his clothes, with such unreckoning eagerness, that they were actually smothering what little life there was left out of the miserable wretch, when I ran in among them, and scattered right and left until I made a lane for him to be borne through. When we had succeeded in getting him into the house, all my efforts were unavailing in keeping out the crowd; and although the man had lost blood enough already to make a horse faint, they were jammed around him thick as they could press, every body questioning him about the fight, and he, while the blood gushed at every word, answering-game to the last-in Mexican exaggerations of the terrific deeds of his party and himself. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and even the national glory of "bragging" faded gradually into inarticulations upon his lips, as he sunk down. I now interfered in earnest, and drove out all the whining pack, and pinned down the "bull's-hide," that answered for a door, upon them.

The man had been laid upon his bed; and in returning to examine the insensible body, I stumbled upon a "sombrero" which was lying on the floor. I kicked the hat aside without thinking of it particularly, when, at the same moment, the Colonel lifted the "hide," and stepped in.

"Ah!" said he, "you think, I suppose, that this fellow's wife, who is making such a whinneying there, is the most afflicted and virtuous dame that can be conceived, don't you?"

"Yes-she seems to be in earnest with

her grief."

"Ha, ha! you've got a heap to learn yet about Mexican character! You see that man's hat there on the floor? Well, that belongs to a young Mexican, who had been in here with the wife of this 'spike-buck' that lies there nearly dead; and when they heard us coming, the scamp jumped up and hustled in such a hurry that he left his 'sombrero' behind, and this huzzy ran out to meet her husband, as if she were distracted with grief. You musn't take things as they seem to be with these Mexicans!"

"But, Colonel, I am going to do what I can to save this man, any how."

"Yes, yes! well enough! He did amazingly for a Mexican, in fighting for his father. He's not accountable for the

treachery of his wife." On examining his wounds, I found that one of the arteries of the neck had been severed by the lance; it was still bleeding very freely, and how to stop it was the question. An old shriveled woman, who had persisted in remaining, brought me some "bone-dust," and gabbled away in a long dissertation upon its curative powers and positive infallibility in such cases. As I had no instrument for taking up the artery, I saw at once that the only chance for saving the man was to hold my finger upon it steadily and patiently until a reunion of the parts had occurred; so driving the old woman and her "yarbs" aud "bone-dust" from the room, in spite of her obstreperous cries that I was going to murder the poor man, I stretched myself upon the bed beside him, and with my finger upon the bleeding orifice, determined to try what gentle and constant pressure would do toward supplying the deficiency of surgical instruments; and there I lay by that insensible body, fending off the obstreperous hypocrisy of his wife and friends with one hand, while the other was steadily pressed upon the stubborn wound. The extravagant howls of grief gradually, as the night advanced, died away, and all was heavy silence except the deep breathing of the wounded man, and an occasional interlude of "toowhit! toowhit! toowhoo!" from the gloomy woods on the opposite side of the river. This was a singular position of mine.

The low squalid hut was dimly lit by a lamp on the earth; on pallets of goatskins, strewed about the floor, lay the snoring relatives; while the wife, seated on a stool by the fire, was rocking herself to and fro, accompanying this now and then with sudden bursts of grief, that died off into a low monotonous wail, and then into silence again. So the long hours dragged on, while I, wearied, but sleepless, watched over this man's swoon. Toward day the bleeding was checked, and he showed some signs of life. I was gratified by this, but had to defend him stoutly from potions the women insisted upon cramming down his throat, that were no doubt equal to the cabalistic concoctions into which the " wart of toad and egg of newt" entered in a witch's caldron. I fought them off successfully, and after getting him quiet again I walked out into the open air, to stretch my limbs once more after the painful restraint of over twelve hours in one position. Day was just beginning to break, and heavy mists hung an almost impalpable curtain over everything—the peculiar stillness of that hour reminded me of those lines of Keats:

> "And obstinate silence Came heavily again," &c.

As I was in the act of stepping out from behind the hut, I saw indistinctly through the fog, two men splendidly mounted, standing near the great gate of the Rancho, and conversing with the old madam, in low, eager tones. They were dressed in dark cloaks, with pistols in front of them in holsters, and the "Toledo" swinging from their belts. They had a silver band around their "Sombreros," and the white gleam of the rich metal showed itself from various points of their

handsome outfit-from the handles of their stilettoes and heavy horseman's pistols, from the peak of their saddles, and their splendid bridle-bits. Altogether they were formidable and fine-looking men, and I felt no sort of disposition to interrupt their business with the old woman by showing myself, especially as I was unarmed. I drew myself back and kept perfectly quiet, endeavoring to catch as much of their talk as I could. It was but little I could gather, though it was sufficient to convince me that it was Agatone himself, (the colonel's great enemy,) and one of his lieutenants. In a few moments they wheeled and galloped off through the mist, while I went in to get my gun, and started hastily off for the colonel's Rancho, determined to advertise him as soon as possible of this ominous visit, which I foresaw must portend some farther bloody work.

THE ANCIENT TEAR,

A Lyrical Elegy, on the discovery of a Lachrymatory, containing a fluid found among some Roman sepulchral remains, calcined bones, and ashes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

LEAVE to their mother old—their first—
These bones, which are of Earth a part—
Leave earth to earth, and dust to dust;
But thou, Thought's offspring all that art—
Pure dewy diamond of the Heart!
Deep in that purple isle's abyss,
Ripened by Passion (as on earth
The diamond's dew by Phæbus' kiss),
Not of earth, earthy thy sweet birth,
Thou antique gem of priceless worth,
Pearl beyond all that regal rank
E'er wore, or Egypt's Empress drank.

Cerecloth, and lead, and coffin-stone,
Save but the mind's deciduous shell—
This faithful crystal makes our own
The feeling of a last farewell!
Embalms a mind—makes tangible
A grief!—soft-clothed in mystery,
Holds, liquified, a Roman's sigh!
Imprisons Thought!—while History
Records—this pure antiquity
Presents the suffering, its dumb tale,
Part of the sufferer's self, shows pale!

The eye in which this tear-drop hung— The mind from whose despair it sprung The wo itself—the heart it wrung—
That world which round the mourner rung—
How hath dire Time behind him flung
To Darkness, and that Darkness swallowed!
As that fierce Woman-Hunter black,
(Of Chaucer) who the lady followed,*
Left her ghost-beauty to his pack;—
As he to their relentless maws,
Time to that dark oblivion's.jaws,
That eye, that mind, that wo, that world
Of beautiful or foul, hath hurled!

Time hath o'ertaken, stormed, and shaken,
And thundered down a thousand thrones—
Wastes peopled—cities made forsaken,
Since fell this drop—since lived these bones.
Rome's self become a heap of stones,
By his long, terrible dumb thunder,
(In soundless siege incessant hurled)
Stricken!—a resurrection world
Upsprung to burst her bonds asunder;
Earth's myriads passed to heaven or hell;
Whole North and South in terrible
Death-battle closed, since this tear fell!

That old world (Rome, and Rome's great prison,) Gone-her mere ruins hard to find; A new "Eternal City" risen 'Midst the fierce-hearted sea confined, Wildt island-aliens of mankind; Columbia, risen to power to be The home of Freedom and the Free; Altered humanity's whole form! Two thousand years of dark and storm-The moral world to its foundation Shaken!-yet, brilliant as when warm, Lo! the Soul's delicate creation! Mysterious essence of pure feeling, Grief's evanescent yet unvanished Dew, saved beneath this vault's thin ceiling, (Like Heaven's own, when hot Day has banished Morn-still in some lone wild-flower's bell-Pure, radiant, as when first it fell). Stern Ruin o'er that ceiling's top Raging on ruins, without stop, Yet sparing this poor passion-drop!

Deep tragedy in little volume, Here is Death's heathen ritual read; The "vale, vale, vale's!" solemn, Last valediction sobbed or said;

^{*} The tale of Theodore and Honoria, taken from Boccaccio, represents a scornful beauty chased, after death, by one who died for love of her—the lady always flying before through the dingled woods, half-disrobed, and with streaming tresses; the dark hunter continually pursuing with his black hounds, that overtake, and pull her to the ground; but when half-devoured, she rises up again in her full form, and begins to flee, to be again chased by her revengeful lover on his coal-black steed, pulled down by him, and given to his fierce dogs.

^{† &}quot; Divisos orbe Britannos."-HORACE.

The nearest, dearest to the dead,
Who shuddering fires the funeral pyre
With trembling hand, averted head;
The white bones purified by fire,
And washed with milk, in snowy fold
Of finest linen lapped, to rest,
Embosomed on the bosom cold,
As infant on a mother's breast;
All heathen though they be, rise holy
To backward-gazing melancholy.

Nor Pity stays to question, whose These funeral tears-for whom they fell; Sacred to Virtue and the Muse, Whatever with that grief might dwell In that heart's long since ruined cell! Pure, solemn, sacred Grief! thou art Thine own meek ashes to man's heart! A heart no other passport needs To Pity's own, than that it bleeds. And thou, poor mourner! nameless one! Whose all, name, memory, dust, are gone All-all, save this eternized tear, That, twinkling like a tomb-lamp here, Above these bones, thine own forgot !-If sin was thine—the common lot-Sinless, at least, when this was shed, "Pity shall wind thy corse," O Dead! Wind in pathetic dream! Yea, Hope The Resurrection-Eden ope, And guide thy blindfold spirit right Through darkness of thy heathen night!

SCOTCH SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY AND CRITICISM.

BEFORE entering upon the main subject—the philosophers and critics, or rather the philosophical critics, and the critical philosophers, of the "Scotch school"—it may be convenient to say a word respecting the history and import of the term School as a sectarian or sectional designation.

In ancient as in modern times, and wherever reason has enjoyed a certain degree of unrestricted development, there have naturally, indeed necessarily, arisen differences of opinion upon most of the great subjects of human action and speculation. Differences of this nature, however, seem to have required the concurrence of two conditions to deepen them into distinct organizations; namely, great importance, real or imaginary, in the particular science, and a deficiency of entireness, or of evidence, which left ground for intelligent doubt or impunity to con-

tentious disputation. The subjects, accordingly, in which these divisions have most prevailed, are observed to be, among the ancients, philosophy, in their own comprehensive sense of the word; with their successors, theories of government, of jurisprudence, medical and juridical, and of theology, which, as some old divine contends, is a species of jurisprudence—the jurisprudence (we suppose) of paradise. To these peculiarities of doctrine, originated commonly by an individual who thence received the name and the authority of "founder," and taught as a distinct system, has been given the denomination of Schools.

The term in this sense was manifestly more appropriate, in point of effect as well as of etymology, to the ancient sects than to the modern. The ancient were based upon something positive (such as that something or quiddity often was):

and, in general, confined themselves to teaching their peculiar tenets to all who chose to attend to them; the modern, many of them, have rested upon a negative basis, and been much more industrious to prevent the tenets of others than even to propagate their own. In tendency, the former were constitutive, the latter destructive. In method, the one (to speak technically,) was synthetic, the other analytic. But a system or creed of the latter character, we are assured by history as well as principle, is one of the least fitted to attach to it many or ardent followers; nor is it greatly to be commended, perhaps, upon more essential grounds. Here then, is the leading cause of the disuse into which the term School in the acceptation in question, has been falling gradually in modern times; as well as of the decline, in fact, of those doctrinal associations based upon unanimity of real conviction, and bound together by rational deference to intellectual authority, which were denoted by the name. One still hears, now and anon, of the Cartesian and the Baconian "Schools" of philosophy; but it is only to contradistinguish the innovations of these modern reformers from the ancient systems which they in part supplanted; not that the philosophies of Bacon and Des Cartes are held as integral bodies of doctrine, or have many disciples, at once ardent and intelligent, at the present day. The latter, whose genius, predominantly synthetical -alone perhaps in modern Europe erected a "School" to resemble those of antiquity-is now, indeed, but a name; although we should be surprised if he, like others, has not a philosophical revival, as soon as the nature and true method of the moral sciences come to be at all as well understood as are those of the physical. Bacon has still some professed followers persons, chiefly, who perhaps never read the Novum Organum-because his method of inquiry is more in the negative or analytic spirit of the era. And here, in fine -in the unequal success of these two equally able system-founders, as well as the growing neglect even of the more popular of the two-we have a double demonstration of the agency above ascribed to the negative tendency of modern philosophy, in producing the decline of what have been called Schools, or their degeneration into sects, parties, and that still more homeopathic division of " cliques."

It is not the present purpose to censure

this tendency, nor go into the trite question of preference between the analytic and the synthetic methods of philosophizing -which may be regarded as the symbols, severally, of that tendency and its opposite. Upon this matter we should be of the opinion of Archbishop Whately and others, that neither is to be preferred to the entire exclusion of the other: that they are not competitive, but concurrent, instruments of knowledge. We cannot, however, omit a passing protest against the blind cant of the day upon this sub-"We have now no schools of philosophy or science," says some living example of the "march of intellect," because we own no "masters," admit no "dictation;" because it is an age of "free inquiry," when reason has dethroned authority, and every man forms his own opinions, not receives them, as formerly, upon the ipse dixit of another, &c., &c. On the contrary, for our part, we are almost ready to affirm that there was more originality of thought and independence of opinion, as of cordial, living conviction, in the very midnight of the middle ages. But what is still more discreditably distinctive of the present age, is, that it refuses to do what is really in the power of the generality-it does not adopt opinions; or if it do, it lacks integrity of purpose or vigor of faith enough to adhere to The saying, "What's every one's business is no one's," applies to this universality of opinion-forming. Have these people ever been told-for such could not have reflected-what it is to form an opinion-what a multitude of principles and considerations go to compose even the slightest upon which they act in their ordinary affairs? It is with opinion on this subject, as often with religion, where most pretended, least practised. In this matter the multitude are, in truth, what they always have been, as some one has irreverently expressed it, "like dogs in a village; if one bark, all bark without knowing why." But this observation has been so forcibly, and, what is rarer still, so frankly asserted by a thinking writer on "The American Drama," in a late number of this Review, that we take the liberty of bringing him to our support, in a position perhaps equally paradoxical and unpopu-

"This general opinion is the most equivocal thing in the world. It is never self-formed. It has very seldom indeed an original development. In regard to the work of an already famous or infamous author, it decides, to be sure, with a laudable promptitude; making up all the mind that it has, by reference to the reception of the author's immediately previous publication;—making up thus the ghost of a mind pro tem—a species of critical shadow that fully answers, nevertheless, all the purposes of a substance, until the substance itself shall be forthcoming. But, beyond this point, the general opinion can be considered that of the public, only as a man may call a book

his, having bought it, &c."

But we are not moralizing upon the age. We have simply desired, in developing its analytic tendencies, to signalize, upon a broad scale, what we deem the leading characteristic, in its excess as in its excellence, of the class of writers known as the Scotch School. Whether this be a quality alike exceptionable in both the cases, or at all in either, will, however, probably appear from the following survey of a few of the most synthetical or systematic of the writers in question. To say the Scotch School is to say the Scotch intellect. This people seems to have carried its proverbial clannishness into the abstractions of mindeven the analytic and dispersive mind we have just assigned them. One, then, would serve for a type of the whole na-

To begin with Adam Smith-ab Jove principium. Confessedly, the Wealth of Nations is without unity of plan; it evinces remarkably little even of that casual arrangement which results from a connection of kindred between the details of the same subject. Of this, as in fact of every other Scotch book that we can at this moment call to mind, the criticism might be summed up in the simple formula: want of creativeness-want of constructiveness. It would not be unfair to describe the work in question, a collection of disquisitions upon the principal topics of an unexplored science; sometimes but remotely, if at all, connected with each other; poured forth as they may be supposed to have fallen under the occasional investigations of the author-highly important all of them, and able as important, and graced by a style of peculiar animation and perspi-cuity. But not having been selected with much reference to logical method, or disposed in subjection to any definite plan, they must be regarded as standing nearly upon their isolated merits, and are

to be valued rather as having furnished, the first, a rich storehouse of materials, not merely quarried, but also cut to the hand of succeeding architects, than as presenting themselves anything like either a complete or a symmetrical structure of politico-economical science. Smith's book, indeed, looks as if it were a mere register of his researches, which he was yet to dispose into form; nor is there any apparent preparation whatever for the "public," except the language and illustration, in which it is accurate and abundant.

Yet the "Wealth of Nations"-aside from the preëminent importance of its matter-is after all what the ladies call "delightful" reading. Yes; and the reason of this is well worth exploring for its own sake. But it will also, we think, prove the quality noted to be like those agreeable defects, by which the ladies themselves are said sometimes to captivate, and must redound rather to the condemnation than the credit of a book like this-scientific in character and didactic in purpose. The thing happens in this wise. The reader is without preamble introduced to the most diminutive process of mechanical art-pin-making. He is led through the minute analysis of its unexpected complexity. He knows at no step of his progress whither or to what the next may bear him-conscious of motion, but ignorant of direction as well as of destination. But he is not, we may be sure, on this account the less, but much the more, delighted, on beholding the principle of the Division of Labor unfolding its multifarious branches from a source so despicable; like the umbrageous oak from an acorn, like the eartho'ercanopying vine from the cumminsized seed of the parable. His bewilderment has a charm which a knowledge of the principles that govern the operation would have impaired or prevented-as a walk, when we know not and care not whither, is, for this very reason, called a walk of pleasure. Such is the state of excited curiosity, which scarcely at all remits in the perusal of the book in question; such is the character of the analytic method of instruction; such, (and this will probably be startling to some of our readers,) such is the principle, likewise, of

epic and dramatic poetry.

Accordingly, if to please were the object, and not principally to instruct; if Dr. Smith were writing an epic poem or a novel, where the reader, led through

a winding path of agreeable amazement, was to be astonished by the final eduction of "great things from small"-the rise or fall of states and dynasties, from the pique of some goddess, still woman enough to be whimsically cruel, or the no less capricious resentment of a love-mad barbarian-in such case, he would have been quite right in his exclusive adoption of the analytic method of exposition; and would, indeed, have been signally commendable for the dramatic skill evinced in the management of this pinmaking plot; for no epical artisan could, with Aristotle himself at his elbow, have drawn the curtain more cunningly over the future—have more artfully avoided any disclosure that might anticipate the catastrophe-than our philosopher eludes all reference to the principles of the phenomena he is unfolding. But the consideration of pleasure should here, of course, be incomparably subordinate. The object of the dramatic writer is to defer explanation as long as possible, consistently with sustaining the interest of the audience or reader; that of the didactic, on the contrary, to explain as early as possible, consistently with the full and fundamental intelligence of the learner. And if the author of the Wealth of Nations has interchanged these purposes-"doing those things which he ought not to have done, and leaving undone those things he ought to have done"-we do not impute to him the meritricious merit of having had such a design (which would have been in him but a demerit the more, as the fact is a defect in his book); we only account it an effect of the mental constitution of his countrymen, which the great genius of Smith was insufficient to overcome, and an evidence of what may be expected from the exclusive employment of the analytic process, to which the Scotch writers, in all sorts of composition, seem to be universally addicted.

Some of our readers may smile, or stare, (according to the proportions of conceit,) incredulously, at the intimation of a resemblance between an epic poem or a play, and a problem in algebra or an experiment in chemistry. Yet it is a fact that both the processes are conducted in the same way: and the latter is not less delightful to the cultivated curiosity of the scientific mind, than our dramatic contrivances to the popular feelings. It is, that analysis, which is the mode of procedure in both, is, in fact, the primitool. II.—NO. IV.

tive, the purely natural mode of gaining our knowledge, and therefore the most pleasing. And here, by the way, is the principle of pleasure in all the æsthetical arts. It is nature that we love in them, however deep or disguised. Their effect is to retrace to us vividly the experiences of early and unsophisticated youth; their triumph to transport us back to that real paradise of innocence, hope, love, poetry, from which it is literally but too true that we have "fallen by knowledge." What is the object of the science of Perspective, for example—the principal instrument of more than one of the Arts? Simply, to teach (or rather, unteach) us to see external objects with the eyes of our infancy. Even in poetry-the least natural, perhaps, of the fine arts-the figurative language which is one of its most efficient resources, what is it but a recurrence to the crude expedients of the savage, contrived to supply the poverty of his vocabulary by the extravagance of his imagination? So that, it appears, the highest refinements of our boasted civilization are no more than the faithful rehearsals of the imperfections of what we call the "barbarous" ages, whether of the race or the individual! So true is it that nature alone is the veritable civilization; that it is nature that lends their interest to all our contrivances, whether addressed to the sympathies or the understanding of our fellow-men. It is this benign mother who has strewn a charm alike over the ways to true pleasure and to true knowledge-which, rightly pursued, would be found the same. And hence (to close this short, for a sentimental, digression) the well-known maxim of Horace,

Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapere,", &c.

differs but in object, not at all in operation, from the not less celebrated axiom of Lord Bacon.

It is not denied that the analytic method is always the principal—as it has been observed to be, originally and naturally, the only—mode of discovering knowledge. But to impart, and even to extend it with attainable dispatch and efficiency the synthetic must be brought, and brought early, to its aid. By this combination you give the learner (in the happy illustration of Bossuet) a hold of both ends of the chain of science; whereby he is enabled, even with shut eyes and by merely feeling along the intermediate

links, to trace through, of himself, the connection between principles and facts, particulars and universals, theory and

practice.

Having here presented Adam Smith in merely the particular aspect which suited the present purpose, and which happens to be (in our opinion) his "weak side," we might leave an unjust impression respecting the merits of our author or the intelligence and candor of his critic, were we to quit the subject without alluding also to the peculiar excellences of one of the most eminent writers, and one of the most original books, of the eighteenth

century. A principal characteristic of Smith, was his strong sense and an utter absence, together with a visible abhorrence, of the charlatanism and clap-trap of authorship. He went direct to the heart of the subject; he seized it with a grasp of equal nerve and skill; and, if only he brought it into a meridian light, seemed careless with what grace it was presented, or what effect he produced. Another traita moral one-was, the boldness, seemingly unconscious, of his sweeping attacks upon those time-honored institutions'and customs which failed to ring upon his touchstone of truth, the "cui bono"attacks the more effective from thus being, or appearing incidental, not "set ones, like those of Voltaire and the other "destructives" of that day and School. Smith has never the air of attacking merely for the sake of giving offence. If he wounds, it is, you feel, with the friendly knife of the physician, not the treacherous dagger of the assassin or the petulant sword of the prize-fighter. His indignation is at the prejudice not at the person. Nor does the sentiment appear to be indignation so much as contempt; nor even contempt so much as a philosophic commiseration. He does not go out of his way to demolish; he only dashes aside the rubbish or other obstacle that interfered with the foundation he was laying-a course which tends to suggest the reflection, what must not be the might and the magnanimity of an intellect which does not deign a special or serious refutation to opinions that have, for ages, engaged the obedience and awed the reason of even the civilized world! A heart both bold and benevolent; an understanding discursive yet practical, vigorous by nature and unsophisticated by culture; the taste of the man of the world with the temper and wisdom of the sage; and lastly, an eloquence not unworthy of so rare a combination—energetic without vulgarity, affluent without redundance—these are the lineaments which mark our respected image of Adam Smith; these are qualities which, however we may disagree with many of his deductions, ensure the fortune, almost peculiar, of at once a popular and philosopical immortality to the Wealth of Nations.

Having dwelt so long upon Smith, whom we have taken to be the most favorable exponent of the analytic manner or genius and the (perhaps) consequent synthetic incapacity or indisposition of the Scotch School of writers, we shall dismiss the others who have written upon general philosophy with a few cursory remarks, and hasten to Dr. Campbell, who seems to occupy the corresponding position in the domain of Criticism—criticism which is the same analysis applied to Literature and the Arts.

The lack just alluded to of constructive power-or, as they express it themselves, "a prudent aversion from system-making"-is, no less than the analytic talent, conspicuous in the productions, whatever the subject, of the whole tribe: it is indeed, a consequence in some degree, of the national character. To construct a system (good or bad) invention is indispensable. Invention, when she would soar beyond Contrivance, (which is her fluttering,) must take the wings of enthusiasm. But (fanaticism aside) who ever heard of a Scotchman, an honest, we mean a disinterested, enthusiast; without which quality, of course, he is not an enthusiast, but a knave. Facts, not principles, are what the Scotch intellect likes best and is best qualified to work in; practical and speedy results what it loves Its character of coolness, to pursue. calculation-engendered, perhaps, among other causes, by a northern climate and an ungenerous soil-peculiarly fits it for the observing and the investigating processes. Hence, the excellence of the Scotch as Statists. Hence, their disposition to essay-writing and criticism. our remarks upon Adam Smith, it was noted that even the "Wealth of Nations" was but a collection of essays linked to one another by scarce any more unity than that of subject. The same may be said of his "Theory of the Moral Sentiments," which has little of theory, except the title. The next in pretension, as far as we now recollect, is the maiden production of Hume, called "The System of Nature." But this bad book has not

much of the nature of system. In short, all their writers, from the highest to the lowest, (denominated and dignified by whatever other titles,) are essentially essayists and critics; nothing more. The shrewd, sagacious Reed, the father of their philosophy, was but the critic of Locke. The desultory and more imaginative Beattie wrote whole volumes of essays, "good, bad and indifferent;" or more precisely in Martial's description of his own epigrams-Sunt bona, sunt quadam mediocria, sunt mala plura. Stewart himself-the clear, classic, comprehensive Stewart-was but the Addison of philosophic criticism. The sage and searching Hume, in soaring above his valuable "Essays," betook him to history, a subject which calls quite as little for invention, and which he, moreover, began, it is known, in sections, or in the The clever, though shape of essays. rather crabbed and conceited, Kaims, has given us clusters of critiques and essays, which he dignifies, however, with the titles of "Theory and History," the " Elements of Criticism," the "History of Human Nature;" though it may be questioned whether he commends his knowledge, either of human nature or sound criticism, (amongst other things,) by the preference he assigns to some of the eccentric buffooneries of Shakspeare over the fine, frenzied consistency of the Phadre of Racine. What are the Lectures of Brown—that subtlest of those proverbs of subtlety, the Scotch metaphysiciansbut the essays of a Professor, their elaborate redundancy of phrase and explication, ever on the strain to "fix" the volatile essence of his painfully refined analysis, and ever missing it without the clumsy contrivance of his frequent italization. In fine, the first purely critical Review, in Europe, was of Scotch origination. And then it would be endless to enumerate the catalogue of its essayists, &c., from Jeffrey down to Macaulay and Brougham :- for Brougham, though " not a Pict," (as Byron owned so candidly,) "but a Borderer," is yet, in intellect as in education, in his defects and his qualities, moral and mental, the thorough Scotchman. But we hasten to Dr. Campbell, the representative of the critical species.

And here we again find the essayist, muffled in the stole of the philosopher. But we also recognize the same acuteness of distinction and scientific vigor of investigation, which, in a subject, vulgarly considered, so rhapsodical as Rhet-

oric, is perhaps a merit to excuse, if it may not justify, the ambitious title of a "Philosophy." At the same time, it must be observed that criticism is not always the more solid for being "scientific;" it is often the less so. In matters of taste the heart should be heard as well as the head. Nor must this opinion of the Philosophy of Rhetoric be supposed to proceed merely from its affectation of laying down a system of "Canons;" which are, in our opinion, the least scientific and creditable feature of the performance. Throughout, criticism is, with Campbell, an operation purely intellectual. It is to the same omission, wherewith we had to charge his countrymen of the philosophic description, of the synthetic method, but which we shall call in the subject of criticism (if only for distinction's sake), the sympathetic-it is to the neglect of this coordinate element of inquiry that we trace the radical error of his theory; and must ascribe the sketchy and somewhat superficial character of the performance. This will, we trust, be evident before we conclude. It would not be difficult, while it would be shorter, to prove it from his "Canons." But, besides that it is surer, in general, to try men by their practices than their precepts, the course has in this case the peculiar fortune of being more favorable to the arraigned-a consideration, of which common sense concurs (for once) with the common law to entitle him to the benefit.

The digressive disquisitions so frequent in the "Philosophy of Rhetoric," will not only the best present the points in question, but also exhibit the uncommon penetration of the author into the nature of men and the modes of affecting them, as well as a perfect acquaintance with the established principles of taste. Accordingly these episodes, though blemishes to the eye of method, are most interesting, perhaps the most instructive portions of the book. One deduction (which, however, is a fault of style or manner) must be made from their positive merits regarded as essays. They are generally introduced-so unlike Smith-with lengthy preamble and conducted throughout with a prolixity little less tedious. The writer gives you the impression of his attaching exorbitant value to his speculations. The slightest triumph over a fellow-laborer-and Campbell never, willingly, misses even the slightest-is ushered in (so to speak,) with a flourish of trumpets; and tritest truisms are often uttered with the "pomp and circumstance" and solemnity of a discoverer. In short-for a production scarce better as to the whole than a distorted abridgment of Quinctilian with the flowing robe of the Roman clipped, besides, to a kilt—there appears to us throughout the book an air of pedantic self-complacency, a tone of what the French term "trop d' emphase." You will say, this is a pretty liberal "deduction" of ours. Yes; but it leaves undiminished the qualities accorded to the author—the qualities, namely, resultant from the analytic faculty; while it marks, in pursuance of our general design, the defects inevitably consequent upon the exclusive

employment of the faculty.

Of the dissertations in question the most remarkable (if memory serves us well, and we ask indulgence to a memory of some years old) are the following:-"On Wit and Laughter;" which, however, does little but repeat Shaftesbury and Locke. On the Nature of Signs, or artificial language, which is ingenious and excellent, but scarce more original than the preceding. In his remarks under the latter head upon axioms, Campbell does not indeed follow his illustrious predecessor so closely as usual. He seems to have misunderstood him. And this surmise may perhaps, be extended to the kindred subject of logic. For though he would, in this matter, have erred, we think, with Mr. Locke,-which might indeed in the spirit of Cicero's " malo errare cum Platone," &c., be deemed an extenuation; he has, it seems to us, erred much farther without him. For that Locke, in his indignation against the abuses of the scholastic logicians, had, in fact, mistaken the true province and use of the science itself, as conceived and taught by its great founder, is now generally agreed. But Campbell, with the rest of the Scotch school; far from observing the error or moderating the excusable zeal of a discoverer, outstrips the master-if in nothing else-in not merely misapprehension of the "Aristotelian logic," but also intolerant and unmeasured invective against its adherents. The misapprehension might be pardoned in them; the syllogism being in fact the formula of the sympathetic method, for which this paper asserts the Scotch to be incapacitated constitutionally: the abuse is more easily accounted for than excused. We are pleased to have observed the Edinburgh Review—a loyal exponent of Scotch sentiment-venturing to reprove, in a recent number this now nearly obsolete fanaticism, and veering round to the Aristotelian Logic, properly understood. A result to which the clear, succinct and masterly vindication of it by Archbishop Whately, with the wholesome chastisement administered by the still sturdier champions of the Westminster Review, must have greatly contributed.

But there are two of these topics of the "Philosophy of Rhetoric" which demand an especial consideration—Theatric Sympathy and Versification. Here may best be tested the Scotch theory of criticism. The inquiry is, Whether (according to Campbell and Jeffrey, the legislator and executive of the critical code in question) the refinements of taste are, even in their most exquisite manifestations, to be submitted to the rigor of rules; the instincts of sympathy to be set aside by the results of analysis? The affirmative is of course assumed and applied by Campbell in the discussions which we proceed to examine. With this examination we intend to close. And as it is a subject less hacknied by magazine metaphysicians than most of its kind, and may be quite new to many of our readers, as well as because it involves the issue upon which we have rested our objection to the Scotch philosophical and critical method for these reasons, we expect for it a fresh effort of close and patient attention.

On the subject of theatrical sympathy, or the principle of that pity which is felt for fictitious suffering, Dr. Campbell begins with a refutation (no hard task) of the theories severally of Fontenelle and Du Bos; and ends, we may observe, much after a fashion of his, with substituting nothing of his own-for this would require invention. With regard to the mixture of pain and pleasure which seems to be a characteristic of this scenic wo, he remarks that "From a group of passions associated together and having the same object, some of which are pleasant, some painful, but the former predominate, there ariseth a greater and more durable pleasure to the mind than would result from the pleasant ones if alone and unmixed." How this comes to pass he despairs of human sagacity to explain. Now, if, instead of peering into the fact with the mole-eye of analysis, he had betaken him for a moment to the synthetic principle of collating it with other facts of a kindred nature, an explanation would not, we opine, have appeared so hope-

In the first place Campbell concedes

himself the main position of Du Bos; which is sound, unquestionably, namely; That the mind is painfully averse to listlessness and languor, as is evinced in the thousand sorts of amusement and diversion which it devises: that, on the other hand, emotion and activity of what kind soever are as such its delight. Next, we know from common experience that, although any passion or "group of pas-sions" will serve to excite the mind, neither one nor the other can sustain the excitement indefinitely. Uniformity, whether of similarity, or succession, or association between our sensations, or rather impressions, tends by nature to destroy gradually their capacity to excite, or to stimulate at all. This is a remark of popular triteness in the matter of pleasure. The principle is not less true in regard to pain; though somewhat less evident, for obvious reasons. We commonly say habit reconciles men to the hardest conditions. It is not that the causes have ceased to operate as at first, but that they have ceased (through the intervention of counteracting causes) to produce their original effects. So strong is this tendency to which we give the name of habit, that long-continued punishment, may ultimately lose its effi-cacy of torture, coming to be a kind of "second nature"-unless constantly reinforced by contrast with sources of pleasure in view, but unattainable. Accordingly, the heathens, who were well versed in the metaphysics of pain, placed Their Hades contiguous to Elysium; in order, doubtless, that the miseries of the wicked might be perfected and perpetuated by the constant visitation of its delicious airs,

"Which, fanning their odoriferous wings,

Native perfumes, and whisper whence they

The balmy spoils."

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Having borrowed an illustration from a poet, the authority of another may be added—who would have the traitor of his country doomed,

"To dwell Full in the sight of Paradise, Beholding heaven and feeling hell."

So, too, in the way of reconcilement by habit, our own country, now considered quite a favored region of the world, was once a place of transportation for English criminals, and Botany Bay will soon, apparently, be a very eligible place of residence.

It follows from our statement, that mo-

notony of impression is essentially equivalent to absence of sensation; which, by the way, was the principle resorted to, to explain our unconsciousness of the alleged "music of the spheres;"-that variety or novelty in the sensations is a necessary condition of excitement, and that the more marked the variety, the more violent the transition, the more vivid will be the resulting emotion. Now the question which posed Campbell, it will be remembered, is this-Why, from a mixture of painful and pleasurable emotions, the latter predominating, a greater and more durable pleasure proceeds, than would result from the pleasant ones by themselves and without any alloy of pain? The preceding observations have, we trust, placed the Doctor's difficulty within the competency of our plainest reader. It has been seen that the maximum of mental excitement is produced by the contrast of pleasure and pain; and that the emotion may be obtained indefinitely by the conflict and interchange of these antagonistic principles. But excitement, as above remarked, is of itself agreeable; and, moreover, the pleasant emotions, being in the present case, according to the hypothesis, predominant, the overplus of pleasure, by a well-known law, gives its character to the whole mental phenomenon. Whereas, if we suppose the pleasurable ones unmixed, they want the generic variety which stimulates strongly, and thus speedily languish; as already explained. To conclude in mathematical language, it is the difference, not the sum of our pleasures and pains that determines what we call

our happiness or our misery, respectively.

Now, to the article of "Versification." The point in question turns upon the character and effect of the Alexandrine Having subjected it to his measure. crucible of analysis, Dr. Campbell falls upon Pope who was the advocate, as he is the best example, though not the author, of the innovation; treating him with that contentious rigor which marks indeed the temperament, as much as the method, of the Scotch race of Critics-in whom a craniologist would not fail to find a "large development" of "Causation" and "Combativeness." The objection to Pope's theory of the "Alexandrine" had, however, been raised before our author, by Dr. Johnson; a critic whose ear was still farther, perhaps, from the delicacy of an "Eolian." It is easy to allow with what unaffected diffidence we must dissent upon a question so nice, from critics so accomplished. But, with Pope himself on our side, we are not without heart and hope to vindicate the most perfect, as polished, of versifiers from objections originating in the erroneous system of criticism which we are (it is hoped not unsuccessfully) combating.

The Doctors, both, charge Pope with error and inconsistency:—Error, in supposing that, in English, of metrical lines unequal in the number of syllables and pronounced in equal times, the longer suggests celerity (this being the principle of the Alexandrine); Inconsistency, in that Pope himself uses the same contrivance to convey the contrary idea of slowness.

But why, in English? It is not, and cannot be, disputed that, in the hexameter verse of the Greeks and Latins,which is the model in this matter-what is distinguished as the "dactylic line," was uniformly applied to express velocity. How was it to do so? Simply from the fact of being pronounced in an equal time with, while containing a greater number of syllables or "bars" than, the ordinary or average measure; as, on the other hand, the "spondaic line," composed of the minimum number, was, upon the same principle, used to indicate slowness. So too of the Alexandrine in English versification. No, says Campbell, there is a difference: the Alexandrine is not in fact, like the dactylic line, pronounced in the common time. does this alter the principle? What is the rationale of Metre, whether the classical hexameter or the English heroic?

Its sensations and their intervals are the mind's sole measure of time. Without the intervals, which may be considered a sort of negative sensations, the sensations proper or positive could never (with submission to Locke) give us an adequate, if any, notion at all of du-Were the latter alone to be registered by the memory, our whole experience would, it is probable, be amalgamated into a simple act of consciousness, wherein the occasional variety among particular feelings would appear to be a diversity of qualities, not a diversity of individual sensations, and this would, of course, convey no intimation of succession.

These Intervals—as we have called them, for want of a specific term—are susceptible of degrees, things of more and less. Sensations are not—we are speaking of duration, not intensity

What we frequently consider simple sensations, are in fact rather clusters of sensations, separated by but inappreciable intervals; and may each comprise millions of mental acts. There was no exaggeration in the saying of the preacher, Facilius atomos dinumerare possem quam motus cordis. A Sensation, is in the strictest sense, instantaneous. These intervals or quiescent states of the mind then are to its sensations what space is to the physical objects, through which alone we are enabled to measure it. The intervals constitute the matter of duration; sensations are a species of counters by which we compute, as well as

conceive, it. But sensations, at least for the objects of this discussion, may be considered acts of the mind. It also seems to us that the idea of motion, if not abstractly the same, is inseparable from that of action, and consequently sensation. Indeed St. Bernard above designates sensations directly by the term motion-morus cordis. Succession of feelings, Motion of body, (which also is a succession of relative positions,) these are therefore things convertible. It is to be observed, however, that this relation is limited, like its terms themselves, and everything in nature, by the imperfection of When our sensations our faculties. loiter, within certain limits, we feel it to be repose; when the flux is rapid beyond a certain degree, it seems to solidify into unity. So, in the external world, the undoubted motion of the sun or planets is not perceived because of its relative slowness; nor, on the other hand, that of a spinning-top, which is said by the boys to "sleep," because of its very celerity. But what this degree? where those limits? are ultimate facts of our nature, and vary with individual organization. Hence we see, by the way, how analysis rests itself upon feeling; and thence the absurdity of its attempting to super-

sede it.

The principles thus unfolded, we now proceed to the application.

Now, the dactylic line, containing a greater number of syllables than the ordinary hexameter, requires a proportionably greater number of mental acts or efforts to pronounce it, and also requires that these acts be done within the regular, that is to say, in an equal, time. Hence its capacity of expressing rapid motion. But why should not the same conditions, we repeat it, produce the like effects in the case of the Alexandrine? Because,

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reasserts Dr. Campbell-for it is only assertion that he opposes to the united authorities of Dryden, Pope and experience -because the disproportion between the Alexandrine and the English heroic time is greater than that between the dactylic and the common hexameter line. Now, syllabically at least, the fact is very de-cidedly the reverse. The disparity in the latter may mount to four syllables: in the former, it cannot exceed two. But as the principles of measurement in the ancient and the English prosodies are different-quantity in the one and accentuation in the other-it would not be fair to insist upon this point. In truth, the question does not turn upon the number of the syllables, but rather of the acts or motions of the mind; and though it be admitted that the "Alexandrine" is not, in fact, as Campbell objects, like the "dactylic" line, pronounced in the common time, it is by no means a consequence that the mind has not made the effort. And if it has, the argument is à fortiori in favor of the Alexandrine. The mind will naturally proportion its exertion to the work which it has, and hopes, to compass in the given time; nor will the efforts made have been any fewer for the final failure. A person having to travel unequal distances in equal times, and applying, of course, greater expedition to perform the greater journey, will not thence infer, should he fail, that it is the rate that was slower—he is conscious it was quicker but only that the rout was longer. So likewise in the case before us; the rapidity of the mind's motion is to be estimated by what has been mentally essayed, not what has been physically accomplished.

It may be here interposed that we conceive the difference between Campbell and Pope, after all, to turn much upon the opposite points of view from which they seem to have regarded the matter-(one of the most prolific sources, by the by, of diversity of opinion.) To recur to our illustration, Pope contemplated only the accelerated efforts of the traveler on the longer rout: Campbell only the quantity of space to be traveled. The attention of the one was engrossed by the quickened succession of sensations or mental acts which the mind experiences in its efforts to compress the "Alexandrine" within the common time; expecting, of course, a concord, the reader strains to produce it, and thus accelerates the mind's action, which is the measure or (as above explained) a convertible expression for this imaginary or ideal motion. Campbell, considering but the dismaying length of the line, prepares himself for a discord, and thus prevents the illusion.

There remains but a farther question, which is this: Whether the mind does in fact make the endeavor attributed to it to produce a concord? But this we must leave each reader to determine for himself, as analysis can go no farther; and if there should be any who have never "hummed a tune or had an ear," we would refer them to the authority of some musical neighbor. Nor can it be retorted, that if the "Alexandrine" have the effect contended for, a line (for example) of twice the length ought therefore to have double the effect. In our exposition of the principles of the question, it was shown that the production of this effect had certain limits, however unable we may have found ourselves to define them. It is certain that a man can walk twenty miles in a day: it is equally certain he cannot walk two hundred. Can you fix the limit beyond which he cannot move an inch? With regard to our subject, the utmost to be said is this: So long as, by the joint diversions resulting from the effort and the expectation to produce a unison, the attention can be kept upon the general conformity of the line with the metrical standard, the illusion will last, the effect will follow. But should the disparity be carried beyond a certain degree—as, for instance, in the fourteen-syllable line of Dryden-then the eye or the ear is awakened to the difference—the mind passes from the equality to the excess—the spell is dissolved-the concord turned to dissonance, and celerity to sloth. This change is somewhat like that which may be effected with a telescope, by reversing the tube and looking through the object-glass; or rather like that we experience when sailing rapidly in sight of land: the shore it is which seems in motion if our attention be that way, whereas, if we turn it principally upon the vessel, the optical illusion is instantly corrected.

In conclusion, while pronouncing the Alexandrine, the common time or medium of measurement can be but in the memory; or rather, we would say, the ear is tuned to it. So that the point where the illusion may break, the shock occur, and the motion cease, is necessarily as various as susceptibility of mind or delicacy of ear. And thus is the dispute of the doctors with Pope resolved, in this last analysis, into that most indefinite question of sensuous or organic sensibility!

And now, having brought the matter

within the jurisdiction of universal arbitrament, if we too may be allowed that "democratic" birthright of having and holding and declaring an opinion, it would be this:—That, assuming it to be the fact that the rhythmical contrivances in question have a natural significance, in distinction from the conventional, which is that of all language, the peculiarity arises rather from the known characteristics of the object or the act described, than from the number or collocation of words and syllables. Take, for example, the line which Campbell quotes from Pope to controvert the doctrine of Alexandrines:

"Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground."

Now we ask the reflecting reader whether his preconceived image of a rock rushing down a steep declivity does not mainly contribute to the descriptive energy of this line—whether it is not the "sense" (pardon the solecism) that is "an echo to the sound"—rather, at least, than the reverse? So, too, in the grand original:

" Αυτίς επειδα πεδουδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ωναίδής."—Ου. xi. 736.

Here, however, the observation, though equally applicable, is far from being so evident, because of the difficulty of separating even in imagination the diaphanous texture of the language from the object it exhibits. The line, it will be observed, is a "dactylic" one, and is a commonlyused exemplification of the theory in question. And who, upon comparing it with even the fine translation of Pope, must not exclaim, how immensely unapproachable is the glorious Greek! Yet, we remain convinced that even here the expressiveness is not owing to the "sound," the pronunciation; but to the descriptive efficacy of the language, which presents us a running daguerreotype (so to speak) of the precipitate mass. For, regarding the words as signs directly of the objects, (not as they are in effect, of sounds,) and refraining from articulating a syllable, even mentally, if this be possible, we find experimentally-it may be a peculiar morbidness—that in looking, at this moment, along the rumbling, living, leaping line of old Homer, our imagination is so captivated, through eye and (by association) through ear, that it requires something like a deliberate effort of will to resist the impulse of rushing from the desk, to escape annihilation beneath the fabled rock of Sisyphus. Here, then, it could hardly have been the disregarded, unuttered sound, or the combination of

words—save in so far as vividly calling up the preëxistent conceptions.

Let us now take an instance of the opposite character. Lucretius, in comparing the lines left by the surf on a finely-sanded beach to the concentric ridges on a shell, depicts the action of the dying waves in the languid cadence and picturesque beauty of the following lines.

" Videmus

Pingere telluris gremium, qua mollibus undis

Littoris incurvi bibulam pavit aquor arenam."

Now, the melody of these numbers would, we venture to say, escape in great part the reader who had never stood upon a sea-shore, contemplating, and moralizing upon, the scene they describe. Their other beauties may seduce the fancy; for where there are so many, it would be most natural to imagine that none is wanting. Observe, by the way, how every word adds either life or color to the picture. Could all modern poetry furnish two such lines, in every excellence of modulation and description? We think they were never equaled even by Ovid or Virgil.

Again, Pope's Alexandrine, describing the speed of Camilla:

"Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main."

This is pronounced by Dr. Johnson the "most sluggish line in the language." We can only add to what has been already said, that our impression is the reverse. The difference is, probably, that we keep the eye upon the airy and vanishing form of Camilla; the great lexicographer pored upon the lagging syllables of the word "unbending."

Thus far for the "error" of Pope, or of his critics?—Reader, judge. We shall dispatch very briefly the other charge, of inconsistency.

Under this head, Campbell quotes Pope himself against Pope. In the following couplet from the Essay on Criticism, he assumes that the Alexandrine is condemned and ridiculed:

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

On this two or three things are to be observed. First, there is an essential difference between the sort of Alexandrine which Pope employs and this which he ridicules. The former is enlivened by one or more anapæsts, while the latter is composed of but heavy *English* iambics.

In the next place, Pope speaks of a "needless " Alexandrine. But this is not to condemn the measure, except when out of place or out of form-certainly a reasonable objection to anything, however proper in itself, or useful. Again, why "needless?" Because, as Pope himself intimates, it does not move rapidly as an Alexandrine ought to do, but crawls "like a wounded snake." Here is an express confirmation of what we have ventured to advance in defence of Pope. But mark how, on the other hand, the "wounded snake" corroborates our own conjecture. So far then, in fine, from making against it, the example in question very pointedly, however indirectly, supports the Alexandrine theory. If Dr. Campbell, or any one else, supposes Pope to have held that every metrical combination of twelve syllables must express velocity and make a good "Alexandrine," he supposes an absurdity; a thing which neither Pope himself could help, nor we need take any farther trouble to refute. Thus the alleged " inconsistency," too, disappears. Pope, in fine, employs the antithesis more frequently, as more felicitously, than any other English writer; yet his Goddess of Dullness is made to say:

"I see the chief who leads my chosen sons Light-armed with points, antitheses and puns."

Does Pope here, too, mean to condemn and ridicule one of his own distinctive excellences as a writer? He must, according to his critie's reasoning. And indeed, the imputation of inconsistency might be in this case more plausible. The antithesis is not disparaged, like the Alexandrine, as merely "useless" on a particular occasion. It is placed, without qualification, in most disreputable company, and has, moreover, the damning approbation of her Majesty of Dullness. But these are the very circumstances which characterize what sort of antithesis it was to which the Wit had allusion."

The foregoing pages seem to us to establish or illustrate several matters, whether of fact or principle, of considerable importance. Among them may be particularized, 1st. The didactical imperfection of the analytic method, even in subjects of exact science; 2d. Its utter fallaciousness in matters of taste, of sympathy; 3d. That both these defects not only affect in an ordinary degree, but are the leading characteristics of, the sect or class of writers who, for now nearly a century, may be said to have given law to English Philosophy and Criticism. We close with a few general remarks.

It may be said of the Scotch, that in matters of reason the imagination is allowed too little influence; in matters of taste the reason arrogates too much. In both, the truth is often missed by what seems in them a complexional proneness to analysis. One may say of them as Chrysale, in the play, does of his blue-stocking sister:

"RAISONNER est l'emploi de toute ma maison,

Et le raisonnement en bannit la RAISON."
Of a cold temperament, and firmly rather than finely organized, the Scotchman is unsusceptible to those shadowy influences, those mysterious affinities of spirit, which are the source of the most exquisite of the pleasures derivable from Art; and without a recognition of which no man should dare to criticise in this department. Unable himself to perceive them by sense, or reduce them to rule—his tests, respectively, of all reality and value—the Scot ridicules such feelings as things without any existence out of crazy brains.

A great authority has said, however, that "the best part of beauty is that which no painter can depict." We would add, that the best part of art is that which no analysis can seize, no method can subjugate. The least methodical are the best of our æsthetical critics. Hazlitt, Coleridge, Carlyle, have often "hit off by their wild strokes of nature," the meaning of the "many-minded" Shakspeare, where Kaims and Campbell, with their canons and categories, would have failed. It is in criticism as in music, some things may be done better "by ear" than by art. But the Scotch critic has always the gammut before him.

^{*} In so far as the ingenious reasoning above endeavors to show that the Alexandrine line, for the most part, gives an impression of velocity, we disagree with the writer. Impressions, we know, may differ somewhat with "the ear." Still, of all the Alexandrines in the language, (some thousands,) few or none will produce such an effect on any reader of verse, unless anapæstic syllables are used, (which is not strictly allowable,) or unless the idea involved expresses quickness of motion. Every ninth line in the Spenserian Stanza is an Alexandrine. Now we do not recollect one in the whole of "Childe Harolde" or "The Faery Queene" conveying any idea or "feeling" of celerity. The inevitable monotonous break at the sixth syllable, if nothing else, would prevent the illusion.—Ed. Am. Rev,

THE KYFFHÄUSER.

[The following Thuringian tradition has doubtless furnished the material for many a ballad in the country where it originated. The "Kyffhäuserberg," an operetta of Kotzebue, is founded on it. Grimm includes it among his collection of legends. It suggested to Washington Irving his celebrated story of "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Irving has indeed, we believe, acknowledged his indebtedness to this source.]

Every German knows, or ought to know, the locality of the Kyffhauser mountain, and the legends connected with it. A tradition has been long current, that the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa dwelt there; that he might still be seen sitting at the stone table through which his beard has grown, and reading from a book in which is recorded every political event of importance that has occurred in Germany. The Emperor still loves his country, and is deeply interested in her history; and it is the popular belief that he will one day reappear upon the earth, and assemble round him his true Germans.

The traveler who visits the Kyffhäuser, searches often, in the wild woods that skirt its base and sides, for the door of rock by which he can enter into the interior of the mountain, to visit the haunt of the old Emperor. But it is only a favored few who have been enabled to find this entrance; and even these have been unsuccessful, till they learned the talismanic sentence by which its secrets are disclosed. Those magic words are now no longer pronounced; they are forgotten throughout the land. The memory of the people, however, retains a legend that has some significance.

Some hundred years ago there lived, close by these mountains, a herdsman whose name was Kunz. He was a brave and honest fellow; had a fine growing flock, by which he was able to live comfortably, and a handsome wife. Her tongue, however, was as sharp as her eyes were bright, and she often made the little cottage rather a warm place for the good-hearted herdsman. But after her passion was over, she was always more cordial and smiling than ever; and then the little Susette, their only child, not yet two years old, had many winning ways; so that Kunz thought, on the whole, he had no reason to murmur at his lot.

One day, while he was tending the sheep, and singing one of his wild songs to himself, he fell into a reverie, taking no note of the sheep, that strayed in every direction out of sight. Greta, his wife,

was so much incensed at this piece of heedlessness, and reproved her husband so sharply, that he resolved to quit home for the whole day following, and to return only after his absence had caused some uneasiness.

He found it harder than he had anticipated to keep this resolution. He thought continually of his playful little daughter, and even the passionate temper of Greta seemed easier to bear than a separation; yet he persevered. He mused as he walked along, and became convinced that want of wealth was the source of all his troubles. "If I could only bring finery home every day to my wife," he murmured, "she would always be gentle. But I am poor; she has it every day in her power to reproach me with the fact, that at our marriage she possessed five more sheep than I. Would I were rich! I wonder if there is truth in the story of those treasures concealed in the Kyffhauser! I wonder what the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa would answer to my petition! But alas! what avail all my wishes, when I do not know the sentence that has power to open the door!"

Such were the discontented musings of poor Kunz. Meanwhile the sun declined, the shadows of evening were gathering in the valley; it was time to go home, if he would avoid the reasonable reproaches of Dame Greta. The herdsman rose from the mossy seat where he had been reclining, and looked about for his flock. The sheep had strayed into a meadow below, and Munter, the dog, on a signal from his master, led the way to bring them homeward.

On his road back, driving the flock, Kunz was induced, by I know not what strange impulse, to choose another path than that he was accustomed to travel, and one leading close by the Kyffhäuser. He suffered his dog and flock to pursue their usual way homeward, while he himself wound through the woods, amid abrupt ascents and descents, till his steps were arrested before a steep rock, in which was rudely shaped out what resembled a door. Kunz had often seen

this before: the circumstance that now excited his amazement, and thrilled him with superstitious fear, was to see this door, which he had always understood could only be unclosed by magic, standing open! He stood for a few moments rooted to the spot. All around him was deep stillness, and the shade was fast enwrapping the mountain. Kunz was not insensible to fear; but curiosity, and the vague desires that had long disturbed him, proved strong enough to urge him forward. Without reflection on the consequences of what he was doing, he passed through the door into the cavern.

There was nothing to alarm his fears within, though he found himself instantly in total darkness. The air was pure and fresh, and he encountered none of the slimy reptiles that sometimes live in the recesses of the mountains. After he had walked some distance, he was much comforted to see the gleam of torches. All remains of dread vanished as he saw the light, and he went on briskly, nearing the illumination every moment. sound of music, of laughing voices, and of cups jingling together, now came to his ears. He followed the sound, and presently entered a spacious vault ceiled with the solid rock, and brilliantly lighted. Here was an oaken table, around which were seated knights in splendid apparel, drinking and carousing.

Upon the table stood huge pitchers marvelously wrought, of gold and precious stones, filled with costly wine, the fumes of which exhilarated Kunz. The cups from which the knights were drinking were of massive gold. The only person present who seemed to take no part in the revelry, was a pale old woman, who stood not far from the table. She was dressed in garments of a very ancient fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her girdle; and Kunz saw that she was a sort of housekeeper or steward, for the guests continually called on her to replenish the pitchers. She obeyed promptly: but there was an air of deep sadness about her and in every movement, that plainly showed she was no voluntary dweller in this strange abode.

aboue.

The herdsman began to long for a seat at the convivial board, and a draught of the wine that seemed to provoke so much merriment. He even thought it would not be so terrible a thing to remain here. "What are green meadows and streams worth," said he, "to one who must walk

over them with unsatisfied wishes, and a discontented spirit?"

He looked earnestly at all the company, endeavoring to discover the Emperor in one of them; but among the stately and noble-looking knights, he could see none who had the venerable aspect, and the long flowing beard, said to distinguish Frederic the Second. "These must be his followers," thought Kunz.

The herdsman was now observed by one of the knights, who beckoned him to come nearer. Kunz hesitated and trembled a little; but seeing that the knight looked kindly upon him, he drew nigh and saluted him with a respectful obei-

The knight asked who he was, whence he had come, and with what object; and Kunz, inspired by a cup of wine which was offered to him, and which he eagerly accepted, told his story with great frankness, confessing his fears of his wife and his wish to propitiate her, and all in a manner so ingenuous and droll, that the guests several times burst out a-laughing. At length they had finished drinking, and there was silence for a few moments. One of them then proposed that they should beguile the time by a game at nine-pins. The others readily assented, and invited the herdsman to set up the nine-pins for them, promising, as a reward, as much wine as he chose to drink.

Kunz joyfully accepted this proposal. The old woman put a cup in his hands, and brought him a large pitcher filled with The company then adjourned to the play-ground. The herdsman set up the pins, and drank between whiles; the players engaged briskly in the sport, while he drank, and drank, till the wide vault around him seemed in motion, and the lights and people began to dance before his eyes. It was lucky for him that they left off play before he became incapable of performing his part. As the knights were going away, one of them rolled the two balls towards Kunz. "Take them for your reward, my good fellow," said he. Kunz mechanically took them, put one in each pocket, and presently lost his recollection in a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Dame Greta was not a little alarmed, when, late in the evening, the flock came home, accompanied by the dog, but without the master. She went some distance to meet him, and called his name many times; but no one answered her. In the extremity of grief and alarm,

she hastened back to the hamlet, aroused her neighbors and friends, and had search made everywhere for her lost husband. Nothing could be heard of him that night. The next day, and the next, the whole country was scoured, but without success. Weeks passed, and Kunz returned not. Greta now fully believed that he had been slain. She mourned for him sincerely, wearing the deepest weeds, and tying a black ribbon round the hat of little Susette. All the neighborhood sympathized with her, as a lone and desolate widow.

When the year of mourning was ended, the fair Greta laid aside some of her garments of sorrow. She went once more into company, for she was of a social disposition, joined sometimes in the dance, and received visitors. It was not long before she yielded to the suit of one of her neighbors, whom we shall call Fritz, and bestowed her hand upon him.

Fritz proved himself as kind-hearted and gentle as poor Kunz had been. bore with patience the scolding of his helpmate; or when it waxed too fierce, took his hat and staff and walked out. Sometimes he would quietly go to sleep; for, being watchman to the hamlet, he had commonly but little sleep at night. The little Susette, who grew every year more charming, was his favorite, for Dame Greta never had another child. Susette was in truth the prettiest maiden in the whole village. She was neat, industrious and obedient; devotedly attached to her parents, and sincerely pious. Life passed to her like a summer's day, and it was quite a surprise to find herself seven-Ah! she had cause for equal surprise, to discover that love had crept into

Franz, the young and handsome son of the rich inn-keeper, Veit, was the object of this sweet girl's first affection. He loved her sincerely in return; sought her society at every opportunity, and finally made known to his father that he could not be happy without Susette for his wife.

Veit was of a different opinion. In his eyes, wealth was the great thing to be coveted; and he refused to receive a portionless maiden as his daughter. He commanded his son to desist from his visits to her, and treated her and her parents with coldness and unkindness. Dame Greta took this treatment greatly to heart, and so did the good Fritz; for he loved his step-daughter, and would have given some years of his own life to secure her happiness. He tried to reason

with old Veit; but finding him obstinate, turned his attention to consoling poor Susette. For the first time in his life he wished himself rich, and began to form plans for acquiring wealth.

He was one night walking his watchman's round up and down the village, absorbed in thought. He saw a heav old-fashioned, yet, as well as he could observe through the darkness, splendidly decorated carriage, drawn by six horses, drive through the street, and, at no great distance from him, stop suddenly. came nearer, with some curiosity to ascertain whose was so fine an equipage. The coachman, who wore a dress of very antique fashion, called to him, requesting assistance, as a wheel of the carriage was loose. The honest watchman promptly rendered the desired help. As the coachman again mounted his box and was ready to drive on, one of the gentlemen sitting in the carriage threw the watchman three pieces of money, saying at the same time, "My friend, when you want a drink of good wine, come to the Kyffhäuser, call the housekeeper, and tell her you are the person who fastened the carriage-wheel. She will give you what you want-not for sale, but for yourself and your friends."

The carriage then drove off rapidly. Fritz was not a little astonished, on looking at the coins, to find they were Wildemann's thalers (dollars). solved not to lay them up, but to spend them for the advantage of Susette. next holiday he told his wife and stepdaughter to dress themselves as well as possible; and having put on his own best attire, gave each an arm, and accompanied them to Veit's inn. There he showed them into the parlor, called for refresh-ments and wine as if he had been a millionaire, and invited the host to drink with him. Veit accepted the invitation, curious to know how his good neighbor had become possessed of money enough to order such an entertainment.

The design of Fritz was to get the avaricious old landlord drunk, and then to obtain from him his consent to the marriage of Franz with Susette. But Veit could bear a great deal of wine; the second, the third Wildemann's dollar was spent, and, though he drank vigorous draughts, he remained, to all appearance, perfectly sober. It was not exactly so with the honest watchman. His tongue was set loose by the wine, and before the evening was over, he had related, to

the astonishment of all, his adventure with the people in the carriage. He ended by bidding Susette take a large pitcher and go to the Kyffhäuser, to ask wine of the housekeeper in the name of the person who had fastened the carriage-wheel.

Susette hesitated, for she was frightened at the idea of undertaking such a commission; and her mother was unwilling to have her placed in danger. But when Franz declared himself ready to accompany her, the young girl did not see so many terrors in the way. Veit offered no opposition to his son's going. He was curious, above all things, to know whether Fritz had told a true story or not. So the young pair set off on the way to the mountain—Dame Greta first embracing her daughter, and making the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

The lovers found the road very pleasant with their conversation. The distance was traversed even too soon, and Susette's heart beat as they came to the Kyffhäuser. They sought for the door of rock; but though it was broad moonlight, they could not succeed in finding it. At length Franz, pressing the maiden's hand, said to her, "It seems, dear Susette, that chance has thrown in our way too good an opportunity to make ourselves happy, that we should lose it. We love each other-I cannot live without you; yet my father refuses his consent to our marriage, and the priest will not unite us without it. Susette, set down the pitcher, and let us fly together. We shall be safe from blame, for everybody will say we were swallowed up in the Kyffhauser. Come, beloved, let us go: You shall be mine, and we will seek our fortune in the great world!"

But the fair maiden drew her arm from his, and answered reproachfully, "No, Franz, much as I love you—I would never do, such a thing. What! leave my mother—and break her heart! and my kind stepfather! And could you serve your father thus, stern as he is? No—let us be still dutiful and obedient, and God will reward us at last."

The young man continued to entreat, but Susette remained firm; and to put an end to his solicitations—lifted her trembling voice, and called, as she had been directed, on the housekeeper, in the watchman's name. For a minute after there was a deep silence; then a distant rumbling was heard, and a fissure, wide enough to admit a person, opened just above them in the mountain. The maiden

went boldly into it with her pitcher. Franz was terrified when he saw it close upon her before he had time to follow. In an agony of alarm he could only fall on his knees and pray for her preservation. His distress lasted not long; before many moments had elapsed, the fissure opened again, and the young girl came forth, her face radiant with joy, accompanied by an old woman.

"It is to thee, sweet maiden," said the housekeeper, for it was she, "I owe my release. Three hundred years 1 have waited in vain. I was doomed to serve as housekeeper in the Kyffhauser till the hour when an innocent maiden, who had withstood sore temptation, should come for wine to the mountain. Mayest thou live happy! and fear not to ask for wine; though I shall be here no longer, the butler will bring it thee."

Susette would have asked after the emperor Frederic, but the old woman suddenly vanished; and with an exclamation of surprise, the young lovers set out on their homeward path.

All was wonder and delight when they returned to the parlor of the inn. Veit, who was an excellent judge of wine, pronounced it of the best and costliest kind. He applied himself diligently and frequently to the pitcher, with evidence of the profoundest satisfaction; but for all the good cheer, the watchman could not beguile him of a consent to the marriage. He saw the attempt would be frustrated, and not a little disappointed returned soon after, with his wife and daughter, to his own house.

As to Veit, he had no other desire than to provide himself with abundance of the rare and costly wine, Fritz had treated him with. A pitcher he thought quite too small a measure; so he took an immense empty cask, and on the next night rolled it with considerable labor to the mountain. He then shouted at the top of his voice. Amidst the echoes that resounded on every side, he fancied he heard the words; "Who is there?" and instantly replied that he had come for wine, in the name of him who mended the carriage-wheel.

He heard, indeed, a sonorous voice in reply, that seemed to come from the very depths of the Kyffhäuser. It said: "Mind my cellar there, boys!" and presently Veit felt himself pinched by invisible hands, and so severely beaten, that he was fain to run homeward with cries of pain, as fast as his legs could carry him. He arrived at the inn out of breath, and

in a great rage—having been forced, besides getting no wine, to leave his cask
behind him. He dared not think of going
back for it, but he vented his fury at the
disappointment on the head of poor Fritz,
who he was convinced had played him a
trick, and placed temptation in his way
with no friendly intent. He swore roundly
and louder than ever—knowing that he
could thus revenge himself—that his son
should never marry the little Susette.

Within the Kyffhäuser, a man just awaking from a deep sleep, raised himself slowly, and looked around with an expression of bewildered surprise. This man was no other than Kunz, the first husband of Dame Greta. This was his first awaking from the slumber into which he had fallen after the game of nine-pins.

As recollection by degrees returned to him, he saw that everything was exactly as when he had fallen asleep. stood the table; there sat the knights around it drinking to each other; and only the old housekeeper was missing. But his own person was somewhat changed. His beard had grown amazingly long; his hair also; and he saw that streaks of white mingled with its raven color. Passing his hand over his forehead, he could not help feeling that it was strangely wrinkled. He rose in some embarrassment to leave the vault. Just then, one of the servants who waited on the table chanced to pass near.

"How long have I been sleepingboy?" asked Kunz, in a drowsy tone. "Seventeen years," was the reply.

"Seven—" the herdsman opened his eyes wide—but convinced that the fellow was joking with him, turned courteously to one of the knights, and repeated his question.

"Seventeen years," answered the knight; and an old man with long beard, who sat in a recess on one side, seeing the blank astonishment of the poor peasant, said, "It is true, my friend, you have slept seventeen years."

Kunz heard no more; a horror came over him; he rushed out as quickly as possible, and hastened with all his speed away from the mountains. The fresh air and sunshine were very pleasant to him, again; but he was stupefied to see how everything was altered. He hardly knew the woods again; and it seemed as if houses had sprung up by magic. When he came in sight of the village, and saw it grown almost out of his recollection, he began to

weep bitterly. "It is too true!" he cried, "I have lost seventeen years of my life! And wherefore? Because I must needs, like a fool, search into things I had no business to concern myself about."

He met several individuals on the way, and inquired of them if they knew Kunz, the herdsman. Most of them answered they knew no such person; but one old woman said she had formerly known him, but that he had been dead seventeen years. Kunz asked, in a choking voice, if his wife was yet living; the old woman replied she was—that she had married Fritz, the watchman—and lived in a house, which she pointed out. It was not Kunz's old home.

Not knowing whither to go—he bent his steps toward the house occupied by his wife and daughter. He entered, without knocking, the room on the lower floor. The family were seated at table. There sat Dame Greta, much altered, indeed, yet not so much but that he recognized her immediately. Opposite her was Fritz, the watchman, and beside her a blooming girl, whom Kunz did not know.

They looked up in surprise at the unannounced visiter. Kunz made an effort to control his emotion so far as to ask if they knew him. They shook their heads. Just then the aged, half-blind dog crept out from under the table, and came wagging his tail, and whining with joy, to fawn upon his former master.

"Ah? Munter, is that you?" cried Kunz, "you are alive yet; you know your old master?"

Dame Greta, at these words, uttered a half shriek, and looked at Fritz; but Susette rose at once, and going to her father, embraced and welcomed him home again. While her mother still stood embarrassed, Kunz pointed to the watchman, and asked "Is that your husband?" The Dame nodded in reply. "Be not afraid, then;" said the herdsman, "I am not come to disturb your happiness; I know well I have forfeited all claim on my wife shall not remain in the village; it is a melancholy place for me! I am going forth into the world, to seek my own fortune. But I should like first to see my child happily settled."

Here Fritz came forward, and informed him of the affair with Veit's son, and how avaricious the old man had shown him-

"Ah!" cried Kunz, "how I wish now I had brought with me some of the treasure buried in the Kyffhäuser! I might have made my daughter happy!" But he checked himself instantly, knowing what he had already suffered by seeking to gratify unlawful wishes.

"The knights gave me," said he, "only these two balls, which I brought away in

my pocket."

But when they looked at the balls, all were not a little astonished to see they were of solid gold. Kunz expressed the

greatest joy, as he would now be enabled

to give his daughter a handsome portion.

The next day he went into the nearest city and sold the two balls, for a sum of money that seemed to him immense. This he gave to Susette.

When Veit heard that the maiden had become rich, he not only consented to the marriage, but himself solicited her hand for his son. Kunz left the village, as he had said, not to return. Fritz and Greta lived many years afterwards—and were witnesses of the happiness of the fortunate Susette.

LYELL'S TOUR. .

WE have seldom perused the journal of a traveler with more pleasure and with a deeper sense of gratification, than the volume before us. It is not an ordinary book. The results of much patient and industrious examination into the physical features of the United States and the British Provinces, it is full of valuable scientific information, as the repository of thousands of interesting facts. What is more from a visitor to this country, with the judicious views of an accurate thinker, it exhibits from page to page the possession on the author's part, of a genial and noble spirit.

Foreign tourists in the United States, viewing American institutions, as well as the people who have erected them for the development and advancement of human society, with a deeply prejudicial feeling, have, with one or two exceptions, not been able to detect in the present condition of the Americans as contrasted with their past history—or even in the elements of their society—any of the evidences of national greatness, or moral and intellectual force of character. The creation of a yesterday-in comparison with which, to use a technical figure, a newer Pliocene, or even the latest diluvium, becomes a hypogene in antiquity—with a territory embracing twenty-four degrees of latitude and fifty-six degrees of longitude, with a soil and climate sufficient to produce all the necessaries, and almost all the luxuries, of the most refined civiliza-

tion, and with natural resources as unlimited as the perfectibility of science and art, American institutions are an object of jealousy to the elevated classes of society in the old world. We sprung into existence by the impulsive force of a newer birth of freedom in the soul. We have been constantly inspirited, energized, by the fresh natural influences that surround us, and the mighty prospect that lies before us, while filling up the shores, and valleys, and immense plains of an unoccupied continent with an intelligent and vigorous population. We have thus not only grown to a sudden strength and importance, but manifested a consciousness of our position, that could not fail to offend the "fixed order of things" among the nations of Europe. There is no reason why any one should wonder that in the ever watchfulness of iron-nerved and nightchilled Feudal conservatism, an attempt should be made to cast a broad shadow of distrust or a heavy load of disparagement upon the hopes, the energies, the determination of a people born for a newer era and a newer destiny.

We care not to rhapsodize. But it has been so long our misfortune to have trollopes and fiddlers, itching, for aught we know, to put their names on the title page of a book, make their advent to our shores, and then return after a most rapid and indecorous flight from one city to another, to eke out their inane babblings and worse than superficial observations to

^{*} Travels in North America. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

their countrymen, that we are particularly pleased with our present author. We do not intend any comparison—that would be to dishonor him. We mean merely, in passing, to express the unmingled pleasure with which we have read the present "Travels," as a convincing indication that we may yet expect something more noble and generous than the adventures hitherto published by the "butlers," and "guzzle-wits" of foreign pavés.

We were among the numerous auditory who listened with attention to Prof. Lyell, during the delivery of his course of lectures in this city, and having previously read ourselves into an acquaintance with the lecturer, we were equally delighted with the propriety of his style as with the valuable instruction afforded by his observations.

The traveler landed at Boston, Aug. 2d, 1841, after a rapid passage in the Acadia, and there commenced the series of lectures and researches into the geological features of this country and the British Provinces.

We regret that want of space will preclude our dwelling upon many points of interest—as well to the general reader as to the scientific student-for the volumes are filled with abundant material for an extended notice. His happy observations upon American society, the enlarged liberality of his views, the genial spirit with which he speaks of the hopefulness of our young country, and the impartiality with which he treats all parties who come before him for review, together with the ease of his manner, render our author one of the most inviting traveling companions with whom we have ever cracked a pebble or climbed a precipice. To ourselves, who have an addictedness to a hammer and a cold chisel, some of the descriptions are a perfect realization of the El Dorado of a fossiliferous spirit; and a peculiar ringing of the chisel, as it slips from the hand down a steep rock, or into a seam, locked up as securely as the molar or the tibia of a mastodon in the Big Bone Lick, or the many angled crystal in a trap ridge, comes up through the avenues of our memory as the most delightful of sounds.

But we do not design to keep our author altogether from sight, and passing over his landing, &c., we quote a few of his first impressions:

"A few years ago, it was a fatiguing tour of many weeks to reach the Falls of Niagara from Albany. We are now carried

along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, on a railway often supported on piles, through large swamps covered with aquatic trees and shrubs, or through dense forests, with occasional clearings where orchards are planted by anticipation among the stumps, before they have even had time to run up a log-house. The traveler views with surprise, in the midst of so much unoccupied land, one flourishing town after another, such as Utica, Syracuse, and Auburn. At Rochester he admires the streets of large houses, inhabited by 20,000 souls, where the first settler built his log-cabin in the wilderness only twenty-five years ago. At one point our train stopped at a handsome new built station-house, and, looking out at one window, we saw a group of Indians of the Oneida tribe, lately the owners of the broad lands around, but now humbly offering for sale a few trinkets, such as baskets ornamented with porcupine quills, moccasins of moose-deer skin, and boxes At the other window stood of birch bark. a well-dressed waiter, handing ices and confectionery. When we reflect that some single towns, of which the foundations were laid by persons still living, can already number a population, equal to all the aboriginal hunter tribes who possessed the forests for hundreds of miles around, we soon cease to repine at the extraordinary revolution, however much we may commiserate the unhappy fate of the disinherited race. They who are accustomed to connect the romance of their travels in Europe or Asia with historical recollections and the monuments of former glory, with the study of masterpieces in the fine arts, or with grand and magnificent scenery, will hardly believe the romantic sensations which may be inspired by the aspect of this region, where very few points of picturesqe beauty meet the eye, and where the aboriginal forest has lost its charm of savage wildness by the intrusion of rail-ways and canals. The foreign naturalist, indeed, sees novelty in every plant, bird and insect; and the remarkable resemblances of the rocks at so great a distance from home, are to him a source of wonder and instruction. But there are other objects of intense interest, to enliven or ex-cite the imagination of every traveler. Here, instead of dwelling on the past, and on the signs of pomp and grandeur which have vanished, the mind is filled with images of coming power and splendor. The vast stride made by one generation in a brief moment of time, naturally disposes us to magnify and exaggerate the rapid rate of future improvement. The contemplation of so much prosperity, such entire absence of want and poverty, so many schoolhouses and churches, rising everywhere in the woods, and such a general desire of education, with the consciousness that a

great continent lies beyond, which has still to be appropriated, fills the traveler with cheering thoughts and sanguine hopes. He may be reminded that there is another side to the picture, that where the success has been so brilliant, and where large fortunes have been hastily realized, there will be rash speculations and bitter disappointments; but these ideas do not force themselves into the reveries of the passing stranger. He sees around him the solid fruits of victory, and forgets that many a soldier in the foremost ranks has fallen in the breach; and cold indeed would be his temperament if he did not sympathize with the freshness and hopefulness of a new country, and feel as men past the prime of life are accustomed to feel when in company with the young, who are full of health and buoyant spirits, of faith and confidence in the future."

The second chapter is filled with a full and most interesting description of Niagara, its historical connections, and its geological features. We wish every one visiting that sublime spectacle could have the vision of the philosophical inquirer before us. An involuntary ejaculation, accompanied with a wondersome stare, do not now express the emotions of an intelligent beholder. With the boldness of a practiced flight, a mind disciplined to climb the heights of philosophical and scientific reasoning becomes absorbed in the contemplation of facts having an intimate relation to other facts which are bound by an indissoluble chain in the great circle of universal truths. limits do not permit us to give the whole chapter: a bare notice must suffice.

With unwearied diligence Mr. Lyell seems to have collected specimens from various localities which satisfy him, beyond a doubt, that a retrocession has been going on in the Falls, and that they are now situated at a point seven miles distant, in a southerly direction, from their hypothetical locality at Queenstown. Bakewell, another eminent English geologist, who has examined the Falls, computes the rate of retrocession at about a yard annually; but Mr. Lyell hazards the estimate of a foot per year, which would consume a period of thirty-five thousand years for its accomplishment.

Here we have a broad avowal of a principle in geological science which grates harshly on the ears of those whose faith in the Mosaic record leads them to assign a period of only six thousand years to the earth's existence. It is one which involves criticism of too deep and

prolonged a character for our present paper, and we avow no definite opinionif, indeed, an opinion really definite could be formed. Too much scope given to Biblical criticism in connection with the Mosaic cosmogony, would lead us all into a mysticism of figures-since no multiplied number of ages would suffice for the materialist who contends for the eternity of the world; and too rigid an adherence to the literal interpretation of the Mosaic record would involve the defender of truth, be his piety never so ardent and his faith in the revealed Word never so strong, as well as his opponent, into a greater difficulty than the intervention of an intruded dyke would be to the explorer after rich veins of ore. We are disposed to check this spirit of making illimitable drafts upon eternity for the sake of assigning a period for the evolution of some physical change, or the peopling of some sea, estuary, or continent, with marine or terrestrial fauna. An adherence to closer limits will tend, we think, to concentrate, rather than diffuse, the perceptions and reasonings of geologists, and the more speedily lead them to accurate results.

Geology, as a science, with its array of facts and inductions, has been too early brought into the field of theological polemics. Before Geology had assumed its form as an embryo, Burnet, in 1690, and Whiston, in 1696, published treatises or "Sacred Theories of the Earth, wherein the accounts of the Holy Scriptures are shown to be consistent with Reason and Philosophy," &c.; and from that time to this Buffons and Whistons, and Voltaires and Bucklands, have sought to avail themselves of every new fact brought to light by a Lehman, a Werner, a Smith, a Hutton, a Cuvier, a Humboldt, or a Lyell, in confirmation of their own views and annihilation of the opposing doctrines. Had some of them come up to us ossified or silicified from some almost unknown abyss of the cretaceous or carboniferous series, we trow they would have rendered nobler service to science and to truth than by speculations on isolated facts, culled in the infancy of a most manly and invigorating and attractive department of human knowledge. Let it be said to our professors and students-observe more and

write less, think deeper and talk less

vauntily and develop more extensive gen-

eralizations of facts, instead of centering

the mind on a prejudged and prefavored

Be this as it may, we are satisfied that

idea. Do this, and science will be more nobly served, and more rapidly advanced than by ardent efforts to establish either theoretical systems or nomenclatural schools.

One of the best features of this book is, that it does thus furnish the bases of comparison between American and European strata and series, by an accurate and eminent observer. An instance of this we notice with reference to the Nova Scotia coal fields, four-fifths of the fossil plants being identified with European species. Although many instances might be quoted in evidence, we confine ourselves to these two, taken at random:

"I was desirous of ascertaining whether a generalization recently made by Mr. Logan in South Wales could hold good in this country. Each of the Welsh seams of coal, more than ninety in number, have been found to rest on a sandy clay or firestone, in which a peculiar species of plant called Stigmaria abounds, to the exclusion of all others. I saw the Stigmaria at Blossberg, lying in abundance in the heaps of rubbish where coal had been extracted from a horizontal seam. Dr. Saynisch, president of the mine, kindly lighted up the gallery that I might inspect the works, and we saw the black shales in the roof, adorned with beautiful fern leaves, while the floor consisted of an under-clay, in which the stems of Stigmaria, with their leaves or rootlets attached, were running in all directions. The agreement of these phenomena with those of the Welsh Coalmeasures, 3000 miles distant, surprised me, and lead to conclusions respecting the origin of coal from plants not drifted, but growing on the spot, to which I shall refer in the sequel."

On p. 109, speaking of the Miocene fossils of Williamsburg, (Va.), he says:

"I procured 147 species of shells, exclusive of Balani and corals, from this formation in the United States, and chiefly during the present expedition, and near the banks of the James River.

"That they belong to the same age as the Miocene deposits of Europe may be inferred:—first, from their position, as they overlie the Eocene marls containing shells, resembling those of the London and Paris basins:—secondly, from the close affinity of many of the abundant species to fossils of the crag of Suffolk and the French faluns:—thirdly, from the proportion of the fossil shells, identical in species with mollusca, now inhabiting the American coast, the proportion being about one-sixth of the whole, or about seventeen per cent., in those compared by me, for I have been

able to identify 23 out of 147 with living shells. This relation of the fossil and recent fauna had already led Mr. Conrad and the Professors Rogers to the same conclusions, and they had correctly called these deposits Miocene. Fourthly, the corals, of which I obtained thirteen species, agree all generically with those of the Miocene beds of Europe, and some specifically, as a lunulite, the same as one from the Suffolk crag, and Anthophyllum breve, common in the faluns of Touraine. Fifthly, the cetacea also agree generically, and the fish in many cases specifically, with European Miocene fossils, and no remains of reptiles have been found on either side of the Atlantic in this formation."

It was for a long time disputed, and is still doubted by many intelligent men, whether coal is of vegetable origin. To our own minds nothing can be more clear and satisfactory than is the evidence upon this point, and as it is one of much importance, and the topics introduced by Mr. Lyell are illustrated by recent facts of his own observation, we give it some scope:

" In this coal field, (Pottsville) as in all others hitherto observed in America, particular seams of coal are found to be far more persistent than the accompanying beds of shale, sandstone, or limestone. As we proceeded from Pottsville, by Tamaqua, to the Lehigh Summit Mine, we found the beds of grit and shale gradually to thin out, so that several beds of anthracite, at first widely separated, were brought nearer and nearer together, until they united, and formed one mass about fifty feet thick, without any greater interpolated matter than two thin layers of clay with Stigmariæ. At Mauch Chunk, or the Bear Mountain, this remarkable bed of anthracite is quarried in the open air, and removed bodily together with the overlying sandstone, forty feet thick, the summit of the hill being "scalped," as one of the miners expressed it. The vegetable matter, which is represented by this enormous mass of anthracite, must, before it was condensed by pressure and the discharge of its hydrogen, oxygen, and other volatile ingredients, have been probably between 200 and 300 feet thick. The accumulation of such a thickness of the remains of plants, so unmixed with earthy ingredients, would be most difficult to explain on the hypothesis of their having been drifted into the place they now occupy; but it becomes intelligible if we suppose them to have grown on the Whether we regard the Stigmariæ as roots, according to the opinion of M. Adolphe Brongniart and Mr. Binney, or embrace the doctrine of their being

aquatic plants, no one can doubt that they at least are fossilised on the very spot where they grew; and as all agree that they are not marine plants, they go far to establish the doctrine of the growth in situ of the materials of the overlying coal

" A few days' observation of the identity of the fossil plants, and the relative position of the anthracite, satisfied me that it was of the same age as the bituminous coal which I had seen at Blossberg. This opin-ion was, I believe, first promulgated by Mr. Featherstonehaugh, in 1831, at a time when many geologists were disposed to assign a higher antiquity to the anthracite than to the bituminous coal-measures of the United States. The recent surveys have now established this fact beyond all question, and hence it becomes a subject of great interest to inquire how these two kinds of fuel, originating as they did from precisely the same species of plants, and formed at the same period, should have become so very different in their chemical composition. In the first place, I may mention that the anthracite coal-measures above alluded to, occurring in the eastern or most disturbed part of the Appalachian chain, are fragments or outliers of the great continuous coal field of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, which occurs about forty miles to the westward. This coal field is remarkable for its vast area, for it is described by Professor H. D. Rogers as extending continuously from N. E. to S. W. for a distance of 720 miles, its greatest width being about 180 miles. On a moderate estimate, its superficial area amounts to 63,000 square miles. It extends from the northern border of Pennsylvania as far south as near Huntsville in Alabama.

"This coal formation, before its original limits were reduced by denudation, must have measured, at a reasonable calculation, 900 miles in length, and in some places more than 200 miles in breadth. By reference to the section (fig. 5, p. 74,) it will be seen that the strata of coal are horizontal to the westward of the mountain in the region D, E, and become more and more inclined and folded as we proceed eastward. Now it is invariably found, as Professor H. D. Rogers has shown by chemical analysis, that the coal is most bituminous towards its western limit, where it remains level and unbroken, and that it becomes progressively debituminized as we travel southeastward towards the more bent and distorted rocks. Thus, on the Ohio, the proportion of hydrogen, oxygen, and other volatile matters, ranges from forty to fifty per cent. Eastward of this line, on the Monongahela, it still approaches forty per cent., where the strata begin to experience some gentle flexures. On entering the Alleghany Mountains, where the distinct anticlinal axes begin to show themselves, but before the dislocations are considerable, the volatile matter is generally in the proportion of eighteen or twenty per cent. At length, when we arrive at some insulated coal fields (5, fig. 5,) associated with the boldest flexures of the Appalachian chain, where the strata have been actually turned over, as near Pottsville, we find the coal to contain only from six to twelve per cent. of bitumen, thus beconing a genuine anthracite. (Trans. of Ass. of Amer. Geol., p. 470.)

" It appears from the researches of Liebig and other eminent chemists, that when wood and vegetable matter are buried in the earth, exposed to moisture, and partially or entirely excluded from the air, they decompose slowly and evolve carbonic acid gas, thus parting with a portion of their original oxygen. By this means, they become gradually converted into lignite or wood-coal, which contains a larger proportion of hydrogen than wood does. A continuance of decomposition changes this lignite into common or bituminous coal, chiefly by the discharge of carburetted hydrogen, or the gas by which we illumine our streets and houses. According to Bischoff, the inflammable gasses which are always escaping from mineral coal, and are so often the cause of fatal accidents in mines. always contain carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen, nitrogen, and olifiant gas. The disengagement of all these gradually transforms ordinary or bituminous coal into an-thracite, to which the various names of splint coal, glance coal, culm, and many others, have been given.

"We have seen that, in the Appalachian coal field, there is an intimate connection between the extent to which the coal has parted with its gaseous contents, and the amount of disturbance which the strata have undergone. The coincidence of these phenomena may be attributed partly to the greater facility afforded for the escape of volatile matter where the fracturing of the rocks had produced an infinite number of cracks and crevices, and also to the heat of the gases and water penetrating those cracks, when the great movements took place, which have rent and folded the Appalachian strata. It is well known that, at the present period, thermal waters and hot vapors burst out from the earth during earthquakes, and these would not fail to promote the disengagement of volatile matter from the carboniferous rocks."

On page 197, in speaking again of the anthracite, Mr. Lyell makes the following statement, which furnishes the results of experiments made by a careful analyst:

[&]quot;I have already mentioned, (p. 72.) that

in crossing from the west of the Alleghany mountains to the eastern portion of the Appalachian coal field the volatile ingredients (oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen,) of the original coal bear continually a smaller and smaller proportion to the carbon. In the specimens which I myself obtained from Pomeroy, Ohio, where the coal is bituminous, and where the strata are undisturbed, the quantity of gaseous matter has been found by my friend Dr. Percy to be in the proportion of 19 per cent., the rest being carbon and ash. 2dly. In the coal at Frostburg, in Maryland, in the midst of the Alleghany chain, where the strata have undergone but slight disturbance, the proportion of volatile matter was found to be $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 3dly. In the Pennsylvanian anthracite of the Lehigh and Mauch Chunk mines, before alluded to (p. 69), the volatile ingredients are about 5 per cent."*

In Chap. VII. Mr. Lyell gives a fine description of the "Great Dismal," that very singular and prominent object of interest to the observer of physical phenomena. It requires no great flight of imagination in the mind of the student to see, in this archetype of the ancient coal-deposits, a volume of our own age in which is practically illustrated the changes and the history of those immense repositories which have become of such importance in the economy of civilized society. Mr. Lyell thus speaks on p. 118:

"That the ancient seams of coal were produced for the most part by terrestrial plants of all sizes, not drifted, but growing on the spot, is a theory more and more generally adopted in modern times, and the growth of what is called sponge in such a swamp, and in such a climate as the Great Dismal, already covering so many square miles of a low level region bordering the sea, and capable of spreading itself indefinitely over the adjacent country, helps us greatly to conceive the manner in which the coal of the ancient Carboniferous rocks may have been formed. The heat, perhaps, may not have been excessive when the coal measures originated, but the entire absence of frost, with a warm and damp atmosphere, may have enabled tropical forms to flourish in latitudes far distant from the line. Huge swamps in a rainy climate, standing above the level of the

surrounding firm land, and supporting a dense forest, may have spread far and wide, invading the plains, like some European peat-mosses when they burst; and the frequent submergence of these masses of vegetable matter beneath seas or estuaries, as often as the land sunk down during subterranean movements, may have given rise to the deposition of strata of mud, sand, or limestone, immediately upon the vegetable matter. The conversion of successive surfaces into dry land, where other swamps supporting trees may have formed, might give origin to a continued series of coalmeasures of great thickness. In some kinds of coal, the vegetable texture is apparent throughout under the microscope; in others, it has only partially disappeared; but even in this coal the flattened trunks of trees of the genera Lepidodendron, Sigillaria, and others, converted into pure coal, are occasionally met with, and erect fossil trees are observed in the overlying strata, terminating downwards in seams of coal. The chemical processes by which vegetable matter buried in the earth is gradually turned into coal and anthracite has been already explained. (See above, p. 72.)

" Before concluding the remarks which are naturally suggested by a visit to the Great Dismal, I shall say a few words on a popular doctrine, favoured by some geologists, respecting an atmosphere highly charged with carbonic acid, in which the coal plants are supposed to have flourished. Some imagine the air to have been so full of choke-damp during the ancient era alluded to, that it was unfitted for the respiration of warm-blooded quadrupeds and birds, or even reptiles, which require a more rapid oxygenation of their blood than creatures lower in the scale of organization, such as have alone been met with hitherto in the Carboniferous and older strata. It is assumed that an excess of oxygen was set free when the plants which elaborated the coal subtracted many hundred million tons of carbon from the carbonic acid gas, which previously loaded the air. All this carbon was then permanently locked up in solid seams of coal, and the chemical composition of the earth's atmosphere essentially altered.

"But they who reason thus are bound to inform us what may have been the duration of the period in the course of which so much carbon was secreted by the powers

^{*&}quot; These results were obtained from an elaborate analysis made for me by the kindness of Dr. J. Percy, of Birmingham, since the statement given at p. 72 was printed. They bear out the geological inferences, there referred to, of Professor H. D. Rogers; but it will be seen that the proportions of the chemical constituents differ greatly, the gaseous matter being only half the previously estimated quantity. For details of the analysis and manipulations, see Appendix to a paper by the author, in the Journal of Geol. Soc. London, No. II., 1845."

of vegetable life, and, secondly, what accession of fresh carbonic acid did the air receive in the same. We know that in the present state of the globe, the air is continually supplied with carbonic acid from several sources, of which the three principal are, first, the daily putrefaction of dead animal and vegetable substances: secondly, the disintegration of rocks charged with carbonic acid and organic matter; and, thirdly, the copious evolution of this gas from mineral springs and the earth, especially in volcanic countries. By that law which causes two gasesof different specific gravity, when brought into contact, to become uniformly diffused and mutually absorbed through the whole space which they occupy, the heavy carbonic acid finds its way upwards through all parts of the atmosphere, and the solid materials of large forests are given out from the earth in an invisible form, or in bubbles rising through the water of springs. Peatmosses of no slight depth, and covering thousands of square miles, are thus fed with their mineral constituents without materially deranging the constituents of the atmosphere breathed by man. Thousands of trees grow up, float down to the delta of the Mississippi and other rivers, are buried, and yet the air, at the end of many centuries, may be as much impregnated with carbonic acid as before.

"Coral reefs are year after year growing in the ocean-springs and rivers feed the same ocean with carbonic acid and lime; but we have no reason to infer that when mountain masses of calcareous rock have thus been gradually formed in the sea, any essential change in the chemical composition of its waters has been brought about. We have no accurate data as yet for measuring whether, in our own time, or at any remote geological era, the relative supply and consumption of carbon in the air or the ocean causes the amount of those elements to vary greatly; but the variation, if admitted, would not have caused an excess but rather a deficit of carbon in the periods most productive of coal or peat, as com-pared to any subsequent or antecedent epochs. In fact, a climate favoring the rank and luxurious growth of plants, and at the same time checking their decay, and giving rise to peat or accumulations of vegetable matter, might, for the time, di-minish the average amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere-a state of things precisely the reverse of that assumed by those to whose views I am now objecting."

The carboniferous series of our country seem to have been a prominent object of attention, and the particularity with which the details are given will afford much instruction to those readers who have not made themselves acquainted with the re-

sults of either individual enterprise or geological surveys. In fact, were we to indicate a small portion even of the various phenomena of which notice is made, the selection would extend our notice much beyond its proper limits.

We are obliged to pass by this topic without sketching the explorations in the Nova Scotia coal field, where many facts of a valuable character were noted, and are recorded by the tourist with his usual acumen and discrimination. Chapter XXIV., of the second volume, will be found unusually interesting in this par-ticular feature. The beds through which the fossil trees are dispersed have a thickness of 2500 feet. In the vicinity of Minudie the strata form a cliff having a vertical height of 150 to 200 feet, in which Mr. Lyell noticed a fossil tree twenty-five feet high and four feet in diameter.

We want just such observers as Mr. Lyell-men who have traveled extensively over those portions of Europe which may safely be regarded, from their importance and richness in the fossil flora and fauna, as the basis of comparison in more extended research. This accumulation of facts which now lie, literally, buried in the earth, the attracting to this work of indefatigable and devoted students, the developing of the vast resources of our western continent, the faithful, and earnest, and ardent elaboration of a slow but surely growing system of physical truth, is measurably but just begun. We hope for a brighter day, and we look upon the circulation of Mr. Lyell's tour as a favorable stimulus in this work.

But not only in a scientific view must this book be regarded as an acquisition to the library of American readers. That it will be highly esteemed in Great Britain we have not the slightest doubt: it stands in the very highest rank of enlightened observation and criticism. We should scarcely be doing justice to the work to dismiss it without one or two extracts indicative of the liberal spirit of the au-

On page 57 he thus notices the politeness to ladies, so characteristic of the American people:

"One of the first peculiarities that must strike a foreigner in the United States is the deference paid universally to the sex, without regard to station. Women may travel alone here in stage-coaches, steamboats, and railways, with less risk of encountering disagreeable behavior, and of hearing coarse and unpleasant conversation, than in any country I have ever visited. The contrast in this respect between the Americans and the French is quite remarkable. There is a spirit of true gallantry in all this, but the publicity of the railway car, where all are in one long room, and of the large ordinaries, whether on land or water, is a great protection, the want of which has been felt by many a female traveler without escort in England. As the Americans address no conversation to strangers, we soon became tolerably reconciled to living so much in public. Our fellowpassengers consisted for the most part of shopkeepers, artizans, and mechanics with their families, all well-dressed, and so far as we had intercourse with them, polite and desirous to please. A large part of them were on pleasure excursions, in which they delight to spend their spare

"Travelers must make up their minds, in this as in other countries, to fall in now and then with free and easy people. I am bound, however, to say that in the two most glaring instances of vulgar familiarity which we have experienced here, we found out that both the offenders had crossed the Atlantic only ten years before, and had risen rapidly from a humble station. Whatever good breeding exists here in the middle classes is certainly not of foreign importation; and John Bull, in particular, when out of humor with the manners of the Americans, is often unconsciously beholding his own image in the mirror, or comparing one class of society in the United States with another in his own country, which ought, from superior affluence and leisure to exhibit a higher standard of refinement and intelligence."

In closing an account of the literary institutions of Boston, in reference to public lectures, &c., he says:

"To obtain the services of eminent men engaged in original researches, for the delivery of systematic courses of lectures, is impossible without the command of much larger funds than are usually devoted to this object. When it is stated that the fees at the Lowell Institute at Boston are on a scale more than three times higher than the remuneration awarded to the best literary and scientific public lecturers in London, it will at first be thought hopeless to endeavor to carry similar plans into exe-cution in other large cities, whether at home or in the United States. In reality, however, the sum bequeathed by the late Mr. John Lowell for his foundation, though munificent, was by no means enormous, not much exceeding 70,0001., which, according to the usual fate awaiting donations for educational objects, would have been all swallowed up in the erection of costly buildings, after which the learned would be invited to share the scanty leavings of the "Committee of Taste," and the merciless architect, "reliquias Danaûm atque immitis Achillei." But in the present case, the testator provided in his will that not a siugle dollar should be spent in brick and mortar, in consequence of which proviso, a spacious room was at once hired, and the intentions of the donor carried immediately into effect, without a year's delay.

" If there be any who imagine that a donation might be so splendid as to render an anti-building clause superfluous, let them remember the history of the Girard bequest in Philadelphia. Half a million sterling, with the express desire of the testator that the expenditure on architectural ornament should be moderate! Yet this vast sum is so nearly consumed, that it is doubtful whether the remaining funds will suffice for the completion of the palace-splendid indeed, but extremely ill-fitted for a schoolhouse! It is evident that when a passion so strong as that for building is to be resisted, total abstinence alone, as in the case of spirituous liquors, will prove an adequate safeguard. In the "old country," the fame fatal propensity has stood in the way of all the most spirited efforts of modern times to establish and endow new institutions for the diffusion of knowledge. It is well known that the sum expended in the purchase of the ground, and in the erection of that part of University College, London, the exterior of which is nearly complete, exceeded 100,0001., one-third of which was spent on the portico and dome, or the purely ornamental, the rooms under the dome having remained useless, and not even fitted up at the expiration of fifteen When the professor of chemistry inquired for the chimney of his laboratory, he was informed that there was none, and to remove the defect, a flue was run up which encroached on a handsome staircase and destroyed the symmetry of the architect's design. Still greater was the dismay of the anatomical professor on learning that his lecture room was to conform to the classical model of an ancient theatre, designed for the recitation of Greek plays. Sir Charles Bell remarked that an anatomical theatre, to be perfect, should approach as nearly as possible to the shape of a well, that every student might look down and see distinctly the subject under demonstration. At a considerable cost the room was altered, so as to serve the ends for which it was wanted.

"The liberal sums contributed by the public for the foundation of a rival college were expended in like manner long before the academical body came into existence. When the professor of chemistry at King's College asked for his laboratory, he was told it had been entirely forgotten in the

plan, but that he might take the kitchen on the floor below, and by ingenious machinery carry up his apparatus for illustrating experiments, through a trap-door into an upper story, where his lecture room

was placed.
"Still these collegiate buildings, in support of which the public came forward so liberally, were left, like the Girard College, half finished; whereas, if the same funds had been devoted to the securing of teachers of high acquirements, station, character, and celebrity; and if rooms of moderate dimensions had been at first hired, while the classes of pupils remained small, a generation would not have been lost, the new Institutions would have risen more rapidly to that high rank which they are one day destined to attain, and testamentary bequests would have flowed in more copiously for buildings well adapted to the known and ascertained wants of the establishment. None would then grudge the fluted column, the swelling dome, and the stately portico; and literature and science would continue to be the patrons of architecture, without being its victims."

The last chapter of the first volume contains a lucid, and what we believe will be, to very many American readers, an acceptable expose of the Oxford and Cambridge (Eng.) systems of study. It is well worthy of careful perusal, and the valuable hints which accompany it are suggestive of good plans for our own literary and theological institutions.

We shall not attempt to follow our tourist through the British provinces. Let it be sufficient to say, that after a satisfactory rambling through this country, he made a visit to Canada, and returned to England in August, 1842, having been from home a year, where we leave him with remembrances of pleasure accumulating from the starting-point to the Thames. There may his future path be not less honored and his future labors not less rewarded.

The following candid and good-humored paragraphs close Mr. Lyell's narrative, and may with as much propriety close this too brief and hasty notice:

"We know on the authority of the author of "Sam Slick," unless he has belied his countrymen, that some of the Blue Noses (so called from a kind of potato which thrives here) are not in the habit of set-ting a very high value, either on their own time or that of others. To this class, I presume, belonged the driver of a stagecoach, who conducted us from Pictou to Truro. Drawing in the reins of his four horses, he informed us that there were a

great many wild raspberries by the roadside, quite ripe, and that he intended to get off and eat some of them, as there was time to spare, for he should still arrive in Truro by the appointed hour. It is needless to say that all turned out, as there was no alternative but to wait in the inside of a hot coach, or to pick fruit in the shade. Had the same adventure happened to a traveler in the United States, it might have furnished a good text to one inclined to descant on the inconvenient independence of manners which democratic institutions have a tendency to create.

"It is no small object of ambition for a Nova Scotian to 'go home,' which means to 'leave home, and see England.' However much his curiosity may be gratified by the tour, his vanity, as I learn from several confessions made to me, is often put to a severe trial. It is mortifying to be asked in what part of the world Nova Scotia is situated—to be complimented on 'speaking good English, although an American' —to be asked 'what excuse can possibly be made for repudiation'—to be forced to explain to one countryman after another ' that Nova Scotia is not one of the United States, but a British province.' All this, too, after having prayed loyally every Sun-day for Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales-after having been so ready to go to war about the Canadian borderers, the New York sympathizers, the detention of Macleod and any other feud!

"Nations know nothing of one anothermost true-but unfortunately in this particular case the ignorance is all on one side, for almost every native of Nova Scotia knows and thinks a great deal about England. It may, however, console the Nova Scotian to reflect that there are districts in the British isles, far more populous than all his native peninsula, which the majority of the English people have never heard of, and respecting which, if they were named, few could say whether they spoke Gaelic, Welsh, or Irish, or what form of religion the greater part of them professed."

The "Travels in North America" are issued in two volumes, or two volumes in one, and in two styles-muslin and paper covers. The bound volumes are furnished with several beautiful and valuable maps and plates illustrating the various geological features of this country and the British provinces. We are pleased to see Father Hennepin's old picture of Niagara placed in this volume, in a form in which it will be generally appreciated. The publishers have sustained their wellearned name by the beauty and finish of the work and its illustrations. It is well worthy of a place in every library.

RANDOM ESSAYS: NO. I.

"Scire tuum nihil est, nisi, te scire hoc, sciat alter."-Persius,

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"

said Pope. But why make a maxim of it? 'Tis the natural course of thingsthe law of necessity. Having begun to be a writer, there is no ceasing to be one. We have found it so. We are no longer a "looker-on in Venice." From a careless consumer, a traveler living on the free bounties, that hung, purple and luscious, over every hedge, we have become a producer, anxious, agitated, restless; sitting under our barren fig-tree, and looking impatiently for the coming-forth and ripening of our figs. No more do we worship literature for its own sake, or bring our offering to the Muses from a pure and simple heart. We are a priest at the altar, and offer sacrifice, not like a private devotee, from the promptings of natural religion, but that we may receive our share of the savor and the fatness. Once we were content to love Genius, and listened to his voice always with a swelling heart, and often with gushing eyes. Now we have become a hard and selfish rival of our former masters. To change the figure—we cannot stop to admire the beauty of their powers, the grace of their movements, or the marvel of their speed. We are ourselves in the race-course; we are running with them at a killing pace; and our care is not to be distanced. Our neck is stretched forward with inflexible tension, and our eye fixed, earnest and unswerving, on the goal that shines before us through the dusty distance. We dare scarce wink, much less turn to gaze at our competitors, whether in fear or in wonder, lest that very movement should lose us the laurel crown, or, more distressing still, deprive us of the " purse of gold.'

" Occupet extremum scabies."

There is but a certain amount of literary reputation in the world; for the crowd cannot throw up their hats, and shout for everybody. The more, therefore, we permit to others, the less remains for ourselves. Envy is a misletoe inseparably woven in the chaplet of the author, and the halo, that encircles the glittering head of Genius, is but a rain-

bow formed by his beams, refracted in the tears of his clouded and frowning rivals. (That will do-you'll hardly get over that!) Did the fangs of this corrosive passion gnaw only at the reputations of the living, we should less feel the stings of self-reproach: but it prowls, like a famished hyena, among the graves and lacerates the exhumed bodies of the dead. Oh! that we had been the first writer! Oh! that we had lived in that early and joyous age, when all thoughts were original, and every word one's own; before the ἐπεα πτερόεντα of poets had been legislated into property, or copy-rights hedged in the blossoms of the mind! That we had transcribed the face of our dear mother Nature, while yet that face was young; while the bloom was still fresh on her cheek, and the light still lustrous in her eye! That we, first of all men, by rubbing our cranium—as Aladdin his wonder-working lamp-had evoked a Genius to bring us her treasures of lifelike imagery and unforced but bold expression! Alas! eheu! etc. Love, and Anger, and Sorrow and Devotion have long since exhausted her store-house, rich, ample, and varied though it be. We, who feel as strongly as our fathers, have little left us, in air, or on earth, but their own hacknied thoughts to be clothed in words of "faded splendor," and decked off with strained or threadbare illustrations. We are "interdicti igni et aqua" -exiles from the realm of Nature. Authors might as well be born bereft of their five senses; for all that can be seen or heard, smelled, touched, or tasted, has been tortured out of its last possible trope, and remains as dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." We are debarred of the forest and the ocean, of the tall, gray mountains, and the overhanging sky. The stars glowed and the breezes blew for our fathers; but for us the watch-fires of heaven are all lost Pleiades, and the couriers of the earth have returned to their Æolian cave. For our lovers the dove might as well turn buzzard: for our warriors the lion may " hang a calf-skin on his recreant limbs; for our sailors Leviathan himself has dwindled to a sprat.

The laborers in the field of literature are less generous than Boaz of Scriptural memory. They leave no handful here and there, through charity, to the humble gleaner. The passion for fame is more grasping than the love of money, and there is no avarice like the avarice of authorship. What would buy from a writer a tithe of his reputation for genius and originality? We have even known a thievish author, in his eagerness for renown, steal a fine thought from one of his ownflint in Plautus, who filched money from one of his pockets, and hid it in the other!

What business had our predecessors to write so much, and so finely, leaving us, who know more, the necessity of saying less, and of saying that little ill? What right had they to compel their descendants to be either indolent, or dishonest, by leaving us so vast a funded capital of mental wealth, which we must either "bury in a napkin," or fraudulently display as our own earnings? With what pleasure could we distil the essence from their writings, and pass the sponge of oblivion over their names! We look on Homer as umbraged by our own predestined laurels, and regard Milton as the occupant of our rightful throne. Are we not mixed of native goodness and of native pravity? Are we not a cross between the old Adam and the new Adam-we use the term in an untheological sense-between man in his primal innocence, and man after his mortal taste of the forbidden fruit? And are we not born of woman? Have we not loved the ladies, ever since our senses could discern their soft tones and sweet faces from the hoarse voices and parded chins of their lords? Has not the Devil often crept into our heart like a serpent, or, perching on our pillow " squat like a toad," shot his infernal venom into our sleeping ear? Could we not, then, from the promptings of our own nature, have painted a perfect Adam and a perfect Eve? Could we not have portrayed "our Destroyer, foe to God and man," in the wrestlings of "considerate pride," with fierce remorse, in the changes of " pale ire, envy, and despair," and with all those lineaments of gloom and grandeur, which should have out-deviled the arch-fiend himself? Aye! and we would have done it, had not Milton forestalled us! But of all marauding usurpers, we view Shakspeare with the most jaundiced eye. Sometimes we note in the human

heart a little shady valley of poetry and sweetness, which we think we will rifle of its flowery treasures, and set up our memorial there. Soon we discern that Will Shakspeare has been in every nook, and given an exact transcript of all its beautie sin his Universal Gazetteer. The nymphs have all sworn allegiance to him; it forms an integrant portion of his boundless dominions, and from a spot, which we had discovered and conquered by our own exertions, we are cast forth as an alien and an intruder. Is it not enough to impregnate any spirit with the "gall of bitterness?" We never can forgive him for that fat old Falstaff, particularly, who left no wit behind him. Why did not the fellow keep to his trade of petty-larceny, and content himself with deer-stealing, without becoming a robber on a scale of unprecedented boldness, and taking from a whole posterity of minds their legitimate estates?

But "nil desperandum." Something can be done, surely, by us, who superadd our own wit to the knowledge of our fathers.-What is an "Essay?" It is an attempt, an effort, a trial. It is a display of what you can do: nothing more. Of course, then, anybody may write an tion. What is the etymology of "Essay?" The votaries of the "essay." It requires only a little exer-The votaries of the immortal Ego imagine it to be only a corruption of the words "I say;" and, consequently, in their "essays," the everlasting "I" stands before you in every line, erect and stately, with the homage-craving inscription on his brow: "obolum date Belisario." Their verbs are all unipersonal. "Iota" swallows up all their alphabet from "Alpha" to "Omega." But we do not admire this omnipresent impersonation of self-this obtrusive display of individuality. We leave the vulgar repetition of the first person singular to the conversational δί πολλοὶ— the men who have no idiosyncracy, no distinguishable "image and superscription;" who are just as much other people as they are themselves, and who, therefore, by dwelling on the "I" with "damnable iteration," vainly strive to convince their hearers that they actually are "individuals." We shall be guilty of no such absurdity. We believe that the etymology of "essay" is to be found in "we say," and we shall maintain the dignity of an author by expressing ourselves in that stately plural number, appropriated, hitherto, almost exclusively to kings and editors. We have a perfect right so to do, for we shall say nothing but what all sensible people would say, if they only happened to think of it; and, of course, in expressing the sentiments, we may employ the style of "Legion." The advantages we derive from this multiplication of our personality, are many and great. In the first place, "I" is too plain, too comprehensible. It means "unity," "number one." It is the first of acquired conceptions; rather say, it is an innate idea, lying at the foundation of all human knowledge and of all animal instinct.

Besides, we do not choose to be so perfectly transparent. Perspicuity is the sworn foe of the Sublime. Some critics, we are aware, do not think so. But some critics are asses. We are resolved to deal a little in the sublime, and must of course meddle somewhat with the unintelligible. The indefinite is unintelligible, and what is more indefinite than "we"? Or what can be more convenient than this ever-flowing number? "See how we apples swim," quoth the Repudiator and the Texas-man, as they watch the progress of the Ship of State, which they are doing their best to dismast and scuttle.

It is a little curious to observe that the more nations depart from their original barbarism, the more they discountenance the practice of "egoisme" and "tutoiment"—the more they banish the "I" and the "thou." "I" and "thou" are essentially selfish. They are the symbols of brutal ignorance and savage liberty, and present as many "salient points" to humanized and kindly intercourse as the "quills of the fretful porcupine." But the introduction of the word "we" is the first harbinger of civilization-the first symbol of social existence, Then the antagonistic elements begin to crystalize; the "attraction of repulsion" is overcome by the "attraction of cohesion;" and the rough units of humanity combine and consolidate their fragments into the glittering diamond of civic harmony and associated life. Live forever the urbane and kindly first person plural pronoun "we," and avaunt the self-idolatrous and supercilious " I," that regards itself as sitting enthroned in the centre and diffusing its radiance to the very circumference of being! We are Fourierists-better still, Owenites. agree with the latter that there ought to be no "I's," and but two "we's," in the world—the English on the Eastern Hemi-

sphere; the Americans in the Western. And when our "westward star of empire" has culminated to its zenith-when we have re-annexed Texas, and extended our "area of freedom" from Melville Island to the Land of Fire (Terra del Fuego)-when, in short, we have become strong enough to enforce on all nations the law of love-then we propose that the twin-born "we's" be fused and amalgamated in to one omnipresent and allprevailing "Ourselves," who shall Yankeeize the globe into a grand Cosmopolitan Republic, and whip all Nullifiers, that refuse to be affectionate, into a perfect observance of the "Golden Rule!" That's our theory. Our rod is better than any other rod; and why should'nt it swallow up its brethren? The day of the establishment of such a commonwealth, "one and indivisible," on principles all-comprehensive and incomprehensible, will be the first day of the "Greek Kalends" of the year 1 in our chronology.

But this employment of the weighty and solemn plural phrase has several other advantages. It imposes on the "sine nomine vulgus," the class of literary idiots-we use the term in its classical acception. Well do we remember the day when, as yet uninitiated, we listened in respectful silence to every enunciation, whether in the work reviewing or the work reviewed, endorsed with the imprimatur of the unseen, mysterious and omniscient "WE." We had studied Greek, Latin, and the Mathematics " some," and had, moreover, read many other books, which we did not understand, and read of thousands more, which we never saw. Like most young sciolists, therefore, we were always conceited, often impertinent, and sometimes impudent. We laughed at individual authority, and had no respect for visible and tangible persons. We thought our own "I" as good as any other "I." But very different were our feelings for the dignity of "we." Toward the shadowy locale of that composite personage, sitting curtained and invisible on his mystic tripod, we gazed with fear, and wonder, and reverential awe. Whenever Messrs. Oracles prophesied, or expounded the prophets in the plural, we whispered to our hushed heart, "Ipsi dixerunt," and swallowed the whole without one wry face, or peevish murmur. As the seventytwo Roman Cardinals at the Vaticanthe modern Septuagintoduûmviral conclave, who exert indirectly the gift of interpretative inspiration-do, from their seventy-two separate fallibilities, manufacture one compound infallibility; even so our youthful credulity believed that the best spirits of the living and the dead were wont to congregate in the "sanctum" of the pluralizing Author or Reviewer, and that their immancable utterance, viva-vocal or bibliothecal, was by him interpreted, embodied, and embalmed in immortalizing ink. If two or more of these literary Pontiffs claimed the primacy at once, and issued to all the faithful their periodical Bulls, vilipending, anathematizing, and excommunicating one another, that did not stagger our implicit reverence: we believed in the orthodoxy, and obeyed the mandates of them all. We were a boy then. Now we know better. At present we walk by sight, not by faith, and judge of men from their fruits, not their leaves. The moment we were enrolled among the Scribes, we demurred to the authority of the elders of the synagogue, who, as Tony Lumpkin says, were "always snubbing us young folks." It is now our turn to apply the rod of correction, and we shall lay it on with a heavy hand and "some frowns."

But we suppose that many of our more youthful readers, even in this unbelieving age, still entertain the same single-hearted and earnest reverence for the apophthegms of the invisible and polycephalous "we." They will doubtless think that our edition of critical and literary doctrine is the very latest, embellished with numerous cuts,-in fine, "accuratissiminè edita, et prioribus multo emendatior." And so it is. Some of the young ladies and young gentlemen—the aspirants to taste and knowledge—will be convinced that we are nothing less than "three single gentlemen rolled into one," and will transcribe our decrees into their note books, as a "vermilion edict," stereotyped, permanent, universal. We fancy even that we hear some of the "old ones," who have not entirely broken through their infantine egg-shell, exclaiming at our decisions, "See there, now! Do you hear what they say? And there, again! Well, did you ever? Oh! if I had been born a century later, to be instructed in the full doctrine of the new school!" Poor, dear old fellow! (Italiee, "vecchiccinolo") Act uprightly, and die contented! If you are good, you know more than most of your descendants will. If you think, however, that we make any discoveries, we shall not deny it. It

redounds to our glory, and this is the great aim of authors.

"Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum."

But all the while that we are awakening this strength of unreasoning reverence, by our forged signature of "we." we chuckle in our closet, to think that the "real presence" of the idol, is, at last, only the biped locomotive "I." Some may even think that we are no other than the Editor himself, discoursing in a more familiar mood. We are not, though. We are only his very particular friend, and still more, the friend of his cause and purpose. We have no doubt, however, that we think and write precisely as he would do, if he had the time! It is our design to help him out in his arduous task of filling one hundred and odd double-column pages every month, by occupying all the odd pages ourself, with brief essays, written in the incorrigible style-which, we take it, means a style incapable of, and needless of, correction.

We have lately made a classical discovery, of which, we doubt whether Homer himself was apprized, and which has certainly escaped the penetration of all modern critics. It is, that the dual number of the Greek language was originally invented to accommodate the conversational requirements of a man and his wife. That peculiar duplicate existence-of which, happily or unhappily, we are ignorant, except by " hearsay,"that Siamese coalescence of will and movement, needed a separate and peculiar form of speech, to express their exclusive community of rights, property, and feelings. That same dual number ought to exist for the accommodation of the writer and his Editor, to indicate that the thoughts originated by the one, and rectified, endorsed, and published by the other, are, in some sense, their common In our case, the Editor is property. privileged to "excissorate," and has a carte blanche to add what he pleases. We consider ourselves as constituting a kind of publishing firm—Nosmetipsi & Co.

Well: we have spun quite a "yarn," and have only to hope that it may not be worsted in the perusal. We shall do better next time. One thing—we mean to be liberal. We intend, hereafter, to run our thought-carriage, our mental omnibus, for the benefit equally of Whigs, Neutrals, and Democrats (the soi-disant); though we anticipate but little patronage from these last.

LIFE AND LABORS, LITERARY, PROFESSIONAL AND PUBLIC, OF LEGARE.

Upon some poetic principle, difficult to explain, but which Art, however untaught, has instinctively comprehended, even among rude nations, and before yet rules and systems were known, he whom it would make the favorite of all famethe matchless hero, of a beauty, a strength and a valor, beyond all human parallel -always perishes young, in the very flower of life and force and renown. Whether it is that the wise poets of the early and great national lays felt that, to move the utmost admiration, pity must be called in to avert our envy, and the perfectly brave be cut short in the very midst of their glory, so that mortal bitterness (consoled by the brevity of its date,) will bear to see their greatness; certain it is, that in Grecian, in Norwegian, and in Persian song alike, the same resort of the affections has been employed. Achilles falls in his first manhood; the equally irresistible Rustem yields to a fate as premature; Balder, the delight of the Valhalla, and brightest of all the children of Odin, is cut off untimely. The tale of Hercules, of Samson, of Roland, and of whatever made to rude and warrior nations the favorite image of an incomparable prowess, is much the same. Milton, too, has, in a beautiful passage of his Lycidas, appealed with admirable skill to the same feeling, in deploring the cruel destiny which seems ever to snatch from earth, the earliest, those who have just begun to show themselves capable of treading the highest career.

Such is the sentiment which everywhere attends the early fall of him on whom Nature appeared to have lavished in vain her most consummate gifts. This, Homer has touched again, where he bemoans Euphorbus, young, beautiful and brave, yet suddenly overthrown in death, like some young olive, whose lofty and verdant head, lifting itself to the glad air in snowy flowers, is all at once laid low by the whirlwind, With the same thought, once more, Virgil has affected us, when he pathetically tells what, had he lived, poor Marcellus would have been. Upon the very countenance of his shade, that has never yet visited the earth which he was to adorn so briefly, the poet sheds a visible gloom, a melancholy radiance,

such as might well be imagined to fling itself upon the port of him of heroic nature, who foreknew that, with everything that should have given him a lasting memory among men, he was to be born to the disinheritance of Fate and Fame. In the same feeling, finally, we sadden over those who would else but little engage our esteem or compassion—the boy-conqueror of the utmost East that the Greeks knew; or even the hair-brained Swedish imitator of his ambition, not abilities; and Gaston de Foix, or Desaix, or whoever else that fell before yet the star of his honor seemed to have culminated.

Yet are there others, of souls as high and of hands more innocent, at whose immature fall we may still better be affected than at that of any who have plied, however generously, the cruel trade of Whatever the impulse that may urge, the vision that may lead, from childhood, such as these on to exploit; whatever the exercises that must breed them to heroic arts; whatever the patience, the vigilance, the discipline of pain and toil, of calm self-command or of fiery daring, that must form them up to perfect manhood and the ripeness for great deeds, there are yet others whom Nature must have cast to faculties as noble, far more beneficent, and capable of being carried to their fit perfection only by a training to which that of arms is little better than a diversion. The warrior of Thought-as we may well call him who turns upon Letters a force of the mind as powerful and purposes as immortal as any that Military Glory ever called forth—the Intellectual Worthy can only be produced by a training still more severe than any that forms the mere physical hero.

The fall, then, of a man like the late Hugh Legare, in the very prime of life and in the very vigor of noble faculties nurtured by the most consummate cultivation, is one of those mischances of life which come, at times, to sadden at his lonely toil the enthusiast of Letters, to check the ardor of high public pursuits, and teach to the most generous of passions—that of a great and just intellectual renown—the melancholy lesson of humility; how the studious watchings of year after year, the accumulated

knowledge, the practised judgment, the fancy enriched with all that Poetry or Taste could supply of the brightest, the disciplined reason, the commanding and varied attainments, the minuter skill of technical learning in its details, and all that mighty and beautiful pile of thought and feeling which labor and the strenuous love of high things can rear, on the mind naturally great, may be suddenly dashed to the earth, like the merest hovel of the mind, and, just when the grandeur, the grace and the solidity of the structure has begun to catch and to charm every eye, spread its ruins around! The great powers so lavishingly given, and so admirably improved, have, by a cruel blow of Fate, been snatched away, when they had yet been scarcely felt by the country which they seemed destined to illustrate and to serve; he was stricken down at the very threshold of fame; and just when the entire public should have begun to yield him its admiration, we were called on to deplore his loss! So precisely is the lesson that of Milton to which we have just alluded, and so well will the strain recall, to all who knew him to whom we apply them, his habits and aspirations, that we cannot omit what no other words can tell so well:

"Alas! what boots it, with incessant care
To ply the homely slighted shepherd's
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse? Were it not better done, as others use, To sport with Amazyllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Newra's hair? Fame is the spur that the clear spright

doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorréd

shears, And slits the thin-spun life!

Hugh Swinton Legare was sprung from that honorable stock which has given to South Carolina so many eminent names—her Huguenot population; whom attachment to religious freedom led to seek refuge from French oppression, under the liberal institutions which a philosopher had planned for the infant State, in whose genial clime they found an image of their own. Settling there, in the neighborhood of the now dismantled town of Dorchester, his ancestors acquired respectable, though not large estates, in that quarter, where, and in John's Island, lay his patrimonial property.

The early loss of his father (who perished while he was a child) left him with a sister, who died in 1842, and another, whom his own death has left completely desolate, the last of her immediate race—to the widowed care of that excellent mother, who breathed her last in his arms in Washington, just before his death. She was of the race of the Swintons of Scotland; so that the Covenanter and the Huguenot were mingled in his lineage.

How admirably she performed those duties, to the successful exertion of which, nature herself seems to have made the concurring influence of both sexes almost indispensable, was apparent in the singularly fine impulses which, from studious boyhood upward, bore him on through the successive honors of the school, the college, professional and public life; in all of which, he made himself constantly felt as one on whom nature had lavished talents, and in whom art and labor would give to those talents a

very high perfection.

It is probable that his mother was (as mothers then so often were throughout the South) his main teacher, up to the time (the 8th or 9th year) when the rudiments of a classical education may be begun. This, however, he commenced under the present Judge Mitchell King, then principal of a High School in Charleston, which has since taken the loftier name of the Charleston College, but has by no means made, like its early head-master, a progress in eminence proportioned to the titular accession. King, after a laborious life, distinguished as much by merit as by success, has crowned a long professional career by accepting, in a very singular manner, a high judicial appointment, of which the salary is appropriated to the support of the almost destitute family of his prede-Under Mr. King, an exceedingly cessor. good and exact scholar, young Legare probably laid the foundations of those philological attainments which afterwards made so fine a part of his very varied acquirements.

His riper boyhood was committed to the instruction of that fortunate teacher, the Rev. Mr. Waddell, then (we believe) of Abbeville, and subsequently the President of the Oglethorpe University of Georgia—the master of George McDuffie, of James Pettigru, of William Harper, and of many other distinguished pupils in that region. To his lessons

Mr. Legare often recurred, as having served to influence, above all others, the formation of his mind, especially in those classical studies and the historic and the oratorical pursuits, which soon became his favorite proficiency. This experienced teacher easily foresaw, and often foretold his future distinction as a scholar.

Of the several next stages of his intellectual formation, we possess an account from one fitter than all others to commemorate abilities, in many particulars strictly kindred to his own; we mean Wm. C. Preston, Ex-Senator of the United States, for a State that little deserved (as she has shown) either him or Legare; for she ostracised both, after but a single term of service in the National Councils, for a want of what has become the sole political science of South Carolina—the science of Calhounism.

Almost the associate and the rival of Legare's College reputation, which his own just preceded; in like manner, his precursor in the tour of improvement abroad, where they met as companions in the same aims of study, none can so authentically describe Legare's college life or sojourn in Europe, as Mr. Preston; and we hesitate not, therefore, to adopt what he has so well related.

"He entered College at the very early age of fourteen; his reputation having preceded him, he was, on his arrival, an object of curiosity and interest to the students; while, on his part, with boyish ingenuousness, he was not indisposed to exhibit his acquisitions, or backward in permitting it to be understood that he intended to run for the honors of his class. His previous acquirements, the astonishing facility with which he added to them, and the eager industry with which he threw himself upon his studies, gave him at once a lead, which he maintained throughout his course, until he was graduated, not only with the honors of College, but with a reputation in the State. He mainly de-voted himself to the departments of classical literature and philosophy; and he zealously engaged in the discussions of the debating societies, to practice himself in the art of speaking.

"These studies were a passion with him. His attention to the exact sciences, however, seemed to be stimulated rather by an ambition of excellence and a sense of duty. His recitations in mathematics, chemistry, and natural philosophy were always good—equal to the best in his class—but his heart was in the classics. There he was not only learning, but feasting. He was not only making stages on a journey, but lured

on from height to height, enraptured with the growing scene, until all the glorious creations of Greek and Roman genius lay like a landscape beneath him.

"His own idea, in after life, of what ought to be accomplished at College, is elegantly expressed in a passage in which he unconsciously draws his own picture at the time of his graduation, defective only in this, that it falls short of what he had himself accomplished in the exact sciences. "All that we ask," he says, "is that a boy should be thoroughly taught the ancient languages from his eighth to his sixteenth year, or thereabouts, in which time he will have his taste formed, his love of letters completely, perhaps enthusiastically awak-ened, his knowledge of the principles of universal grammar perfected, his memory stored with the history, the geography and the chronology of all antiquity, and with a vast fund of miscellaneous literature besides, his imagination kindled with the most beautiful and glowing passages of Greek and Roman poetry and eloquence; all the rules of criticism familiar to himthe sayings of sages, and the achievements of heroes, indelibly impressed upon his heart. He will have his curiosity fired for further acquisition, and find himself in possession of the golden keys which open all the recesses where the stores of knowledge have ever been laid up by civilized man. The consciousness of strength will give him confidence, and he will go to the rich treasures themselves and take what he wants, instead of picking up eleemosynary scraps from those whom, in spite of himself, he will regard as his betters in literature. He will be let into the great communion of scholars, throughout all ages and all nations-like that more awful communion of saints in the Holy Church Universal, and feel a sympathy with departed genius, and with the enlightened and the gifted minds of other countries, as they appear before him, in the transports of a sort of Vision Beatific, bowing down at the same shrines, and glowing with the same holy love of whatever is most pure and fair, and exalted and divine, in human nature."

"Such was the condition of Mr. Legaro when he left College.

"He did not fall into the fatal error of supposing that the college course completed his education, or that the distinction acquired by it entitled him to repose or indolence. He had learned enough—no inconsiderable knowledge—to know his ignorance, and did not believe that he had even laid a foundation, but had merely been collecting materials for an education. He left the college, therefore, for the deeper seclusion of his own library, and entering on the study of law, rather added to than changed his former labors. The study of his profession was the base line of very

multifarious reading, and was in the beginning, and for many years afterwards, regarded as subsidiary to other objects requiring also other attainments. He did not place himself formally in a lawyer's office, as is the custom of law students in our State, but sought and obtained for the direction of his studies, the aid of an eminent member of the bar, distinguished by his love of learning, not less than by his high professional standing, just now crowned by judicial honors-honors which, however well won or sustained, derive new lustre from the noble benevolence with which their emoluments are appropriated.* Under his friendly and judicious guidance, three years of Mr. Legare's life were devoted chiefly to the study of his profession. Being prepared for admission to the bar, he did not yet deem his education complete, and proposed to add to it the advantages of foreign travel.

"In 1818, he went to Paris. His knowledge of the French language, and the extent of his previous acquirements, enabled him to profit by the facilities of that capital, and to realize the advantages of travel, while his established purposes and habits of intellectual improvement, placed him beyond the seductive allurements of that luxurious city, in which young foreigners so often

Their friends and native home forget, To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye.

"The precision and elegance with which, even then, he spoke the language, was the subject of frequent remark and compliment. A very accomplished woman said to him—he was only too Attic to be an Athenian.

"The most attractive objects to him, were the galleries of fine arts and the theatres. The former, somewhat shorn of their beams, in 1818, were yet glorious with the rich, though diminished spoils of Italy and Holland. His cultivated imagination found the counterparts of its images on the canvas or in marble; and while they filled him with delight, furnished him with more exalted, and at the same time more definite, conceptions of grace, beauty, and sublimity. The theatres were then in the highest state of perfection, and Mr. Legare, being well acquainted with the French drama as a literature, studied and enjoyed its representations on the stage with intense delight. Talma and Duchenois had brought tragic acting to perfec-tion, and Mars was inimitable in polite comedy. To Mr. Legare, their representations was not only amusement, but a study. The theatre was to him, what it was when Bolingbroke applauded a play of Addison, or Johnson the acting of Gar-

rick. It was, however, illustrative of a trait in his character, that he frequently sought and enjoyed the rich farce of Potier, or the naïveté and idiomatic finesse of the vaudeville—for although his general demeanor was grave, and sometimes even austere, yet there was a vein of fun running through his character, with a keen perception of the ludicrous, which not unfrequently manifested itself in the presence of his intimate friends. At such moments, his joyousness, his entire abandon, and a rich play of a riotous imagination over the vast field of his varied associations, afforded an amusing, and not unpleasing contrast with his habitual reserve.

"In addition to the occupation which the observer of life and manners, and the variety of interesting objects in Paris, finds, Mr. Legare studied the Italian language and literature—devoting a portion of each day to them. It was his practice through life to have on hand some pursuit of this kind, to which unappropriated moments, or set hours of the day or night were

applied.
"From Paris, he went by the way of London to Edinburgh, to attend a course of lectures at the University, then adorned with the names of Playfair, Leslie, and Brown, while the presence of Scott shed a glory over the city, which almost obscured the lustre of Jeffrey, the Wilsons, Alison, and others, who, of themselves, by their science, learning and social position, would have made Edinburgh the most intellectual and agreeable city in Europe, to any foreigner who had claims to denizenship in the Republic of Letters. Mr. Legare entered the classes of Natural Philosophy, Mathematics and the Civil Law of the University, which were respectively presided over by Playfair, Leslie, and Irving. He also became a member of the private class of Dr. Murray, the distinguished lecturer on Chemistry. In tasking himself to four lectures a day, he did not propose to prosecute the reading necessary for either of them, except on that of Civil Law, while he marked out, as a minor object, and somewhat as a relaxation from severer occupations, a course of Italian reading. Three hours a day were given to Playfair, Leslie, and Murray, in the lecture room. From eight to ten were devoted to Hieneccius Cujacius, and Terrasson, side by side with whom, lay upon his table, Dante and Tasso, Guicciardini, Davila, and Machiavelli.

"To this mass of labor he addressed himself with a quiet diligence, sometimes animated, however, into a sort of "gaudium certaminis." On one occasion he found himself at breakfast Sunday morning, on the same seat where he had breakfasted the day before, having remained in it four-and-

^{*} Mitchell King, Esq.—The salary of the office is appropriated to the family of the late incumbent.

twenty hours. Still he had leisure—the child of industry—to "keep abreast with society," and carry on an extensive corres-

pondence with his friends.

"To this period of his early life Mr. Legare always looked back with peculiar pleasure. Three years since, in a public speech, he adverted to it in touching terms, as a period of honorable pursuits and conscious progression in liberal learning—when the long nights of an Edinburgh winter were not too long for the ardent labors that consumed them; when treasures were amassed and sympathies awakened, that strengthened and sustained the efforts of after-life. Well might he remember those nights with pride and pleasure. Well might he exclaim, while a rapt audience hung upon his thrilling voice:

'They were not spent in love, or lust, or wine, But in search of deep Philosophy, Wit, Eloquence, and Poesy.'

"The professor of Civil Law, Mr. Irving, was a man of small talent and moderate learning in his department, although not without general erudition, as is shown in his life of Buchanan. He was, however, earnest and attentive. The business of the class-room was conducted in Latin, the only vestige of this ancient custom remaining in the University. The daily examinations were, of course, very much confined to the technical language of the text-books, so that when anything occurred requiring a more copious vocabulary, the language, on the part of the student at least, was a very lame and imperfect Latinity. It happened once, while Mr. Legare was under exami-nation, that some difference of opinion arose between him and the professor, on the construction of a passage in the Institutes. Mr. Legare maintained his opinion with warmth, and at length astonished the class and the professor, by the elegance and facility of his diction and the extent of his reading. Dr. Irving thought the character of the discussion such as to require from him a written exposition of the point in controversy, which he sent to a member of the class, a friend of Mr. Legare.

"Up to his residence in Edinburgh, Mr. Legare had not regarded the civil law as an object of systematic study, and had acquired but that general knowledge of it which results from historical reading, or from the meagre outlines and occasional allusions in the common-law writers. Now, however, it attracted his more serious attention. The judicious, or perhaps the lucky selection of Heineccius as a text-book for the class, gave an interest to the study which it might not have derived from the profes-The terse and elegant style of this sor. The terse and elegant style of this great writer, his lucid method and exact and full learning, were sufficient of themselves to lure a man of cultivated taste and literary propensities to the study of this science, even in the absence of any purpose of practical utility. Besides this, Mr. Legare at once perceived how advantageous a knowledge of the civil law would be to him in the profession he had chosen. With this two-fold attraction, he entered upon it with energy—but it was not until many years after that it became a primary object of his study, for more determinate and more important purposes.

"During the winter he went to Glasgow, to hear the celebrated Dr. Chalmers preach. He was greatly impressed with the oratorical powers and general abilities of the preacher, and regarded him as the first orator in Europe. What struck him as the great peculiarity, and as one of the elegancies of his speaking, was the vehement involution into which he seemed to be hurried by his impetuosity and fullness, and the admirable dexterity with which he extricated his sentences.

"Among the agreeable incidents of the winter in Edinburgh, which extended their influence upon his after-life, was the commencement of Mr. Legare's acquaintance with the learned and accomplished gentleman under whose hospitable roof he breathed his last.

"In the spring of 1819, he made excursions through Scotland and England, and spent the summer in London. In the autumn he returned to the continent, and traveled through Belgium, Holland and France, whence he came home, in 1820, to the business of life. Nothing now was wanting to his education. It was complete in all its parts. It rarely happens that such opportunities have been afforded, and still more rarely that they have been so well used."

Resuming now our own personal narrative, (for it too, is such, though derived from association with Legare, beginning in 1826,) we shall, that we may intermix with his history things and persons slightly or differently mentioned in the memoirs which we have cited, return to the period of his entrance into the College of his State. It was then governed by Dr. Maxcy, the able predecessor of the still abler and more remarkable Dr. THOMAS COOPER, who there first set regularly on foot, against Mr. Calhoun, those radical and Benthamite doctrines, of which he was so formidable a propagator, and which he for whose overthrow they were meant, has foiled, by making them his own. It was, however, before the dawn of this Radical Philosophy, and under the older dispensation of Letters and Eloquence, rather than utitilitarian science or speculation, that Mr. Legare was

hred up, in the enthusiasm and the learning of the past and its examples, not the headlong changes of the present, or

wilder guesses of the future.

The brilliancy of his academic performances there won him, at the very early age of eighteen, not only the highest final honors of the collegiate course, but a reputation which already, before he had graduated, had fixed the eyes of his State upon him, as one of whom the very highest hopes might safely be entertained. Filled, however, with the conception of no excellence that was to stop short of the noblest attainments that study could confer, in countries where a maturer erudition flourishes, he speedily went abroad-not for those empty purposes which so often lead our traveled youth over Europe-to learn a fashionable air, to talk of marbles, and canvas, and operas, to catch learning from cicerones and valets-de-place, and to investigate where clothes of the best fit or dinners of the most exquisite skill may be found—but to plunge into the intenser pursuit of studies, which he could there prosecute with far higher advantage studies of which his life had never yet known any intermission, and from which it was destined never to seek relaxation, except such as that of the Spartan, whose only holiday was when he quitted the austere discipline and exercises of his city for the actual battle-field.

His visit to Europe, of some three years, was spent partly at Edinburgh, in attending a course of common and of civil law, in its University; and partly at Paris, where he occupied himself with general literature and the tongues of Southern Europe, all of which he learned to speak and write, and of which he rapidly mastered all the finer literature; while he perfected himself still more in those purer remains of Greek and Roman eloquence and poetry,—the most perfect models upon which to form the taste, and with the spirit of which to ennoble lite-

ance.

It was, then, not as the traveled exquisite, but as the returning scholar, as the able lawyer, and the future statesman, already largely formed, that he came from abroad; where he had made no step but toward some addition to his knowledge, the command of some professional attainment, or that of those nobler and more vigorous parts of scholarship which he sought, not merely as accomplishments,

rary compositions or forensic perform-

but as graces scarcely less necessary than strength itself to that high career which he was preparing himself to tread. He returned to Charleston somewhat as Milo, the wrestler, might have done to the public games of Italy from the palæstra of Greece—not an effeminate wanderer, unnerved by foreign delights; but an athlete of terrible strength and formidable skill.

His return was of course met with all that additional expectation of his friends and of the public, which his reputed genius and his known habits abroad were fit to excite. Each gayer traveler, too, that came or wrote home, had been constantly marveling at the progress of his mind, and announcing some fresh acquirement he had set about, some new accomplishment that he had mastered. It was felt, then, that here was a man whose rare natural powers, perfected by a discipline so severe, and animated by such vigorous purposes, could scarcely

fail of achieving great things.

Pausing, however, not an instant to enjoy, in the circles of an elegant and cultivated city, the foretaste of that broader reputation which he must now have felt himself capable of grasping, he at once entered upon the practice of the law; distinguishing himself, from the first, by the richness and force of his oratorical powers, his command of the theoretic and historical parts of his profession, and the variety and splendor of his general attainments. These won him his general attainments. a rapid celebrity. Practice, however, and business, which nothing but time can create at a bar already possessing a number of able and established pleaders, (such as Pettigru, King, Hayne, Grimké, and Drayton,) came more slowly, and even with some impediments from those brilliant qualities as a speaker and scholar, which often serve, by their superiority, but to spread an impression that he who shines so much in these things is too fine and too lofty ever to be a skilful attorney. Mr. Legare knew too much that other lawyers are usually ignorant of, not to have great difficulty in convincing the public that he knew even as much law as the dullest and narrowest of those who have mastered nothing of the profession but its quirks, and who are argued to be lawyers, chiefly because they are nothing else. He who adorns a masterly argument with the graces of elocution will usually pass, like Preston, for little better than a declaimer, in comparison with men who reason almost as much

less well than he, as they speak; and Patrick Henry, a man who never in his life made a speech for display or pronounced a word but such as powerfully contributed to his purpose, was looked on, all his life, as but an utterer of harangues, because he covered up what was to affect the understanding with all that wrought upon the imagination and the

passions. Meantime, in becoming more largely professional, the general studies of Legare did not cease. Learned pursuits, or the sedulous practice of the art of delivery filled every interval of professional preparation. Originally, his voice had been harsh, weak, and untunable; while a defective shape and ill-proportioned arms (one of which had besides been from childhood stiffened by the small-pox,) seemed to render it impossible for him ever to attain a graceful or an expressive gesticulation. Yet, by a self-training to which the famous one of Demosthenes was almost nothing, he vanquished these formidable disadvantages. By the practice of everything that could strengthen his utterance, give him the command of its modulations, and improve his whole enunciation, he absolutely created himself a voice the most powerful and one of the most perfect we have ever heard. It became clear, musical, delicate, and true in its minutest intonations; while, in its more vehement bursts of sound, it grew capable of filling the largest hall with thundering tones, to which we have often felt the walls of a legislature ring and vibrate. He overcame, in like manner, or contrived to hide, his bodily defects, so as to attain a command of gesture quite sufficient to second the beautiful recitative of his voice and the play of features unusually striking—a noble and commanding countenance, full of intellect and passion, and fit to mirror all that the glow of his eloquence could express.

In the South, where the liberal education which the profession of the Law demands implies usually views not to mere subsistence but of some personal ambition, he who figures at the bar is almost compelled to take part in politics. There is there a less pressure of want upon those who are well-educated; the condition of their society itself tends less, therefore, to a selfish absorption in one's individual pursuits; men are less obstructed from the public about them and seek more readily a reputation extrinsic to their profession; while the law itself, less largely involving commercial questions, less formal and methodic, breathes a more popular spirit, because, in a body of communities of simpler occupations, it is much more largely conversant with matters which interest all the citizens alike. The legal orator whose arguments or harangues strike at all vividly the public attention is therefore almost invariably drawn early into the party arena; which, indeed, may there often be said to be a field of honor on which he is forced to let his strength be seen and where not to have duly exercised himself is held (as was the not visiting the Campus Martius in Cicero's time, or the not bearing about one the valor of the gymnasium and its oil in Xenophon's time) hardly manly or honest.

Early, therefore, after his appearance at the bar, he was elected to the state legislature, taking his seat in 1820, as representative of St. John's and Wadmalaw.* After serving this rural constituency for four years, he accepted from the greater one of Charleston (which had now become the city of his residence and was destined to remain through life that of his affections) a place among its more distinguished delegation. Of it he continued to be regularly returned until 1830, when he was chosen by the legislature to the very eminent post, for one so young, of Attorney General of his State—a distinction made far more marked by the fact that, in a moment of violent party strife, he, who was of the minority, was elected by almost the common vote of Unionists and Nullifiers, as the factions had by this time come to designate themselves

Briefly to retrace, however, the ten years during which he thus mixed with legal labors, and a slowly-accumulating professional reputation, an annual month (for the South Carolina sessions are no more†) of law-making and of federal

Mr. Preston says, St. John's Colleton: but we prefer our own impression, because,
 as we have seen, Legare's connexions and lands domiciliated of St. John's Island.

[†] Their General Assembly meets about a week before the close of November, and is always most observant to adjourn in time for the remotest member to eat his Christmas dinner at home. A venerable and a fortunate usage! without which who can say what farther floods of abstractions might not deluge the land? This custom, then, is a sort of Bow of Promise to the land, that it shall never be utterly drowned.

politics: As might well be imagined from what we have seen of his temper and purposes, his was not, upon a theatre like this, the vulgar mistake of that sort of genius (if genius that ever really be which wants the distinguishing impulse of genius—the instinct of labor, and the gift that must give form, force, and even being, to all other gifts,) which thinks that greatness consists in shining, not in the being soberly and even humbly useful in the entire body of public affairs. Legare did not, therefore, for one instant fancy that it was the first business of his future greatness to pour out the useless flood of an eloquence as yet unacquainted with the duties before it, to which eloquence can at best be only occasionally instrumental. He began not where others, considered brilliant, not only begin, but end-by setting forward on the single foot of oratory, and holding up that other of silent application to business, on which a man must jointly go, if he would go far. In a word, he gave himself, first of all, to committee-work, the preparation of business, the details and the forms of legislation, content to be felt in these, to become by practice a capable man, and to be known among his associates of public life as a useful man before he set up to be a great one. Yet, when the occasion of employing the powers which he had already matured offered itself, he of course did not shun to use it; so that upon this more liberal field, where intellectual resources could take their full scope, he early took the highest rank that one not a veteran in deliberative bodies, unskilled in their tactics, and impatient of their mere strategy, can acquire.

Almost in the very outset of his political course, he met those questions which, from 1824 to 1833, exercised his State with so fierce an agitation, and finally shook the Union itself. In Carolina, indeed, they can hardly be yet considered as settled. For as, in Virginia, they are ever fighting over again the battle of "'98," at which none of them were present, but in which it is highly advantageous for every politician to prove to the people that, had he been there, he would certainly have been on that side which proved the stronger; so is it now in the Palmetto State, where all political questions are discussed, not upon their merits, but upon some fancied relation, either through the actors in them, or through something styled "a principle," to their great State-Rights, Anti-Tariff and Nulli-

fication controversy. It is a sort of bed of Procrustes, upon which they clap every traveling question of politics that chances to come down their way.

Not now the task, nor we, perhaps, the annalist, to relate these things at large. "When," as exclaims, at the contemplation of some of his intended exploits, the mighty hero of La Mancha, "the sage whose part it shall be to write the astonishing but veracious history of my unparalleled acts, shall come to this feat, how will he exclaim aloud!" Until, meantime, that enchanter, Cid or sage, shall appear, we need no more than glance at how the fight began, in 1824, with the famous Anti-Bank, Anti-Internal-Improvement and Anti-Tariff Resolutions of Judge William Smith, the old leader of the Crawford party of South Carolina, and of course the stiff State-Rights opponent of Mr. Calhoun, at whom was aimed this whole original movement. For the time, it was completely successful, and gave Judge Smith the party predominance of the State. That being his chief practical aim, the leader paused there; for beyond the incidental effect of carrying him back into popularity and restoring him to a seat in the Senate of the United States, he had not much idea of being logical, and of pushing to their legitimate consequences his own legislative declarations. He would, in a word, have had the matter go no farther; but he had set a stone rolling which was fated to crush him. Followers far abler and sincerer than himself-Cooper and Preston, the one matchless in a popular harangue, the other the most powerful pamphleteer of his times, except Sydney Smith, continued in the field, and drove forward an agitation which its immediate originator would in vain have calmed, and which, still more oddly, he whom it was meant to overthrow speedily joined, with his friends. When he came in at the front door, Judge Smith walked out at the back

What followed, beyond these earlier marches and countermarches, we need not tell. Of these, even, we but speak because, at a distance from the scene, they were little understood. In the earlier contest, Mr. Legare had, in obedience to that general theory of the distributive powers of the several parts of this federative system which he through life retained, taken part with Judge Smith; but without any purpose of an ultimate remedy, such as Mr. Calhoun afterwards

contrived to deduce from his adversary's own principles. Indeed, conservative in all his ideas of government, Legare no sooner saw the conclusions to which Cooper and others were bent on driving the movement in which he himself had originally taken part, than he recoiled from that urgent and sharp form of civil controversy, which left, he thought, nothing to the general government but an alternative fatal to either its own or state authority—the alternative, or rather the dilemma, of subjugating or of being subjugated. He had, in a word, considered not only warrantable, but highly proper, an opposition of quite a strong character to the governmental usurpations (as he thought them) against which were leveled the S. Carolina Resolutions of 1824-5; but a direct conflict of state and federal authorities he looked on as incapable of being reduced into a state remedy, a constitutional, and last of all a peaceful resort. He eloquently and ably resisted, therefore, the movement of Nullification, as soon as it began to declare the purpose of resistance. The evil itself complained of, he thought was, (as all have since-except, perhaps, Mr. McDuffie-been brought to perceive) greatly exaggerated. At worst, he thought it must speedily yield to what he considered the great curative powers of our system, a little time and much discussion. Reasonable as all these opinions now appear, they were nevertheless, for the time, not those which long prevailed; and the majority with which he at first voted against them, in 1828, passed within a few years after, into a minority; and this again, after intrigues such as usually follow pacifications of parties, a few years later merged itself in a general Calhounism, which swallowed up every thing else in the state.

Within the period, however, of Legare's legislative career in his own state, a literary episode intervened—that of his collaboration in an important politico-literary journal for the South.

As we have said, his general political theory was that of the South State Rights and anti-consolidation; so that when, at the close of 1827, the idea of a literary organ of these opinions was started, under the form of a Southern Review, he lent it at once the zealous aid of his high scholarship and abilities; contributing to it, indeed, a large portion of the masterly articles which adorned it, and which won it, while it continued to exist, a more brilliant reputation than any like publica-

tion ever obtained in this country. On more than one occasion, nearly half the papers of the Reviews were of his composition; and his, (let it be recollected) was none of that shallow facility, born for the encouragement of the rag and paper trade, which writes fast in proportion as ill, and which need never stop, simply because it had no occasion to have begun.

Other powerful hands, however, upheld with him the honors of the Reviewthe various, the astute, the sententious Cooper, master of almost every part of science, of a great amount of literature, and giving life and force to every thing he touched, by the epigrammatic conciseness and liveliness of his style; the ingenious and able ELLIOTT the elder; the curious and elegant skill of the accomplished and lamented Norr in literary antiquities and history; these, with the occasional efforts of the vehement Mc DUFFIE, of the rare legal ability and wit of Pettigru, the sense and exactness of MITCHELL KING, the mathematical analysis of Wallace, the heavy scholarship of HENRY, with now and then a paper from more youthful or less marked contributors, whom we need not name, made up together an array of talent such as the South has never, on any other occasion, thrown upon any literary undertaking. Able and elegant writers, however, as those whom we have named were known to be, it was continually felt that the contributions of Mr. LEGARE were, beyond all competition, the most brilliant that graced the work.

Among his papers in this periodical, those on classical subjects were marked with a richness and breadth of scholarship, which certainly no performances of their sort in this country have at all equaled. His defence of Ancient Learning against one of those (Mr. Thomas Grimké) who urged its banishment from Education and the substitution of a less Pagan erudition in its place, was the first of these, and argued with as much dialectic force as classic enthusiasm. Papers equally elegant and erudite on Dunlap's "History of Roman Literature," on the Roman Orators, on Fetherstonaugh's translation of Cicero " De Republica," on Pluto " De Legibus," and probably others on such subjects which we do not now recollect, followed, in rapid succession, for the space of critical study which they covered. On subjects in jurisprudence, he gave a survey of Kent's Commentaries; another of Hoffman's "Outlines of Legal Study;"

a third on the Law of Tenures; a fourth on codification; with perhaps others. In Philosophy, he gave a very masterly exposure of the so-called Utilitarianism of the Benthamites: in politics, an examination of the American system; in General Literature, critiques upon Pollock's "Course of Time;" Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth;" Montgomery's "Omnipresence of the Deity;" the Travels of the Duke of Saxe Weimar; Bulwer's "Disowned;" Lockhart's "Early Spanish Ballads;" Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," &c; the character and writings of Lord Byron; Letters and Journals of the same; and not a few more, which we have not now the means of recalling or ascertaining. Indeed, we may well err as to some of the minor articles which we have placed on our list.

Agreeable as were to him these exercitations of his taste and learning, he had felt, when zeal to uphold the honor of his state in this literary enterprise drew him to lend it his abilites, that these were, as to the severer purposes of life, such as he had destined himself to, mere wanderings in the maze of Fancy; that they occupied him too much, and must detain him too long. His growing legal reputation, and finally his advancement to the post of Attorney General of his State compelled him to cease his contri-With them, an affair conducted butions. apart from all the means and management that supply pecuniary resources, had with difficulty sustained itself; and without them, it lingered but a little while

longer in existence. Almost the last part which he bore in the political drama of the State-politics of his era was, as well as we recollect, the pronouncing, on the 4th of July, 1830, in celebration of the day, and in order to call up an illustrious image in whose presence loyalty and love of the Union might revive, an encomium on the public character of Gen. Washington. He drew from the subject, of course, admirable examples of all that, amidst the civil flames then raging, the violence of either side was least likely to regard. Of his discourse on this occasion, we only remember the general beauty, justness and weight that were attributed to it; and that he closed it with applying, most happily, to Washington the matchless encomium (of another sense,) which Milton has given to Shakspeare. Pronounced with all the lofty beauty of Legare's declamation, the effect must have been very powerful,-

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"What needs my Shakspeare, for his honor'd bones.

The labor of an age in piled stones. Or that his mouldering relics should be hid

Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory! Great heir of Fame!
What need'st thou our weak tribute to thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument;
For while, to the shame of slow-endeavoring Art

Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book, Those Delphic lines with deep impression

took,
Then thou, our fancy of its self bereaving, Dost make us marble, with too much conceiving :

And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie, That kings for such a tomb might wish to die."

Of the next stage of his public life, we cannot hope to give an account more authentic than that of his compeer and friend, Mr. Preston; who, speaking of the effect of his elevation to the high post he had now gained, in hastening the heretofore tardy growth of his reputation, says beautifully that he did not rise to legal success "by the usual progression of ascending efforts, but at length descended upon the very heights of his profession, from a more elevated region in which his ability and learning had placed him." He then proceeds as follows :-

"The office of Attorney General of the State presented a fit field for the display of his powers, which were such as to place him at once in the rank of the most distinguished of the distinguished gentlemen who had preceded him in it.

"While he held it, he was carried, in the course of his profession, to argue a case of much expectation, at the bar of the Supreme Court, in Washington. His argument obtained the most flattering commendation from the members of that high court, and especially from that illustrious sage, who yet shed his glory upon it, and never spoke but from the impulses of a heart warmed only by what was great and good, and the dictates of a judgment which was never clouded. Such was the extraordinary success of the effort, that it became the subject of conversation in the circles of Washington, and procured for him the most flattering attentions from Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State, who had been struck with the general merits of the argument, as detailed to him by a member of the court, but was more interested by the unusual display of civil law erudition, being a branch of learning to which he himself was much devoted, and in which he had made great proficiency. This accidental contact, by congeniality of tastes, habits of thought and intellectual occupations, rapidly ripened into an intimacy, which exercised a decided influence upon the subsequent course of lite and purposes of Mr. Legare.

"The profession of law had, about this time, partly from the political condition of the country, and partly from his brilliant success in it, began to rise in his mind from a secondary to a primary object; and his growing admiration of the civil law was augmented by each successive advance of knowledge, and greatly stimulated by the exhortations of Mr. Livingston, that he should prosecute the study of it for

great national purposes. "Mr. Livingston thought, and subsequent reflection and study brought Mr. Legare to the same conclusion, that it was practicable and desirable to infuse a larger portion of the spirit and philosophy of the civil law, and even of its forms and process, into our system of jurisprudence. The peculiar condition of our country, in which so much is new, and such essential modifications of preëxisting systems necessary, seemed to be adapted to the introduction of an eclectic system of municipal law. Our political institutions, our republican habits, and even our physical condition, have forced upon us great changes in the system of common law, and seem to open the way for further alterations, with less difficulty and danger than would attend such an attempt in England. There, the noble and venerable system exists, as a whole, interfused into the universal fabric of society, compacted and connected with the whole moral mass, with so entire a consubstantiation, that the attempt to derange it, or essentially to modify it, would be character-

ized by rashness, and fraught with danger.

"And, indeed, when we consider the common law in its minute adjustments and comprehensive outlines, how scrupulous of right, and how instinct with liberty—how elastic and capacions to expand itself over the complicated transactions of the highest civilization, yet strong and rigid to bend down within its orbit the most audacious power; when we consider all the miracles that have been wrought by its spirit, from Alfred to Victoria, we cannot but regard it with love and veneration.

"It is true also, of the other system, that it is a stupendous embodiment of the wisdom of ages, arranged in an admirable method, and pervaded throughout by a philosophical spirit, which combines all its parts, and harmonizes all its dependencies into a beautiful identity. As each is the result of the thought and experience of the wise of many ages—the difference between them, has, perhaps, arisen from the different manner in which the wisdom of those who made them has been brought into action. The one has been the result of philosophical speculation and closest study of what is right and fit. The other is the successive judgments of equally wise

men, pronounced upon real cases, under public responsibility, after discussion, stimulated by private reward and the ambition of public applause. Whatever advantages our system might be supposed to possess in the aggregate, Mr. Legare determined upon a diligent and extended prosecution of the study of the civil law, that he might distinctly understand what, if any portion could be advantageously adopted—and he came to the conclusion, after several years of severe application, that much might be effected.

that much might be effected. "In the meantime, his office of Attorney General of the State left him but little leisure, and Charleston furnished but limited means for the wide investigation Mr. Legare proposed to himself. The mission to Brussels was accepted by him, and tendered by Mr. Livingston, mainly with a view to this object. There were, to be sure, other considerations which had their influence with Mr Legare. Brussels itself had many attractions. Very near to Paris and London-the seat of an agreeable court, attended by a diplomatic corps noted for accomplishments and ability-within the sphere of German Literature and moral influence-with every facility for the acquisition of that language in which, during the century from Heineccius to Savigny, more had been accomplished in the study of the civil law than in all Europe besides, and little less than in the whole period since the discovery of the Pandects. The fierce contests in our own State at the moment, furnished an additional inducement for a temporary residence abroad. They were not congenial with his temper, or compatible with those meditative pursuits, the distinct results of which he now contemplated; and he was therefore willing to withdraw for a season, that he might prepare himself for greater usefulness under

more auspicious circumstances.

"His ardent and capacious mind had a rich field presented to it at Brussels. The civil law had now new attractions in the definite results which it promised. The German language and literature opened exhaustless treasures; while all the political operations and social action of Europe were close under his observation. His official correspondence with the State department embraces almost the whole scope of European affairs, and gracefully touches on every variety of incident, furnishing the most copious, elegant and instructive memoir of the time.

"At the expiration of four years, during which period the heats and animosities of party dissension had subsided, he returned to this city, to resume his former employment of pleading. But previous to his return, the partiality of his friends had nominated him for Congress, and he was elected to that body immediately on his arrival; so that what had now become the

leading purpose of his life—the practice of law—was, for a time, postponed. The brilliancy of his short career in that body gave him a national reputation for those more elevated qualities which obtain the admiration of the just and right-minded. By a general coincidence of opinion with the administration of Mr. Van Buren, under which he had held office, he went into Congress a supporter of it. When, however, it proposed a scheme of financial policy which he could not approve, he firmly, and with great ability, took ground against it, and surrendered his personal and political sympathies, and what he valued still more, the favor of his constituents, to

his convictions of duty.

"He returned to the bar with an earnestness of purpose, enhanced by his short Congressional career, and he came to it with surpassing brilliancy and power. Animated by a competition which tasked all his resources, he displayed so much learning, ability and eloquence, that the courts in which he appeared expanded into a forum, and became objects of public attrac-tion, to which multitudes flocked as to a theatre, and from which opinions, principles and emotions were propagated through the community. Cases of great magnitude arose. The quo warranto against the banks, involving the discussion of difficult and abstruse questions of constitutional law, chartered rights, and Legislative power. Another case occurred, important as regarded the amount of property involved— obscure in its facts—difficult in its principles-and having its origin in the midst of the most terrible and pathetic incidents. These were themes for the whole scope of forensic ability, the most subtle analysis of principles and precedents, the broadest application of minute facts, and the sublimest flight of the picturesque and the passionate. Mr. Legare showed himself master of the entire scale of the profession, rising with grace and ease through all its gradations, from the keenest logic to the most magnificent and gorgeous displays of eloquence."

Claiming once more a little to retread the part of the ground over which our citation has led, we return to the moment of his appointment to the Belgian mission, in 1832. We have already seen in view of what main purpose of his life he accepted it. To the station he at once repaired, as one, the easy duties of which replaced him amid the delights of European scholarship, with a dignity that gave him access everywhere, and with leisure to turn that access to account. Already intimately versed in the noble study of National Law; rich in the historic study which is its basis; and commanding nearly all the diplomatic tongues of Europe, he needed

nothing, except some little practice in the routine and ceremonial of his place, to be the most accomplished Minister that we have ever sent abroad—a praise, by the by, which is rapidly growing to be an exceedingly inconsiderable one. But this is an unpleasant intrusion here. His public functions sat lightly on him at a Court with which our National relations are but little more than commercial. Voluntarily, he is known to have addressed to his government a very masterly series of regular reports, embracing a continual survey of all the main movements of European policy. Placed, however, with a farge command of his time, in the midst of a country where learning has always flourished, where great and ancient libraries have been accumulated, Paris within easy reach, Göttingen at hand, Berlin not far off, and the learned bodies of Northern Germany (the most erudite country in the world) ready to lend him their vast stores, he flung himself afresh into study, with all the ardor of a scholar whom no amount of toil could tame, and with a genius strong enough to take any load of knowledge on its back and walk lightly under it. Heretofore he had chiefly cultivated, as to Literature, that of the classic tongues and of the languages of Southern Europe-dialects of which the sweetness and their wealth in elegant letters drew his preference. Now, however, he fell upon German, with which his acquaintance was slight-determined to master that empire of learning which its writers may be said to form of them-selves. This, with the acquisition of Low Dutch and (to round off his Greek,) Romaic, made up the main philologic occupations of his second stay abroad, from which he returned in especial a thorough German scholar. That other part of his residence which he dedicated, (as he had designed,) to a fresh course of Ancient Jurisprudence and of Roman and Civil Law, was given to the science under perhaps the greatest ornament it has ever possessed-the illustrious Savigny-of whose extraordinary learning and abilities he has often told us with such delight, that, amid his enthusiasm, he would even forget how little we were in a condition to take lessons of the great master, and would lament that we had not yet heard his lectures!

Upon the accession of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency, in 1837, Legare, as we have already seen, returned home, leaving behind him (as we have reason to know) among the learned and the diplomatic bo-

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dies with which he had held intercourse, an impression of abilities and acquirements which will long do his country honor. He was soon after his arrival at home (as already mentioned) elected to Congress from the Charleston district, and took his seat almost immediately in the Extra Session, called by the new Administration, to deliberate on the measures necessary to remedy the wide and terrible financial disasters which a reckless and ignorant tampering with the currency for party purposes had brought about. In the debates that ensued, his principal speech was, for the wide and high views which it took of our financial condition, the solid yet comprehensive manner in which he treated the subject, the variety and nobleness of knowledge with which he illustrated it, and the force as well as splendor of his entire discourse, felt to be a truly masterly effort, fit to rank him among the very greatest speakers of the day. It placed him, too, openly in the Opposition, as of that seceding portion of the old Jackson party who, against the financial Jacobinism of the hard-money men, took the name of Conservatives—a mode of opinion to which we have already intimated the mind and feelings of Mr. Legare tended in general.

Brilliant, however, as was the figure which he made throughout that Congress on all questions in which he took partexcept, perhaps, that of the contested Mississippi election, where he certainly got upon the wrong side-he was thrown out at the next election, by the coalition which had in the meantime ensued in Carolina between the Calhoun and the Van Buren parties—enemies that had long exhausted upon each other all the mutual wrongs and vituperation by which party or personal dishonor can be inflicted; but destined henceforth to offer, in their sudden and affectionate union, a Christian spectacle such as the world had rarely seen-until, indeed, falling out afresh, they began to hate each other once more, as it is only given to priests or players

to hate.

In this surrender, by his city and State—for the interest of Van Burenism, and at the bidding of Calhoun—of a man in faith, in abilities, and in public aims, so richly worth both leaders with all their factions, be there one man especially remembered for his perfidous surrender of his nearest and most faithful political and personal friend: we mean the military genius of the War office, who, forgetting that his chieftain had "never set a squad-

ron in the field," but on Election days—was a tactician only in caucuses, and a disciplinarian only of bad voters—devised for him that most successful of martial ideas, the Militia Standing Army—a force memorable in all military annals for this; that, without ever having taken the field, it gave a complete overthrow—to its own contrivers.

By this coalition with Nullification of those whose right arm he had been against it, restored to the uninterrupted pursuits of his profession, Mr. Legare determined to devote himself entirely to it; and he at once put on all its harness. He was immediately engaged in several of the great causes depending in the Courts of South Carolina. The first of any magnitude which he argued was in conjunction with his friend Mr. Pettigru, and was one, not only affecting in its incidents, but singularly calculated to call forth his legal strength and learning. It was the case of Pell and wife versus The Executors of The circumstances of the case were these: A Miss Channing, daughter of Mr. Walter Channing, (a merchant of Boston,) had married a Mr. Ball of South Carolina, and carried him a large fortune, without any settlement. Mr. Ball, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to his wife all of this fortune. Embarking, at Charleston, for a visit to the north, on board the ill-fated steamboat Pulaski, which blew up at sea, on the coast of North Carolina, in 1835, they both perished in that awful catastrophe. question in the cause was, which survived the other: if Mrs. Ball, then the legacy vested in her, and was transmissible to her sisters; if her husband, then the legacy had lapsed, fell into the residue of the estate, and went to his family.

Mr. Legare was engaged on behalf of Mrs. Ball's sisters. On the one side, it was contended that the husband, being the stronger, must have survived; and the doctrines of the Civil Law on the subject of survivorship were relied on. Here, however, Legare was a master and showed that all these presumptions must yield to positive testimony. After the catastrophe, Mrs. Ball was seen flying wildly about the wreck, her voice heard above all others, calling for her husband. Availing himself of this single, but affecting fact-all that, in the wild terror of such a scene could be known-Legare converted it, by the tragic powers of his eloquence, into an irresistible proof that the tender husband, whose name the wife shrieked forth so distractedly, must have already perished. Upon the narrow theatre of that shattered deck, there was enacted, he said, a scene to paint which all that the imagination of Poetry could invent of the most pathetic must fail.—"She called upon the husband upon whom she had never before called in vain—upon whose arm she had ever leaned in danger—her stay, her rescue! She called—but he never answered:—no, sir, he was dead! he was dead!"

Mrs. Ball's sisters gained the suit, as also another point in the case which he argued—that the legacy was general, and

not specific.

He was also engaged in another of the great cases of the Charleston Circuit-(CRUGER versus DANIEL)-respecting a plantation on Savannah River. Here his skill as a real-estate lawyer shone conspicuously, and here he was again successful. There was another case—(of ejectment, TALVANDE vs. TALVANDE)a notice of which is worth preserving, from an incident in the course of the trial. The late Bishop England had written an affecting sketch of the life of Madame Talvande, the defendant, and given it to Mr. Legare. In the course of his argument to the Jury, Mr. Legare read this sketch with so much pathos that the good Bishop could not refrain from shedding copious tears. Familiar as he was with the facts, and though the composition was his own, the hearing Mr. Legare read it, moved profoundly him who had been unaffected in writing it. Madame Talvande gained her case.

The increasing celebrity which these and other ably conducted causes won him, and the strong growth of his pro-fessional success, did not withhold him from taking active part in the canvass which brought about the great party Revolution of 1840. To this he lent, in various parts of the country, the aid of his commanding eloquence, than which nothing could be fitter, either to direct the public reason by its weight, or to rouse the popular passions by its vehemence. His harangue at Richmond will be long remembered, on that theatre where Webster, about the same time, girded up his loins to win a Southern reputation, and where Clay has more than once tasked himself. Legare is remembered there as possibly a more extraordinary speaker than either, so far as could be judged from a single effort. To the same period belongs his magnificent speech in the city of New York, in which he drew the most masterly picture ever sketched of the arts

of demagogues, and of the disastrous passions with which they fill the multitude. For truth, for force, and the picture-like distinctness with which this long and admirable passage vias worked up, it would be difficult to find in modern oratory any thing finer.

About the same time, to indulge the reverence in which he held him whom he had learned to esteem the first statesmen, as well as far the first orator of Antiquity, he flung into the New York Review an admirable article on "Demosthenes, the man, the orator, and the statesman." A second, on the "Athenian Democracy," formed its companion and complement. In a third, he gave, upon a yet more favorite subject, a still more elaborate paper—a survey of the "origin, history and influence of the Roman Law.

In the next year, the resignation of the original Harrison Cabinet led to the selection of Mr. Legare for the Attorney Generalship of the United States. Of the circumstances under which he received it, and the manner in which he discharged its duties, we can call up again distinguished testimony—that of one who personally knows the facts which he affirms

-Mr. Preston. He says:

"When he was called to the office of Attorney General, there was an universal acquiescence in the propriety of the appointment. It was given to no intrigue, no solicitation, no party services, but conferred upon a fit man for the public good. It was precisely that office for which Mr. LEGARE was most ambitious. He had endeavored to qualify himself for it. He thought himself not unworthy of it, and he desired it as a means of effecting, to some extent, his great object in regard to ameliorations in the jurisprudence of the country-and as a means of placing him eventually on the bench of the Supreme Court, where he would be able still farther to develop and establish his plan of reform. His practice, as Attorney General, was attended with the most conspicuous success. Many of the judges expressed their great admiration of his efforts during the first term, and the whole bench awarded to him the palm of exalted merit. His official opinions, delivered on questions arising in the administration of government, were formed with laborious deliberation, clearly and ably argued, and have been sustained without exception. On the very important question-whether upon the expiration of the Compromise Act, there was any law for the farther collection of revenue, he differed from a great majority of the bar, and from most of the leading politicians in Congress, of both parties-it was supposed, too, from a majority of the Cabinet—but his opinion has been ascertained to be correct."

The fame which this eminent man chiefly sought—the fame for which he had ever sought the attainments that drew him a different reputation—was wisely that of his profession. A few notices, then, of the chief causes which he argued after he came to the Attorncy-Generalship, and we shall close this imperfect memorial of his merits and of our affection.

It was in September, 1841, that he took office. In the January following met the Supreme Court, before which he was now to appear in a character such as made it to him a new arena. The first case that he took up was that of Watkins vs. Holman's Heirs, reported in 16 Peters; a case that had been argued in the previous term, but which the Judges had ordered to be heard a second time. A gentleman who walked up to the capitol with him, on the morning when he spoke, tells us that Legare said to him: "It has been said that I am a mere literary man; but I will show them to-day whether I am a lawyer or not." The question was one to call for all his strength, and well did he sustain the expectations of his friends; for a greater argument was never made in the Supreme Court. The question involved the right to property of great value in the city of Mobile. Holman, at the time of his death, owned this property. His widow took out letters of administration in Massachusetts, and, acting under them, procured an act of the Legislature of Alabama to sell this real estate for the payment of his debts. The property had been accordingly sold, and streets and houses had been made and built on it. The heirs of Holman now brought an action of ejectment against the purchasers, on the ground that the act of the Legislature was unconstitutional and void, as being an interference with the judicial power the legislative and judicial power being distinct in the Constitution of that State. Mr. Legare maintained the constitutionality of the act, and that this was a mere advancement of the remedy. The Court sustained this view of the case. At the same term, he argued another private case-Hobby vs. Kelsey; and was successful in it also. He argued eight cases on behalf of the United States, the two principal of which were, The United States vs. Miranda, and Wood vs. The United States. The first was the case of a Spanish land-grant, under which was claimed 368,640 acres on the waters of Hillsboro' and Tampa Bays in Florida. The grounds maintained on behalf of the United States were, that the grant was a forgery, but if that should not be made out, then, that it was void from uncertainty. In a jury trial in the Court of East Florida, the jury had found the grant genuine, and the Judge had also declared it valid; but not to the extent claimed. Here again he was successful, and upset the grant. Miranda, the grantee, had been a rower in the pilot launch of the bar of St. Augustine; and yet a man in his condition of life, it was pretended, had received this princely grant. Legare's knowledge of Spanish was of the greatest use to him in this case, and in all the Florida land cases. The other great government case of that term, Wood vs. the United States, had relation to the great frauds that had been committed on the revenue by false invoices. This was the first of these cases that came up to the Supreme Court, and settled the principles applicable to cases of this character.

The next year he argued a case involving the right of ferry between the cities of Louisville and Jeffersonville, and was successful. But his great argument that year was in the case of Jewell vs. Jewell -a case involving the question, What was the law of marriage in the United States? For historical research, and noble and elevated views of the interests of society, with reference to the matrimonial contract, it was unequaled. It is to be regretted that this argument has not been reported; for all who heard it admitted that it was one of his greatest efforts. As an instance of the care with which he prepared himself, a friend informs us that he sent to Vienna for Eichorn's Kirkenrechts, for the purposes of this argument.

Such was the character and life of Legare—a severe union of intellect and labor. We have not space for more. His appointment as U. S. Attorney General, which gave universal satisfaction to all parties in the country, was destined to be his last high position in life. He died suddenly at Boston, June 20th, 1843—on a fitting occasion, the great celebration at Bunker's Hill—by the same disease, it is understood, which has just carried off Judge Story, but at a term of years how much less fortunate—

"Snatched all too early from that august Fame

That on the serene heights of silvered age Waited with laureled hands!"

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE confidence of the American people in the fortunes of the Republic is so unquestioning and complete, that they seem habitually to surrender themselves to the course of events-wherever and to whatever they may lead-without the slightest apparent distrust, that it can lead

to misfortune or evil.

At the present juncture, even, when war has been sounding in our ears, and whatever of military array that belongs to the Republic has been very ostentatiously and quite safely made to pass before our eyes in all its pomp and circumstance-as if to accustom us to the glitter, in order to prepare the way for the reality of military achievements—the country slumbers on, and knowing in the fact no calamity, anticipates a peace alike se-

To senses more informed, nevertheless, or at any rate more alert, our foreign political horizon is by no means calculated to inspire such tranquil confidence, of

unsuspecting indifference.

The growth and the resources of these United States are now so much developed, that what has heretofore been mainly the delusion of national self-complacency, has become a positive fact, and the eyes of Europe are upon us-and, with intent gaze, our policy, our polities, and our power, are scanned by the chief nations of the Old World-and in all speculations and combinations respecting the interests and the destinies of nations, the possibility and probability of future wars, the part which the United States will play in such circumstances, is carefully and curiously considered.

It is therefore of no secondary importance to the people, to establish for themselves such a character in the estimation of other people and governments, as to make us to each and all, valuable as friends, and formidable as enemies.

To this end, there can be no course more conducive than that which, to the same end, the sagacious Polonius lays down for his son-for individual and national greatness and character have identical foundations:

"To thine own self be true, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

It is to be feared that such has not been

our course of late years, especially in reference to our external relations. The true vocation of this great Republic isnot aggrandizement, but national growth -not the aggregation of foreign states, but the development of those now composing this Union-not the dangerous fascination of arms and conquest, but the cultivation of the arts of peace. A glance at recent events, as well as at the existing condition of public affairs and public feeling in this country, proves how little this true vocation has been followed out. With territory more than we can occupy, cultivate, or defend, we have by most ambiguous means just possessed ourselves of Texas-as large, according to the boundaries which this Government actually and by arms asserts, as all New England-and are now ready to seize upon California-and in the midst of negotiation, if not invited by our Government, at least warmly welcomed by them, to occupy Oregon to its extremest limit. While holding out the olive, we are preparing the sword, and in the same breath in which he says to England that he desires to negotiate, our Chief Magistrate says to our own people that there is no room for negotiation, for that our right to the whole matter in dispute is undoubted, and will be maintained.

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento," is the fatal injunction which we seem emulous to follow, and for the sake of extended dominion, to sacrifice the glories, the refinements, the constitution, and the victories of peace-victories unstained with blood, and followed

by no remorse.

Of this change, for such it is, in the characters and tendencies of the Republic, other nations are not unobservant. Nor can they remain indifferent to it, for the spread of our principles is of even more interest to them than the extension of our territory. A conquering Republic -whether conquering by arms, or by political affinities, cannot be looked upon by any dynastic governments with favor.

When, moreover, this thirst of territorial aggrandizement begets-what so surely is its consequence—a spirit of vain boasting and rodomontade-of defiance and contempt towards other countriesthe people of those countries soon come to share the dislike and distrust of such contemptuous boasters felt by their rulers.

Such, measurably, we apprehend, is the position in which these United States are placed in regard of the chief nations of Europe. Our ancient ally, France, and our ancient adversary, England, look alike with cold and averted eyes upon the recent annexation of Texas; and see, or seem to see, in this step, but the first in a settled career of aggrandizement. The friendship of nations is never very disinterested; and when interest combines with distance to weaken feelings of amity, the memories of other days, and the romance of common perils and sufferings have little effect to renew, or sustain them.

But while we have contrived to cool the kindly disposition of France towards us, we have, by the tone of our public discussion, in relation to Oregon, and by the swagger too commonly indulged about the ease and the expediency of immediately occupying the whole of it, at the very moment when we are negotiating respecting its limits, wounded very sensibly the pride of the English people. The Hotspur blood still runs in their veins—and though upon friendly enforcement they might be content to yield all Oregon—yet, when defied,

"They'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

While it was a mere affair between the two governments, little importance was attached to the subject in England; but from the moment that the popular and the Presidential voice of this country asserted an undoubted right to the whole territory, and intimated a fixed purpose of taking possession, the popular feeling of England was aroused; and unless all recent indications deceive us, we stand relatively to each other—the people of the United States and the people of England-not the governments, or cabinets, but the people—in the attitude of parties on the very point of fighting. A single word, hastily spoken-a single gesture, incautiously made - might precipitate them into instant war; and for what? a country which the one does not value at a pepper-corn, and which, must of itself, and by the irresistible course of time and events, fall, without effort or wrong, into the possession of the other.

We fear the good sense and sound feeling of the country do not sufficiently appreciate the change which the causes we have glanced at, and others that might be enumerated, have wrought in the sentiments of the English people. We emphasize this word, because we desire it to be understood that it is of the people, and not of the government that we speak—and we are quite sure that it will need the exercise of all the moderation, and all the firmness of the public men of both countries, to keep the peace between them.

We are quite too much alike in temper and spirit-rivals as the two countries are in so many ways-to brook menacing looks and menacing language, one from the other; and there is too much readiness on both sides-on ours from over confidence and national recklessness, and on theirs from a somewhat contemptuous presumption in their own strength, and a lurking desire to wash out some memories of 1812-15-not to make the posture of our relations most critical, and most worthy, therefore, of all proper efforts to avert a catastrophe fraught with such unmitigated evil, as a war between England and the United

Yet who, among the numerous readers of this journal, supposes a war imminent, nay, possible? Very, very few, we apprehend; and therefore it is that we feel it doubly a duty to sound this note of warning. There is danger, near and imminent danger-danger which frankness and fair dealing on both sides may yet avert, but which can only be so averted. If we go carelessly on, confiding in our fortune, and trusting that, because we have escaped from other near and impending perils, we are to escape in like manner from this-without effort or sacrifice on our part—the blow may be struck while we are yet dreaming of uninter-And in what condition rupted peace. are we to receive such a blow, or to measure arms with England? In the spirit of the people, and in their fidelity, as well as in the resources of the country, if properly administered, we have assurance that, with time to discipline the one and evoke and apply the other, we need shrink from no conflict which the national honor or safety should command. But meanwhile-what? Have our rulers asked themselves that question, and are they in condition satisfactorily to answer it? Have the spouters in Congress, and in party meetings, considered this question, and resolved it in a way to satisfy the country? These are inquiries which may still be asked without disaffection, and with advantage to the nation, if unhappily the worst should come. After the battle is joined, come weal, come wo, it must be fought out without looking back; but until then it is greatly wise to examine the whole field, and if it be too late to repair altogether the omissions of the past, it cannot be without advantage to know in what and where our weakness lies, so as at once to set about the remedies.

If, as upon information and observation both, in which we place full reliance, the people of England are not averse to war with this country, they will compel their government to wage a fierce and vindictive war. As they cannot hope for the permanent conquest and subjugation of any portion of our territory, the whole force of hostilities would be directed to devastation and destruction. To damage, weaken and cripple our commerce, and our commercial and manufacturing cities,

to interrupt or destroy communication between different parts of the country, and in all cruel ways to render the war in the highest degree costly and onerous to us, would be the policy of commercial rivalry, and the satisfaction of long smothered national resentments.

To avert such possible disasters, it will not do to confide in the fortunes of the republic, without other appliances. Our first effort must be by honest negociation, and in the spirit of fairness and reciprocity to prevent the evil by removing the cause. That failing—though, if undertaken in the spirit we have indicated, it cannot fail—our next and only course must be to prepare manfully for the shock, to supply by vigor, perseverance, promptness and good will, the deficiencies of the past, as far as may be; and in any event, standing shoulder to shoulder, thus to fight, and, if need be, to fall for our Country.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Dictionary of the English Language, containing the Pronunciation, Etymology, and Explanation of all words authorized by eminent writers: to which are added, a vocabulary of the roots of English words, and an accented list of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, by Alexander Reid, A. M., with an introduction, by Professor Henry Reed, of the University of Pa. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Ir would be difficult, at this day, for an English Dictionary in a small form to have very striking advantages, in comparison with the comprehensive labors of Johnson, Richardson, and Noah Webster. It is possible, however, for a compilation to be made, which shall be peculiarly valuable for schools and families, as comprising the greatest number of excellences in the smallest space. The best dictionary of the English language is most unquestionably Webster's; and we consider it impossible for any one to be made superior to it, except by simply improving upon that broad foundation. Greater correctness in particulars may be added in some respects; but it will always remain, we think, the basis of all future lexicography in the English tongue. The abridgment of Webster's work contains very many of the excellencies of the large

edition; yet it is not, probably, superior to this of Reid, for the purposes for which this is designed; and in some points, as in a full attention to the derivation and combination of words, it has failed to retain what this will be found to possess.

The Introduction, by Professor Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania, is finely written, and adds much to the value of the book. We quote a passage, which is worthy of attention.

"Our English language is spreading fast and far over the world, by British colonization and American settlement, and wherever it goes, there goes along with it the voice of the Christian church, and of that law and that literature which are the joint inheritance and possession of all who speak the tongue. It becomes then a great trust, bringing with it the duties and responsibilities of a trust, to every one to whom the English language is his mother speech. It needs must, therefore, be a care and a study. It is a subject which especially, now and here, we must take heed to; for the highwrought activity of our times is, almost of necessity, a cause of hasty, loose, and wrongful use of words-the neglect of good old ones, and the rash adoption of spurious new ones. Excellent words and excellent idioms are ever in danger of perishing: the tongues and the pens of men are often losing them, either by ignorance-perhaps ignorance is one of its most troublesome shapes -that of pedantry, or it may be by licentiousness. There is this reason too for our using words with more reflection and less at random, that we may be able to discern whether or no there is error in the Americanisms we are sometimes charged with. It is justly a term of reproach, like the Scotticism, or Gallicism, or British provincialism, if we use a word which is an unauthorized and needless novelty, but the reproach is repelled when we can show that a good word of other and elder days has been kept alive here, though it has passed away from the mouths of men on the other side of the sea. In the changes that a language undergoes, there is no more delicate process than that by which it is enriched and improved, and none more suble than its corruption and degeneracy.'

VATHEK—an Oriental Romance. By W. BECKFORD. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. New York: published by MORRIS, WILLIS & FULLER.

Vathek has been extravagantly praised and admired. In many points of view it is one of the most original books of modern times. Speaking of it himself, Beckford says-" I had to elevate, exaggerate, and orientalize everything. I was soaring on the Arabian bird Zoe, among genii and enchantment, not moving among men." It is a very common mistake to rate Vathek simply as an Eastern Tale, and the mere fatality of assimilation in the traits above enumerated by himself as its highest merit. This, though, is a very inferior element, constituting only the "limbs and outward flourishes"-concerning which the most that can be said is that they have been so well and dexterously handled as to approach the character of the "Thousand and one Tales" -but exhibiting but little of creative ideality which may not be considered the reflex of these types. It is as the satire that Vathek is irresistible. The cool and subtle humor which pervades the minutest construction of the tale, renders it the most refined and consummate burlesque in the tongue. It is just one of those quiet and exquisite hits at the foibles of a titled and monied order which no one but the proud rich and the philosophic voluptuary himself could have accomplished. Nobody but the haughty self-willed and cultivated millionare Beckford, "who had never known what it was to want anything,"

could have conceived the whimsical and fantastic perverseness of "the Father of the Faithful," or the matter-of-fact diabolicism of his mother Carathis-much less delineate them throughout with such delicate and unfailing perception. Carathis was Byron's favorite, and no wonder, for she fairly out Herods Herod-altogether eclipsing the household demon he gloried in cultivating. Very much of the interest with which this story continued to be regarded during a period of over fifty years is referable to the titillating provocation of curiosity presented to the public mind through the exclusive inexplicable habits of its author. His life was invested with all the gorgeous and extravagant romance of his own tale. The inoffensive observatory which lifted itself from amidst the high walls of Lansdown Crescent became identified in the popular imagination with the horrible necromancies of the Tower of Carathis. We cannot do better than give in this connexion, an extract from Redding's " Recollections."

"Leading his life of accustomed seclu-sion, the "Author of Vathek" was only known in Bath as the mysterious haughty gentleman who lived in Lansdown Crescent. Some there were who thought he passed his time in working incantations, like his own Caliph. Surmises were current about a brood of dwarfs that vegetated in an apartment built over the archway connecting his two houses. The vulgar, poor and rich alike, gave a sort of half credit to cabalistical monstrosities, invoked in that apartment. In a place of fashionable dissipation, picture galleries, a noble libra-ry, fine gardens, and the resources of intel-lect, to say nothing of a large domain of hillside, where no accountable means of passing time without a participation in the reigning frivolities of the hour; astrology, and the supernatural vocation of the Giaour, were indispensable to make up the imaginary deficiency. The per contra arguments were the presence of the "Author of Vathek" at the floral shows in the city and vicinity before the crowd attended, his intercourse with a few intellectual and professional men, and his being sometimes seen riding through the streets on a creamcolored Arabian, in place of the mystical Alborac of the prophet-not unfrequently in company with the Duke of Hamilton."

There are many pleasant and amusing things in the Recollections, which we regret the want of room to extract. We will at least contrast the humane reality with the monstrous and inaccessible Gryphon sketched above, before we dismiss this singular book.

"His general temperament seemed cheerful, but was evidently, even in his age, that of one who ran to an excess in everything—and was accustomed to have all he desired. Extremely kind in friendship, he was implacable in his resentments; passionate; reserved by nature; proud and impetuous on exciting occasions; to some, all gentlemanly frankness and affability, to others, distance and etiquette. In youth he was said to have been remarkable for bashfulness. Hence many opposite descriptions of his bearing are given. He shaped his conduct after the position of the party whom he addressed, having a thorough knowledge of the world. He was willing, though many say not, to oblige strangers with a sight of his buildings and grounds, but was so overcome with applications and letters from all kinds of persons, as well as with impertinences, that he ordered his steward to open and return all letters from strangers that he, the steward, did not think of moment, giving him any the hand-writing of which was identified. A trayful of letters was sometimes taken in from the door of a morning. He never refused permission to see his proper-ty when the application came to him through one of whom he had the slightest knowledge. He would not tax his time merely to gratify idle curiosity, and herein was scarcely to be blamed when the extent of that curiosity was so considerable, and often so purposeless."

A Treatise on Domestic Economy. By Miss Catharine E. Bleecher. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book is intended simply as a practical aid to young housekeepers. It is to teach them many of those things which modern female education fashionably neglects, as not conducive to the refinement so much talked of, and so little possessed. Young girls—daughters, frequently, of no rich parents—go from the piano and the lace-basket to the kitchen and the pantry, knowing just nothing of all those matters so necessary to the comforts of life.

The excellence of the volume is sufficiently guarantied by the name of the authoress. It may be added that it has been adopted by the Massachusetts Board of Education as a part of the Massachusetts School Library.

Whewell's Elements of Morality. New York: Harper & Brothers.

By the publisher's notice accompanying this work, it appears to be the first of a droposed series of books for general read-

ing, "intended to include the best productions in every department of knowledge; popular philosophical treatises on topics of universal interest; the most compact and brilliant historical books; valuable biographical memoirs; modern voyages and travels, &c.; together with scientific, and other collateral divisions." For immediate popular effect, it would, perhaps, have been better to have begun with a work in some other of the classes men-tioned. But it will not be denied, that it is a good intimation on the part of its publishers of a design to furnish in their "New Miscellany" an elevated and valuable order of reading. Professor Whewell has principally been known in this country by his "History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," a book of great merit and usefulness. The present treatise (on Morality) is considered a production of still greater excellence; so that, in England he is regarded as the first of philoso-phical professors. His style has not the remarkable clearness and concise elegance of Paley; but his treatment of the various topics belonging to all provinces of human action, jurisprudence, reason, religion, polity, international law—all of which are embraced in the field of Moral Science is far more complete and satisfactory.

GERTEUDE, By the Author of "Amy Herbert." Edited by the Rev. W. SEWELL: From the London Edition. No. I., of "Appleton's Literary Melange: a series of Books for Popular Reading."

We somewhat object to beginning a general series of "Books for Popular Reading," at the present day, with a novel. The wants of the reading community demand works of a nature to furnish the mind with knowledge, or at least to cultivate a refined taste. The series, however, is to be an extensive one, so that there will be room enough for books very various in character. This volume, besides, as would be judged from the former tale by the same author, is designed, through the changing interest and picturesqueness of fiction, to inculcate lessons of high moral and social importance. It is quite too long. The interest, however, is very well sustained; there is a good deal of sensible and delicate sketching; some of the characters are decidedly well-drawn, and things are taught—seriously and bitterly taught—to the benefit of many in the higher ranks of social life. We shall look with interest for other works in the series.

THE HISTORY OF ROMANISM, From the Earliest conception of Christianity to the present time. Illustrated by numerous Engravings of its Ceremonies, Superstitions, Persecutions, and Historical Incidents. By REV. JOHN DOWLING, A. M. FOURTH Edition. New-York: EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fultonstreet.

This book, in a compass of [nearly 700 pages, presents a fuller account of the rise

and progress—the picturesque and terrible history—of the ghostly power of Rome, than has yet been given to Protestant readers in this country. As a narrative, life-like and impressive, of the many individual cruelties practised by that ancient church, it is not comparable to "Fox's Book of the Martyrs;" but of her general persecutions, her supersti-tions, her gorgeous ceremonials, it is the most complete and vivid memorial we have seen. It is also embellished with a great number of engravings, executed with much effect. The style has no great elegance, but is unaffected and not over-wrought-of which, from the subject, the author was somewhat in danger. Four editions, we understand, have been sold, and the work will undoubtedly find an entrance into many thousand families. The legitimate lesson to be drawn from it is-for all sects to avoid any tendency, not merely to persecution, but to intolerance, cant, and uncharitableness

The Florentine Histories; by NICOLO MACHI-AVELLI. The Citizen of a Republic, by ANSELDO CEBA. Nos. II., III., and IV., of the "Medici Series of Italian Prose." Trans-lated by C. Edwards Lester. New-York: PAINE & BURGESS.

Of the great merits of the original work— the Florentine Histories of Michiavelli—it would be useless to speak, unless we could speak at length. They have been held in the highest regard, for three centuries and a half, by the best minds in Europe, as a rapid, clear, and philosophical narrative of the growth, changes, misfortunes and triumphs of the most brilliant of the Republics of Italy. The most brilliant of the Republics of Italy. The style, in the Italian, is exceedingly flowing, concise, severe; acknowledged to be not inferior to any other in that tongue. In this respect, indeed, the history is to be ranked rather with the master productions of the classic languages, than with others of a more modern date. In fact, Machiavelli is looked upon by Italians as their first prose writer. Being a history of the rise and revolutions of a Republic—with many acute reflections, by Being a history of the rise and revolutions of a Republic—with many acute reflections, by the way, on the elements and tendencies of popular governments, it is peculiarly proper to make it widely known to the people of this country. The translation, we are glad to perceive, is quite free from the inaccuracies with which "The Challenge of Barlatta" was suffered to appear. Some of those letta" was suffered to appear. Some of those were certainly quite unpardonable—the ob-jective case used for the nominative, the nominative for the objective, with an occasional confusion among moods and persons. There were but few such, however—five or six only—and no one who reads Mr. Lester's translations will attribute them to ignorance, but carelessness. Mr. L's general style, direct and simple, does much justice to the distinguished original; and we hope the work will be circulated till it takes the place of some part of the profidess trash with which the public have been de lighting themselves to a surfeit. There have been several versions in English, but none, we believe, within half a century; and it is not probable there are three hundred copies in all the libraries in this country, public and private.

Of Ceba's Ciceronian treatise we shall

peak on another occasion.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Read-ing. Nos. XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII.

These latest issues of this delightful series of reprints-directed in the selection by some of reprints—directed in the selection by some one of a delicate feeling and perception—comprises Zschokke's Tales, from the German, by Park Godwin (some of his finest stories, and beautifully translated); The Prose and Verse of Thomas Hood; Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays; The Crock of Gold, by Tupper, the author of the quaint and beautiful "Proverbial Philosophy;" Prof. Wilson's Genius and Character of Burns; and Charles Lamb's Essays of Elia. These are all men of consummate genius, and the are all men of consummate genius, and the works mentioned are of the very flower of their writings. Each of them, as an author and a man, deserves an extended review, and we shall endeavor to accomplish it when our pages are less crowded, and our hands less occupied.

A Selection from the Writings of BISHOP HALL. Edited by A. HUNTINGTON CLAPP. Andover : WARDWELL & Co.

It is a matter of regret, that there is so little acquaintance with the old prelatical writings of the century succeeding the age of Eliza-beth. The names of Jeremy Taylor, South, Barrow, Stillingfleet, Hall, Sherlock, and many others are known to us. They are even mentioned in theological conversation, occasionally, or in treatises by the clergy. But they are not sufficiently read; with the exception, perhaps, of one or two works of Jeremy Taylor and Sherlock. This is true enough even of the reverend profession of the day; certainly, laical readers are little aware what a mine of noble thought and pure rich English lies in the works of those writers. They are seldom, indeed, in the way of seeing and hearing a passage from them, unless (which is said to have happened once or twice) when they are delighted at an unusually eloquent strain from the mouth of their pastor, supposing it to be his own. Of all the fine prose-writers of that age, Bishop Hall is among the most eminent; and the reader of taste, one who loves the pure old English, cannot fail to be pleased with this little selection.

Big Abel and Little Manhattan.—By Cornelius Mathews. No. V. Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books.

Or this little volume, having for its chief aim a minute picture of the manifold matters and things that strike a curious eye in the American Metropolis, a notice at some length was put in type; but the unexpected length of the interesting sketch of the life and character of Legare has delayed it for the present,

Notices of "The Mayflower" and one or two other annuals, as also of several works on various subjects, are postponed for the

same reason.